

"Take the Popular home with you"

Nº2, Vol. 24

TWICE-A-MONTH

15 CENTS

The Popular Magazine

FIRST
MAY NUMBER
OUT-APRIL 7, 1912



"PLAY BALL!"

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES



Try
One
With
Our
Compliments

Don't let this surprise you—there is no string to it, no come back, just a plain straight offer—we want you to use a **Gem Damaskeene Blade** to convince you that nothing excels it.

A blade that is as near perfection as human ingenuity can make it—a keen cutting edge and a comfortable shave always. The Damaskeene process is a guarantee of positive uniformity of edge and temper.

Try a Gem Damaskeene Blade—the blade of blades. Send us name of safety razor you're using and we will mail you a blade *Free*. Fit most standard safety razors but give best results in a Gem Junior New Bar Frame.



Set of 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, 35c.

The **Gem Junior Safety Razor** is a world-wide favorite, and to shave with a **Gem Junior** is the modern way. Shaves clean and close, and quickly too—*Made Self Shaving Popular*.

Gem Junior outfit complete, \$1.00,—including 7 **Gem Damaskeene Blades**, New Bar Frame, combination shaving and stropping handle, all in handsome leather case.

Gem Junior Safety Razor, and Gem Damaskeene Blades are sold by up-to-date dealers everywhere.

Gem Cutlery Co., New York

Chicago

GENUINE GEM JUNIOR

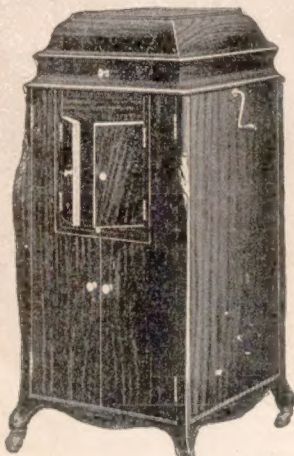
Montreal

SAFETY RAZOR

ONE DOLLAR

Victor-Victrola

Every home should have a Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak

because

this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.

because

the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.

because

the Victor-Victrola places at your command the services of the world's

greatest opera stars, who make records exclusively for the Victor, besides a host of famous instrumentalists, celebrated bands and orchestras, and well-known comedians and entertainers.

because

the Victor-Victrola is universally recognized as the world's greatest musical instrument, occupies a place of honor in homes of wealth and culture everywhere, and has awakened millions to a proper appreciation of music.

because

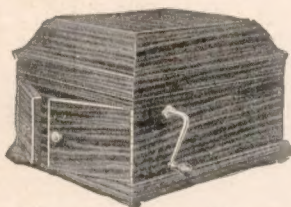
with Victor-Victrolas ranging in prices from \$15 to \$200 and Victors from \$10 to \$100 no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful instruments.

because

any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.



Victor-Victrola IV, \$15
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50
Mahogany or oak

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Rate, \$1.25 a line, or \$2.61½ a line, which includes AINSLEE'S and SMITH'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of POPULAR closes April 11th.

Agents & Help Wanted

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 214 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A 11. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

EARN More Money Easy. Sell Guaranteed Photo Pocket Cutlery. Scientifically tempered. Take big orders from lodges, manufacturers, individuals. Big Profits. Write quick. Canton Cutlery Co., Dept. C-13, Canton, Ohio

AGENTS—Best seller, biggest profits. Absolutely new diagonal stroke razor strop. Blade moves up and down, strop moves back and forth. All ordinary and safety razors. Money back guarantee. Write for territory. S. E. Kanner, 552 Broadway, New York

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITORS easily earn liberal commissions; also extra prize money. For full particulars regarding commissions, prizes, free advertising matter, sample copies, etc., address Desk 61, 155 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CARBON PAPER as a side line will pay agents weekly a commission of 33½%. We pay all shipping charges. Exclusive proposition, two years contract. Rogers Manifold & Carbon Paper Co., 33 Sullivan Street, New York. Oldest Mfrs. Est. 1869.

AGENTS—\$6 A DAY SHOULD BE easily made selling our Non-Alcoholic Flavors, Perfumes, Toilet Preparations. Quick Sellers. Good Repeaters. Experience unnecessary. Fine sample case furnished to workers. Be first in your territory. Write quick—Now. American Products Co., 6101 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

GREAT SCOTT—O'Hara, of Alberta, Canada, snowbound, sold 25 Extinguishers first three days, after receiving agent's outfit. Profit \$62.50. Pretty good, eh? Every home, office, store, factory needs our perfect dry chemical free extinguisher. 500% profit. Exclusive territory assigned. Apply immediately. United Mfg. Co., 1111 Jefferson, Toledo, O.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

AGENTS. \$35 a Week for 2 hrs. work a day selling wonderful new household necessity, new selling plan with free advertising does it. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 8, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS. Male and Female make \$15.00 daily selling latest imported Robes, beautifully embroidered; Price \$2.50 retails \$8.50; pure linen Queen jacket suit patterns, embroidered; price \$2.50 retails \$8.50. Biggest sellers of the season. Write for particulars. Joseph Gluck, 621 B'way, N. Y. C.

AGENTS—250% Profit. Wonderful Little Article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Mathews, 1960 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE wanted. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. E. R. Marden, Pres., The Nat'l. Co-Op. Real Estate Co., L 108 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

UNCLE SAM wants Railway Mail Clerks. \$90.00 month. Examinations everywhere, May 4'h. Coaching free. Franklin Institute, Dept. W6, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS BIG PROFITS. Brandt's Patented Automatic Razor Strop, automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Retails at \$2. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quickly for terms, prices and territory. A. D. Brandt Cutlery Co., 42 Hudson St., New York City.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c. Frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 1145, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Correspondence Schools

LEARN STORY WRITING. Stories bring big money. By our method of instruction, one with an average education can learn. Instruction by mail. Payments liberal. Cost low. Utilize your spare time in a profitable, pleasant and enjoyable manner. Write for Booklet 16, Intercontinental University, Washington, D. C.

Business Opportunities

\$50 WEEKLY PROFIT—YOUR OPPORTUNITY—ACT NOW. Be a "one minute" post card photographer. New process. No experience. No canvassing. Work all or spare time—travel or at home. Mendel Post Card Machine makes photos direct on post cards without using plates or films. Takes, finishes and delivers 3 photos a minute, right on the spot. Wonderful invention. Tremendous money-making opportunities everywhere. 500% profits and no expense. Start this \$2000 to \$5000 business of your own on a total investment of only \$26. Write today for particulars, free—learn more about this 6 lb. "portable post card gallery." Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. 113, Chicago, Ill.

Patents and Lawyers

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress, sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENT your ideas. \$8,500 Offered For One Invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent." Sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents obtained or fee returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 16 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee Patent Attys., 990 F St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Books Free. Highest references; best results. Send for list of Inventions Wanted. Patents advertised Free. Send sketch or model for Free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 622 F Street, Washington, D. C.

THE largest number of successful clients is our proof of Patents that Protect. For Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 8c stamps for our new 128-page book of intense interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 62, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

PATENTS THAT PAY. 2 Books: "What and How to Invent—Proof of Fortunes in Patents," and 112 p Guide Free. Special offers. E. E. Vroman, 822 F, Washington, D. C.

The Thomas School of Art

142 West 23d St., N. Y. City

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

The Only School in America Which Teaches Practical Illustrating

Complete training in Newspaper Sketching, Fashion Drawing, Magazine Illustrating, Commercial Illustrating, Comics, Cartoons.

Positions positively assured to all students. Day and evening sessions. New Students enroll any day. Short-term courses. Low tuition rates.

WRITE OR CALL FOR CIRCULARS

The Coming Occupation

LEARN TO BE AN AUTO EXPERT

Short hours, enjoyable trips, big demand for trained men everywhere.

\$25.00 to \$50.00 A WEEK

The fastest growing business in the world. Over 100,000 new cars made this year. Hundreds of men with ordinary ability have become expert chauffeurs, repairmen and salesmen, by taking our home-study course in spare time. We assist you to secure a good position, and send free auto model to each student. Our school a positive success for over three years.

FREE—First Lesson—FREE

Send postal now—before you turn this page. Let us prove every claim. The Original Auto School—**Empire Auto Institute, 965 Empire Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

OWNE IS—We supply competent men.



THE PATHWAY  TO PLENTY

HELP WANTED

AVERAGE \$90.00 MONTH

by U.S. "GOVERNMENT"

Railway Mail Clerks

Examinations Everywhere May 4

Over 2,000 positions will be filled

No "Lay-offs" without pay, because of strikes, financial troubles or the whim of some petty boss. Excellent opportunities for quick advancement to Higher Government Positions. If you want immediate appointment, send **TODAY** for our schedule showing locations of the May 4th Examinations. Any delay means the loss of just so much time in preparing yourself for examination.

COUPON

We Prepare Candidates Free

Dep't. W-135, Rochester, N. Y.

The coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Obtain Them," Sample Questions, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

—Railway Mail Clerk \$600 to \$1400	—Customs Positions \$600 to \$1500
—Postoffice Clerk \$600 to \$1200	—Internal Revenue \$700 to \$1800
—Postoffice Carrier \$600 to \$1200	—Stenographer \$800 to \$1000
—Rural Mail Carrier \$500 to \$900	—Clerk in the Department at Washington \$800 to \$1500
—Bookkeeper \$900 to \$1800	

Name _____

Address _____

Use this before you lose it. Write Plainly. W-135

Send Today

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Decorators

DOYLE & CHURCH STUDIOS, 27 West 46th St., New York. Decorators of Attractive Homes. Town and Country Houses Opened and Closed. Estimates Given.

Coins, Stamps, Etc.

\$7.75 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; \$20 for a \$4. Keep all money dated before 1880, and send 10 cents at once for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Dept. 50, Le Roy, N. Y.

200 DIFFERENT Foreign Stamps, many countries 25c; 1000 mixed 25c; 10 Animal Stamps 10c; 10 Kings Head 10c; Album to hold 600 Stamps 10c; 1000 Hinges 8c; Approvals 50%. Catalog free. A. H. Kraus, 406 Kraus Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Games & Entertainments

PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 19, Chicago

Telegraphy

THE Omnigraph Automatic Transmitter. Sends you telegraph messages. Teaches in the shortest time. 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Mfg. Co., 39 N Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Music

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. Hundreds of dollars have been made by writers of successful Words or Music. Past experience unnecessary. We want original song poems, with or without music. Send us your work today, or write for free particulars. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 256, Washington, D. C.

SONG WRITERS. Sell your Song-poems. Poems wanted at once. New Idea. Only way for amateurs to make money. Write now. Fleming Studio, Room 509, Gaiety Theatre Bldg, New York.

SONG POEMS WANTED. Send us yours. We publish acceptable manuscripts on liberal royalty. Booklet and catalogs free. Kellogg Music Co. (Dept. D) 25 E. 14th St., New York.

Picture Play Writers

WANTED. Moving picture play writers. Great demand. Big pay. We'll teach you. Send your address. United Picture Play Ass'n, San Francisco.

MOTION Picture Plays Wanted. You can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Associated Motion Picture Schools, 617 Sheridan Rd., Chicago.

Photo Supplies

OLD cameras exchanged for new. 1911-1912 catalogue ready. New goods, new prices. Herbert & Huesgen Co., 303 Madison Ave., New York City.

Real Estate, Farms, Etc.

FINE Farming Opportunity in Louisiana, 60 miles from New Orleans on I. C. R. R. Temperate climate, good markets, splendid stock country \$20 per acre. Terms reasonable. Address, C. H. Mc Nie, Kentwood, La.

Short Stories

MAKE MONEY writing short stories or for Newspapers. Pleasant work for you; big pay. Free booklet tells how. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

Typewriters

CLEARANCE SALE—Remingtons, Densmores, \$11.50 ea., Franklins, Hammonds, \$9 ea. Bargains in Underwoods, Smiths and all others. All guaranteed. Supplies. Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS: Real Remingtons \$12.00; Caligraphs \$6.00; Hammonds, Densmores \$10.00; Smith Premiers \$15.00; Oliver's, Underwood's \$25.00. 15 days trial and year's guarantee. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. A. P. 217 West 125th St., N. Y. C.

Miscellaneous

INTEMPERANCE: The Antol Treatment for the Drinking Mania, is put up in tiny gelatine capsules; easy to take, permanent and positive in results. Write: The Antol Laboratories, Montclair, New Jersey, U.S.A.



I Can Increase Your Earnings

No matter where you live, if you are honest, ambitious and determined to succeed in business—a business absolutely your own—send your name and address and I will mail you our **Big Free 64-Page Book**, showing how you may earn

J. H. JOYCE, Pres.

\$3,000 to \$10,000 a Year
in the Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business.

Our system is a positive success. We will teach you by mail, appoint you a

Special Representative

in your town of the oldest and largest co-operative realty and brokerage company in the world, start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you to make money from the beginning.

Exceptional Opportunity for Men Without Capital

Write Today

International Realty Corporation,
2535 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS **EARN \$25 to \$100 A WEEK**

We can positively show you by mail how to increase your salary. Book mailed free. **PAGE-DAVIS CO.,** 5171 Page Building, Chicago, Ill., or 150 Nassau Street, New York

LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING
A high salaried and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by mail. We will teach the beginner better engraving than he can gain in years of rigid apprenticeship. We will also improve the skill of any engraver. Send for our catalog. The Engraving School, 5171 Page Bldg., Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 5171, Page Building, Chicago

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog. School of Illustration, 71 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FREE BOOK ON MOTORING

NEW OF TEACHING GET IDEA BY MAIL **DYKE'S WORKING MODEL SYSTEM**

Explains how we can start YOU in the Auto Business as Repairman, Chauffeur, Salesman or Auto Expert with Dyke's New Idea Working Model System of teaching by mail and our new idea Employment Plan. Let us tell you the names of some of our students and the salaries they are drawing today—more than you are making. Don't miss it—**Send for Booklet NOW!**


DYKE'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Box 86, Roe Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

—or Saleswoman and earn from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year and your Expenses. We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you learn Practical Salesmanship. If you want to enter the best paid, most independent profession in the world, write today for our handsome free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip," also testimonial letters from a thousand students we have recently placed in good positions; list of positions now open and full particulars of the special offer we are now making new students.

Address our nearest office, Dept. 108
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY SEATTLE NEW ORLEANS TORONTO



I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars Free. Write today.


NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
M 109 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

E. R. Marden, Pres.

CIVIL SERVICE SALARIES

We will send any American over 18 years of age, who can read and write, the Civil Service Book, showing how to qualify at home to pass any Civil Service examination. During the past year over 700 of our students have secured desirable Government positions. Write at Once.

International Correspondence Schools, Box 555-D, Scranton, Pa.



If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of all KNOWLEDGE


Send today for my FREE book "HOW TO REMEMBER" Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 960 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

LAW Learn at Home

Graduate correspondence students most successful at bar examination. Cover same ground as Harvard, Michigan and other big law colleges. Guarantee to coach free, students failing to pass bar examination. Scholarships are now open. Scholarship students pay only for text and postage. Write today for catalog.

American Correspondence School of Law, Dept. 1145, Manhattan Bldg., Chicago



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

That's all we want to know.

Now we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W.L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING, 335 Ball Building, Cleveland, O.

LEARN TO RUN and REPAIR AUTOMOBILES **EARN \$25 to \$100 A WEEK**

Course endorsed by Benj. Briscoe, Pres. United States Motor Co.

We teach in 12 simple lessons the WHOLE subject. Course on Salesmanship FREE. Best and most practical system. Small payment starts you. FREE MODEL TO EACH STUDENT. Big demand for chauffeurs and salesmen. We assist you to get a position. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK. It explains how to enter this new industry.

Practical Auto School, 68F, Beaver Street, New York
(We supply owners with competent men)

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h. p., 2 cylinder,	\$125.00
4 h. p., 1 cylinder,	57.00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder,	39.75

BUILT LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE.
2 to 20 h. p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene. Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; cannot backfire; almost noiseless. 5-Year ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-Day Trial. Three moving parts—women and children can run it. Demonstrate an engine for us and get \$5.00. Be first in territory to get offer.

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 27 Helen Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Starts without cranking. Sales plan and literature FREE. Write today. [141]

Sweeping Cut in Price!

Actual Size
5"x7"

BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE

40 Vols.
7000 Pages
400 Illustrations

ever, is to forestall possible criticism, and offer the books at a sweeping cut in price, a cut which more than offsets any slight imperfections. *Such a bargain may never again be in your reach.*

Every Word Shakespeare Wrote

The Booklovers is admittedly the best Shakespeare in existence. It is printed in large type and with ample margins, from new and perfect plates, on pure white paper of a very high grade. There are 40 dainty volumes of great beauty, 7 x 5 inches (just the size for easy handling), 7000 pages in all, handsomely and durably bound in half-leather and superbly illustrated. There are 40 full-page plates in colors and 400 reproductions of rare woodcuts. The Booklovers is an absolutely complete and unabridged edition of Shakespeare. Each volume contains a complete play and all the notes that explain that play. These notes are the most complete and valuable ever offered to readers of Shakespeare.

You Get the Entire Set for \$1.00
No deposit. Examination costs nothing

An entire 40-volume set of the BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE will be sent for examination, prepaid, to any address, if you will fill up and return promptly the coupon in the corner. *We ask for no money now.* We allow you ample time for a careful, intelligent and unprejudiced examination of the set in the comfort and privacy of your own home. If you are disappointed you may return it at our expense. If you are satisfied—and we know you will be—that the Booklovers Shakespeare is without a peer, you retain possession of the entire 40-volume set and send us \$1.00 only. The balance may be paid at the rate of \$2.00 a month. *Can anything be fairer than this proposition?*

Pop. 5-19

You Must Act Quickly

You will probably miss your chance if you don't send the coupon at once, as many keen and intelligent bargain hunters will respond eagerly to this opportunity. The regular price of the Booklovers when sold through agents is \$58.00. You can get a set now for \$25.00, and you have the privilege of paying for it a little each month. Any commentary on this fact would only weaken its importance. Send the coupon **NOW**—before you forget.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

44-60 E. 23rd Street, New York

The
University
Society
New York

You may send, prepaid, for my examination, a set of the Booklovers Shakespeare in half-leather binding at your special price of \$25.00. If the books are satisfactory, I shall pay you \$1.00 within five days after their receipt, and \$2.00 each month thereafter for 12 months. If they are not I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

No Other Edition Contains
the following invaluable features. They make Shakespeare easy to read, to understand and to appreciate.

Topical Index

in which you can find instantly any desired passage in the plays and poems.

Critical Comments

on the plays and characters. They are selected from the writings of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Dowden, Furnivall, Goethe, and many other world-famed Shakespearean scholars.

Glossaries

A complete one in each volume explaining every difficult, doubtful or obsolete word.

Two Sets of Notes

One for the general reader and a supplementary set for students.

Arguments

These give a condensed story of each play in clear and interesting prose.

Study Methods

which furnish the equivalent of a college course of Shakespearean study.

Life of Shakespeare

by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, Thomas Spencer Baynes, and Richard Grant White.



Dear Mother :

If I could come, feeling that my children would not be a burden to you, I would gladly do so, because the house is too heavy a burden for me. It is impossible to meet the notes on the home and provide a comfortable living for the children.

As I see the little sum of money, that George left, growing smaller each day, the uncertainty of the future has assumed a serious aspect. The shock of George's sudden death was enough without this unexpected worry of things which are all new to me.

Devotedly,

Charlotte.

Travelers Insurance Co.,

Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen :

Please accept my thanks for your kind remittances which you have sent me each month, following the sudden death of my husband. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how much this monthly income has saved me from worry and possible privation.

My husband's untimely death left me the care of two children and I shudder as I think what might have become of us without his forethought and your promptness.

Very truly yours,

(Mrs. J. B. F)

Sarah B. F

WHICH OF THESE LETTERS WOULD YOUR WIFE WRITE ?

AS the father, upon your forethought and labor rest the welfare, decent living and happiness of your wife and children. In case of your death, our Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy means a monthly income for your family—not a princely fortune, but enough to “make both ends meet.”

Our interesting booklet tells all about it; write for one today.



The Travelers Insurance Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.

Name _____ Business Address _____

Date of Birth _____ City _____ State _____

Popular

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

BEGINS A MYSTERY SERIAL, "THE BLUE WALL," IN NEXT ISSUE

VOLUME XXIV

NUMBER 2

TWICE-A-MONTH

The Popular Magazine

CONTENTS

MAY 1, 1912

COVER DESIGN,	Hibberd V. B. Kline	
THE GREEN-GOODS KING. A Complete Novel,	Arthur B. Reeve	1
A really new sort of detective story, introducing an investigator of the modern school, a scientist, a thinker, cool, resourceful, imperturbable.		
"BUTTERFLY" BOGGS: PITCHER. A Short Story,	Charles E. Van Loan	51
Batter's up for the first game of the POPULAR series.		
THE OPEN ROAD. Prose-poem,	Walt Mason	62
THE CROSS OF GOLD. A Serial Story,	Roy Norton	63
FIRST INSTALLMENT. The renewed search for a pay chute in an abandoned gold mine.		
A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR. A Short Story,	Peter B. Kyne	92
A paradoxical story in which the Prophet Without Honor, while in the pursuit of his kindly offices, in behalf of the Unbelievers, makes a profit with honor.		
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES. A Short Story,	Arthur M. Eichorn	102
An even more deadly species than Kipling wrote about—the yellow-fever-laden mosquito. A soldier's story.		
THINGS THAT COUNT. A Short Story,	Robert V. Carr	115
Ought a live-stock-commission man to add social accomplishments to his list of things that count?		
BASEBALL. A song of the out-o'-doors,	Berton Braley	124
THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE. A Serial Story,	Captain Danrit	125
The propeller starts and hope dawns for the imprisoned men in the submarine.		
SILK STOCKINGS FOR SWEENEY. A Short Story,	Charles R. Barnes	141
How Dan Sweeney's fondness for silk stockings came near putting his glad little flat out of business.		
THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE. A Serial Story,	E. Phillips Oppenheim	151
The finish of the romance into which an unromantic man was thrust.		
LOOKING ON FROM THE BLEACHERS. A Series,	Frank X. Finnegan	163
I.—The High Cost of Living.		
THE WHITE GHOST OF DISASTER. A Short Story,	Mayn Clew Garnett	168
How a giant liner rammed an iceberg in broad daylight.		
THE ADVENTURES OF HECTOR SPINKS.	W. B. M. Ferguson	181
A Two-part Story. The fool of fortune drops into a rural community, becomes incarcerated in a madhouse, and suddenly looms up as the central figure in a big mystery.		
THE QUEST. A Short Story,	Adolph Bennauer	211
A cargo well worth the salvaging.		
THE PASSING OF BILL. A Short Story,	Frederick S. Isham	217
The author of "Half a Chance" relates a whimsical tale of a bewildered toper.		

Twice-a-Month Publication Issued by STREET & SMITH, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York.

ORMOND G. SMITH and GEORGE C. SMITH, Proprietors.

Copyright, 1912, by Street & Smith, New York. Copyright, 1912, by Street & Smith, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved.
Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WARNING—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons who have been thus victimized.
IMPORTANT—Authors, literary agents and publishers are kindly requested to note that the firm only receives NISS, for consideration on the understanding that it shall not be held responsible for their accidental loss from fire or any other cause while in its office, or in transit.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00

SINGLE COPIES 15 Cents

MAY MONTH-END POPULAR ON SALE APRIL 23rd

2,000,000 Stylish Ankles "Holeproof-Clad"



For Smart Women

For Up-to-Date Men

A million men, women and children are wearing Holeproof Hose. There are two million neatly dressed ankles belonging to people who "know what's what," clad in these hose. A million people have seen the folly of "old-time" hose that wear out in a week. You'll see it, too, just as soon as you try "Holeproof."

Six pairs of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. But that doesn't mean they are coarse or unsightly. The facts are quite the reverse.

Ask the dealer to show you the *silk* "Holeproof" for men and women—and the cotton "Holeproof" also, in the new Spring colors.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay for our yarn an average of 70 cents a pound. It is 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest, softest cotton that grows.

We could buy common yarn for 30 cents, but it would be 2-ply—coarse, heavy and hot.

Every pair of "Holeproof" is backed by our 39 years of experience. These are the original guaranteed hose.

We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection.

Don't you want to try such hose?

Carl Freschl

Look for the signature above on the toe of each pair, if you want to be sure you are getting the genuine "Holeproof." There are scores of imitations, so one must be careful.

Six pairs of "Holeproof" cost \$1.50 up to \$3.00, according to finish and weight. Silk "Holeproof," three pairs guaranteed three months—\$2.00 for men's—\$3.00 for women's.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.

131 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
London, Can., Distributors
for Canada

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico. Agents
for Mexican Republic.



Are Your Hose Insured?

(299)

THE POPULAR MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV.

MAY 1, 1912.

No. 2.

The Green-goods King

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Master Counterfeiter," "The Steel Door," Etc.

Mr. Reeve has discovered a new kind of detective in Professor Kennedy—a man who spends a good deal of time in his laboratory and applies science to his detective work with astonishing success. In this complicated case which involves two prominent men and a host of smaller fry, only the scientific methods of Professor Kennedy could have succeeded in unraveling the tangled plot. It is a mystery story of more than ordinary merit.

(A Complete Novel)

CHAPTER I.

A NOTE OF APPEAL.

THAT'S a peculiar letter, Walter," remarked Craig Kennedy, one morning, as we were winnowing the real letters from the one-cent advertising chaff of our mail.

He tossed the note over to me, and leaned back in his revolving chair, with his hands behind his head, watching my face intently as I read it.

The lithographed heading bore the name of the Stock Exchange Trust Company, and I jumped at the conclusion that it was a get-rich-quick proposal, for the trust company in question, with its high-sounding and misleading name, was not—well, conservative. Indeed, it had for some time been figuring in the newspapers because of its connection with certain shady mining-stock deals. The State banking authorities had investigated it, but, to the surprise of everybody, had found nothing legally

wrong, and had pronounced it solvent. But the first paragraph showed me that I was mistaken in the character of the letter, and the second aroused my curiosity to the burning point. The letter was brief:

PROFESSOR CRAIG KENNEDY, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Your name has been suggested to me by a friend who informs me that you have achieved marked success in the application of science in detective work. If your engagements permit, will you kindly make an appointment to see me at your earliest possible convenience?

There are certain peculiar matters in relation to the trust company that I should like to have investigated, both financial and of a personal nature, involving a certain young person whose fascination seems to have proved too great for one of our directors.

Please let me know over the telephone when to expect you, but under no circumstances communicate with me at the trust company; my private telephone is 3390 Trinity. Very respectfully yours,

JAMES SNEAD.

"A certain young person whose fascination seems to have proved too great

for one of our directors," I reread. Then I looked at the heading, and found that James Snead was the fifth in the list of ten directors of the trust company, whose president was Chester C. Miller, and vice president William K. Moore, of the unsavory firm of Miller & Moore, bankers and brokers. The other names on the board were Henry Pembroke, Norman Lloyd, Philip Barclay, Thomas Warner, George Rector, Paul Stevens, and Jacob New.

"What do you make of it, yourself?" I asked at length, looking up and catching Kennedy's bland smile at my bewilderment.

He had been fumbling with a file of the *Star*, which we kept in our den, and at last had drawn out the magazine section of the Sunday edition several weeks before.

"Either I've got a case, or it's a very novel way of circularizing to catch suckers," he replied tentatively, turning the pages of the newspaper. "Oh, yes, here it is—you remember that article?"

He tossed over the paper, and I saw that he had opened it to a lurid story, entitled "The Girl in the Get-Rich-Quick Game."

I did remember the article, but not seeing the connection with the present case, I glanced over it hastily again. It began with a statement by the United States marshal:

In every get-rich-quick concern I've ever investigated, sitting close beside the desk of the manager, I've always found a girl who shares his secrets and helps him spend the money he's making. Often she is seen with him in restaurants and helps him in his business. Nearly always she's wise—or quickly becomes so.

The newspaper artist had been inspired to depict a get-rich-quick broker blowing bubbles, and in each bubble, floating across the page, was a girl's face. I read further:

Whenever the bubble bursts, a young woman invariably pops out. Sometimes innocently, sometimes not, she is part of the setting for nearly every scheme from bunko to bogus bonds and from flim-flam to forgery.

It began to dawn on me that Craig Kennedy had picked out the article be-

cause of the sentence that had aroused my curiosity, and I quickly ran my eyes over the columns, expecting to catch the name of "a certain young person" connected with Miller & Moore.

Kennedy noted my gaze traveling up and down the columns, and he hastened to add: "No, Walter, you won't find anything there about this case—not yet. This bubble hasn't burst." Then, as he reached for the telephone, he said: "Perhaps I can tell you more about it in a minute."

A brief conversation followed, of which I caught only the uninforming half.

"It's a case, all right," remarked Craig, as he hung up the receiver, "and as peculiar as the letter. I am to meet three of the directors at luncheon at the Lawyers' Club to-day, and I have taken the liberty of inviting my partner, Mr. Jameson. You must manage to have the *Star* let you off. You've given them some good stuff lately—and this may be a big story, too, if we can carry it through."

"Certainly," I replied quickly. "I can fix it up with the *Star* all right. But look here, Craig, we're not going to buy any mining stock from these people, or hand over——"

"Oh, it's nothing like that, Walter," he laughed, then went on seriously: "These are the honest directors in the trust company, I take it—the insurgents. Heaven knows how they got mixed up in it, but they are in it, and there is some kind of scrap on in the board. As near as I can make out from what Snead would say over the wire, there are two women who figure in the case. Oh, well, we shall hear the whole story soon enough. I'll meet you at the club a little before one o'clock."

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

James Snead was one of the old school in Wall Street, a lawyer by training, dignified and conservative, the last person in the world whom one would expect to find mixed up with the dubious proceedings of which Miller &

Moore and all their creatures, including the Stock Exchange Trust Company, were the promoters. His story was plausible enough, however. Like so many of the old school, he had been taken in early in the game, before it was apparent what manner of promotion the trust company was to be led into. Miller, Moore, and their dummy directors had wanted him because his name would lend a dignity to the board which otherwise it would be hard to secure. I rather liked the old man—especially as it was evident that it went sorely against his grain to have to admit that he had made a mistake, even though the admission was part of the process of squaring himself with the world.

Much the same thing could be said of Pembroke and Lloyd, who were the other two directors waiting to meet us. They were younger men, though of excellent reputation. Pembroke came of a fine Southern family, and after his graduation from college had settled down in New York to learn the stock and bond business, being mostly interested in the development of the "new South," where his own family had large holdings. Lloyd was a Canadian by birth, and, though a man of considerable experience, a comparative newcomer in Wall Street. I fancy that the fact of their large outside interests accounted for their ready acquiescence in the plans of Miller & Moore when the trust company was incorporated, for neither Pembroke nor Lloyd were "fall guys."

Snead was quite evidently the leader, and both the younger men deferred readily to him. The three had apparently talked the thing over, and, after conferring with some of the larger stockholders who were getting uneasy, and were not satisfied with the examination by the State authorities of the resources of the trust company, had determined to do a little sleuthing on their own account quietly. Hence the letter to Kennedy.

Snead selected an isolated round table off in a corner, where conversation could not be readily overheard, and we five sat down, the formalities of introduction being very simple, in view of

the large issues that seemed to weigh on the minds of at least three of our party. Downtown lunching clubs are surely a boon to the busy man, for they enable him to transact business without risking either starvation or the lining of his stomach.

"There is no use hesitating or mincing matters in the least, Mr. Kennedy," began Snead, coming directly to the point, the moment we had given our order to the waiter, and his back was turned. "I think I can put the case in a nutshell when I say that we—the minority—do not at all approve of how matters are going in the trust company, or of the use that is being made of the trust company by Miller & Moore, and particularly of the junior member of the firm, in promoting some of their schemes."

"Particularly of the latest," broke in Lloyd. "The American Telephotograph Company, which claims to have the rights to a new invention for telegraphing photographs. The machine may be all right, but the promoters——"

"Oh, you can say the same of practically all the schemes, Lloyd," interrupted Pembroke. "That isn't the point we are interested in just now. Mr. Snead will agree with me, I am sure, when I say that our main concern is the trust company with which we are all three connected, and hence responsible for?"

"Exactly," nodded Snead. "There are certain suspicious things, Mr. Kennedy, that we should like to have you look into, with a view to clearing them up, if possible, without a scandal. It is too long a story to tell you just how we came to be involved in this business, but, having let our names become connected with it in the first instance, we feel that we cannot withdraw lest something may come out which will put us in a bad light; something that has already taken place unknown to us, and which we should be powerless to control or remedy if we sever our connection just now. But we cannot stay without knowing more than we do. In short, we are between the devil and the deep sea. We can't get out, and we can't stay in."

Pembroke and Lloyd murmured an approval, and the conversation was suspended while the waiter deposited the light luncheon which we had ordered.

"Just what are your suspicions?" asked Kennedy, as soon as we were free again, for it was evident that the three directors regarded themselves as somewhat in the position of conspirators, and were fearful lest even a breath of their intentions should reach ears for which they were not meant.

"As you doubtless know," resumed Snead, "the president of the trust company and head of the board of directors is Chester Miller. But, from our standpoint, Moore is even more dangerous—the vice president, you know. I think I may say that all the other directors, except ourselves, are merely the tools of these two. You see, we three are outvoted three to one. Yet we do not propose to lie down and take whatever comes without a protest."

"Indeed, we do not," interjected Pembroke, as Snead paused, evidently for the approval of the others. "Miller has involved the trust company in many schemes of—ah—high finance against our advice and votes."

"But Moore is the real power, to my way of thinking," asserted Lloyd vigorously.

Snead was leaning forward over the table, and in a half whisper resumed the story:

"Loans are being made to dummies, and kept secret by some system or other of bookkeeping—that is, we suspect they are. Moore has got mixed up in some deals—of his own, I mean—that are positively scandalous. Where has he got the money? In a small way the dummy directors are mixed up in things that call for a good deal of money, too. Now, none of them has money of his own. I tell you, if you sit down with a paper and pencil, as I have, and figure up the cash that these people must have put up to launch their schemes privately on the unsuspecting public, you would really begin to wonder that the Stock Exchange Trust Company had a cent of its legal cash reserve left in its vaults."

"You mentioned in your letter some-

thing about a certain young person whose fascinations——"

"That's another thing we most strenuously object to, Professor Kennedy," whispered Snead, cracking his knuckles nervously. "We object to some of the personal actions of both Mr. Moore and Mr. Miller. Of course, you know that in all such schemes as these get-rich-quick firms are promoting there is generally a woman in the case. Women with money are investing more and more, and even the legitimate brokers are not averse to having departments run especially for the benefit and attraction of women investors. Miller & Moore, who have offices on the seventh floor of the building where the trust company occupies the ground floor and basement, make a great specialty of catering to women investors. They have a woman managing that department, a Miss Fairchild, who is as clever as any man who ever managed a bucket shop."

"Yes," drawled Pembroke, with just a trace of his Southern accent cropping out, "and I reckon that the other woman in the case is just about as important, too."

"Well, we don't know anything personally about her, you know," said Lloyd.

"It's just this," continued Snead. "We do know that it is the common talk of the employees of the trust company that Miller has a mysterious friend who calls herself Mrs. Fitzherbert. She is never seen at the bank, or in the office of Miller & Moore; in fact, never even lunches downtown. Miller, however, frequently finds that business engagements make it necessary for him to lunch uptown. We haven't the slightest idea who she is, or whether she may not represent some financial interest or other, but the telephone switchboard operator in Miller & Moore's, whom we have paid to report certain things to us, says that she always gives the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and always calls up from the swell hotels and restaurants, or else pay stations uptown. So there is no way of tracing out who she is in that way. We can't follow Miller ourselves—that's too risky."

"There's something else, too, Mr. Snead," added Lloyd. "Moore, who usually takes his cue from Miller, or at least used to do so, until he got to speculating so heavily on his own private account, is now more master than pupil. Moore, we understand, is pretty friendly with Miss Fairchild, who is really a rather unusual type of girl. Of course, it may be all right. It may be that he finds that she is more useful to him than any of the men in the office in selling stocks and planning campaigns—but it's rather queer, rather queer. And in Moore's case it's much worse than in Miller's, because, while Miller is divorced, Moore has a wife, whom we understand he neglects frightfully."

"Oh, it may be all right," said Snead, trying hard to be generous. "Business is business, after all, and some women are wonders nowadays in coaxing dollars out of investors. To sum it all up, this depression in the stock market has come along. Miller should be retrenching, protecting the trust company against the depreciation in some of the wild investments that were made in more prosperous times. Instead of that, he advocates pouring more money into them, says stocks are cheap, and that we have a chance to make money both going and coming. Moore ought to be scratching around to protect the trust company, as well as his own private schemes. They don't seem to realize how heavily they are involved. If Miller & Moore go under, a run will start on the trust company, and when that starts it is as good as a failure; the doors would close after the first day. No other company would risk coming to our assistance. Indeed, the more conservative bankers would rather welcome our failure if they could check the trouble with us alone."

"This is all very interesting and important," remarked Kennedy, slowly turning the revelations over in his mind. "I should be inclined to start with trying to discover who the mysterious Mrs. Fitzherbert is, and what is back of the friendliness between Moore and Miss Fairchild. I suppose your telephone girl could get me started?"

"Surely," agreed Snead. "Pembroke will let you know to-morrow morning whether any engagements have been made by any of them. It is too late to do anything to-day."

"Meanwhile," pursued Kennedy, anxious to get down to action, "I think it would be well to know something more—even if it isn't much more—about the actual cash in the possession of the company."

No one spoke for a moment. "I move, then," said Pembroke, breaking the silence, "that Mr. Snead, who has the necessary authority, be appointed a committee of one to visit the trust company's vaults to-night, examine the cash reserve, and, if there is any reason to suspect anything, we'll come out in the open, and demand another investigation."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Kennedy," concluded Snead, "until you hear from me, consider that you are engaged by us in this case, formulate your plans, but do not do anything openly. If I find nothing, it will make our case so much the harder."

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS THE DEAD LINE.

"For Heaven's sake, Walter, look at this," cried Kennedy, as we were dressing the next morning. The hall boy had just brought up our papers, and Craig was glancing over the headlines on the first page, as he struggled with a refractory collar button.

I glanced down on the table, and read the news item he was indicating with his finger. It was in the space reserved for short news items that come in just as the paper is going to press, and too late to be played up with a full story and a black-type heading:

SUICIDE IN BANK'S VAULTS.

James Snead, Director of Stock Exchange Trust Company, Discovered Dead Last Night from Self-inflicted Pistol Wound Under Mysterious Circumstances.

When Patrick Kelly, night watchman for the Stock Exchange Trust Company, nodded

"Good evening" to James Snead, one of the directors, as he entered the safe-deposit vaults of the trust company, there was nothing in his manner to indicate that half an hour later the well-known banker and lawyer would be found stretched in a pool of red blood on the white marble floor of the vault, with the door of the vault open and all the lights glowing brightly.

"No other person except myself and Mr. Snead was in the building at the time," says Kelly. "Mr. Snead had come in with the necessary credentials, and I suppose the combinations, and had spoken cheerfully to me, as he always did when we met. I accompanied him down, switched on the lights, and left him in the vault unlocking one of the deposit boxes. Patrolman Kavanaugh stopped and tried the door to the office building as I came back to the hall to sit down in my armchair in front of the elevators. He caught sight of me and waved his nightstick by way of greeting, and went on.

"A moment later came a cry from the vault below. I had gone to the door and opened it to talk to Kavanaugh, who had not reached the next office building. He heard the cry out on the street. Together we rushed down into the vault. On the floor we found Mr. Snead, groaning. We carried him upstairs and placed him on a divan in the directors' room. Officer Kavanaugh summoned an ambulance, but Mr. Snead never regained consciousness, and was dead before it arrived. I heard no sound of an explosion or of a shot fired."

The rest of the account consisted of a biography of Snead, and a brief reference to the rumors current regarding the financial condition and speculations of the trust company.

"What does it mean?" I asked, looking at Kennedy in amazement. "What did he discover? Why should Snead commit suicide?"

"Did he commit suicide?" Kennedy replied by asking another question. "Walter, don't you see anything peculiar in it?"

"Yes, but I can't tell you what it is."

"The account doesn't speak of finding any pistol."

"And that means that Snead did not commit suicide?" I queried. "You think he was murdered?"

Before Craig had time to answer, the buzzer on our door sounded, and Pembroke, pale and nervous, walked in, and dropped heavily into a chair.

"You have read it?" he cried excitedly. "I was notified early this morn-

ing, and went directly to the trust company. I've just come from the office."

To our anxious inquiries for later news he went on: "The body has been examined by the coroner, and removed to the rooms of a burial company, pending the notification of Snead's relatives in the West. He had no home here—lived at an uptown club."

"Too bad," remarked Craig ruefully. "I wish I had been notified in time. I should like to have seen the way in which the body was found in the vault. Didn't the coroner notice anything peculiar about the case?"

"Of course, but he has said nothing about it for publication. They are working on it now. So you noticed that nothing was said about finding a pistol?"

"I noticed it at once when I read the account. There is one other thing I wish to speak about, Mr. Pembroke. Now that Mr. Snead has been killed in this mysterious manner, how does that affect me? My dealings were with him, you know. Does this end my connection with the case?" asked Kennedy.

"Not a bit of it," replied Pembroke hurriedly. "On the contrary, we need your help more than ever. In the publicity that will now come to the trust company's affairs, we must have some one we can rely on. You won't desert us, Mr. Kennedy? There are only two of us left now—Lloyd and myself."

"Pembroke," he answered, with all the earnestness that he usually displayed when thoroughly interested in clearing up a baffling mystery, "my only anxiety has been that you might want to drop the case, now that Mr. Snead is dead. I will follow this trail if it takes me to the ferry of Charon."

Pembroke was too overwhelmed to thank us, but his looks were answer enough.

"Only," added Craig, "I do wish I had been first on the scene."

"I don't think it would have made much difference. You know they had already carried him upstairs. But you can see the body at the burial company. I expect Lloyd any moment. We are

going up there now to complete the financial arrangements."

When Lloyd entered, a few minutes later, Pembroke could restrain himself no longer. "How were the securities and the cash reserve, Norman?" he asked anxiously. "Was anything wrong?"

"No," replied Lloyd. "We went over everything hurriedly. All seems to be correct. All the directors were there except Moore and yourself. Everything looks O. K. So far there can be no doubt of that."

We looked at each other blankly. The case was cloudier yet; so cloudy that for the time it obscured Craig's clew of the missing pistol.

"Let us go to the burial company," he said simply.

Kennedy's examination was brief. For a quarter of an hour or so he worked, while with averted faces we waited impatiently to learn what he expected to find. As he looked up at last, his expression was such as to cause us to cry out simultaneously: "What is it? What have you found?"

He looked again, though not with the air of a man who hesitated. Then he said, slowly and deliberately: "James Snead was not a suicide. He was murdered in cold blood."

"Murdered?" cried Lloyd, to whom the idea came as a surprise.

"Yes; no one could possibly have inflicted such a wound as this on himself. The bullet entered the back of his skull, was deflected, and passed on below the right ear, where it was stopped. He would have had to hold the pistol in the most awkward position imaginable, and with his left hand, too. Mr. Snead was not left-handed. I remember that from yesterday."

Craig had by this time probed a steel bullet out of the gaping wound, and had laid it on the table. He was thoughtfully turning it over with a steel knife.

As he raised the knife an instant, the bullet seemed to stick to it.

"That's strange," he mused. "That bullet is magnetized."

It was a small thing, perhaps, but

might it not prove very important? But it did not convey any clew to me, nor do I think it did to Kennedy, yet. At least, he said nothing about it.

"As nearly as I can make out," he continued, half to us, and half to himself, "the strangest part of the whole affair is that no one was seen to enter the trust company that night except Snead. Kelly is absolutely exonerated by Kavanaugh, the policeman, as I understand it. And certainly no one could have left the trust company after the shooting without being observed. There is no secret entrance or passageway into the vault?"

"Of course not," exclaimed Pembroke. "The vault has a chrome-steel lining inside of two feet of steel railroad rails, reinforced by concrete. No, it is absolutely inexplicable, any way you look at it."

"Not inexplicable," commented Kennedy; "only difficult."

"Difficult, yes. But whom do you suspect?" asked Lloyd.

"There are seven other directors," remarked Kennedy sententiously. Then, as if to avoid the leading question, he asked quickly: "Have you found out about this Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Fairchild? There is where I want to begin."

"Yes," replied Lloyd, "I almost forgot to tell you. The telephone central at the office told me as I was leaving that Mrs. Fitzherbert had talked to Miller early in the morning, and that he had arranged to meet her and lunch at the Mozambique Hotel to-day. I have learned, also, that Moore purchased two orchestra tickets at the Repertoire Francaise for to-night. The other directors show their grief in equally touching fashion. No doubt they would give a beefsteak dinner if Pembroke and myself should cross the dead line, too."

"That's interesting. I think I shall start right there. It's an old rule, and a good one, of 'Cherchez la femme,'" said Craig.

"Ah!" exclaimed Pembroke, as he gazed at the face of his dead friend, "if he could only speak, what a tale he might tell."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIRL IN THE BUBBLE.

Kennedy's next step was to become familiar with the faces of Miller, Moore, and the other directors, and as for that purpose he did not wish to come out into the open, and make personal visits even under pretext, I suggested that we drop into the *Star* office. The art department found most of the photographs in the files, and for several minutes Craig studied them carefully. In the meantime I had asked for the envelopes from the biographical department containing all the clippings about those mentioned in the case. Miller's envelope was fairly bulky, and so was Moore's, but beyond a record of some of their daring coups in floating wild-cat stocks there was nothing that shed any light. The other directors had never been prominent in the news, and as for Miss Fairchild and Mrs. Fitzherbert, there was absolutely nothing either in the clippings or in the art department about them.

We had just time to ride uptown to the Mozambique Hotel in the noon hour. We sauntered into the parlor, after the highwayman at the door had captured our hats and consented to issue a brass check against our ever wanting them again. There were several ladies in the parlor, evidently waiting for friends. Which of them was the mysterious Mrs. Fitzherbert I could not even guess.

There were only a dozen or so tables occupied in the handsome big dining room, as we glanced in at the door. Kennedy looked over the diners perfunctorily, though it was quite certain that we were early, and that Miller had not arrived. Then we settled ourselves in a corner beneath a cluster of palms to wait.

"There he is," I heard Kennedy whisper at length, as he tugged on my arm surreptitiously.

I turned slowly, so as not to appear to be watching.

Miller was a tall, well-built man, not quite of middle age, with a high forehead, curly, raven-black hair, and two rows of splendid teeth that fairly

gleamed as his face lighted up with a smile at catching sight of a woman waiting for him in the farthest corner.

"There's no mystery about the fascination of that man," commented Kennedy, "you can see daring and high animal spirits sticking out all over him. That fellow's dangerous—among the ladies. Look at his clothes; they sit on him like a fashion plate, and yet the last thing you would call him would be a fop."

"But the woman!" I exclaimed, in undisguised admiration.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, for of course it must have been she, had risen to meet him, extending a delicately gloved hand. I shall not attempt to describe how she was gowned. A tall, queenly-looking woman she was, with ruddy cheeks that needed no artificial coaxing to display the real glow of health. There was an air of culture and refinement about her, too—of the woman who thought deeply and strongly on anything that interested her. As a matter of fact, I was not surprised to see that the book which she had been reading was Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage."

She had evidently been reading something in it that met a response in her own feelings, for she indicated a passage to Miller which he read politely but quickly. It was apparent that bank books and perhaps even betting books were more in Miller's line, though the passage seemed to strike his fancy, and he nodded as their eyes met. He assumed charge of book, wraps, and other paraphernalia, and escorted her into the dining room, his head bent earnestly as she spoke.

A moment later Craig rose, and looked at his watch as if to indicate that we had waited long enough for some one who had not arrived. We entered the dining room, which by this time was well filled, and I saw Miller and Mrs. Fitzherbert seat themselves at the farther end near the windows.

Of course, the head waiter and a flock of his minions swarmed down on us, but Craig deftly shook them off, and managed to secure the next table. They were so engrossed in each other that

they did not pay any attention to us, and in order not to let them catch a glimpse of his face Kennedy sat down with his back to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was nearest our table, and hence in the position in which he could most easily overhear any chance remark that might be made.

I didn't pay much attention to the luncheon, letting Kennedy do the ordering. From my position I could see Miller and Mrs. Fitzherbert without any trouble, but of course could not hear what they were saying. They were conversing earnestly in low tones—I am sure it was about the death of Snead, for Mrs. Fitzherbert's sensitive face wore a shocked expression as Miller spoke earnestly. But they were very guarded, and Craig leaned over to inform me that he could distinguish nothing of what was passing between them.

"Tell me when they get to the coffee," he said finally, after we had toyed with the ostentatious creations of the famous chef at the Mozambique.

"They are ordering pastry and coffee now," I reported a few moments later, and without waiting Kennedy caught the eye of our own waiter, and paid the check. We left as quietly as possible, and I do not think we attracted the attention of the pair at the adjoining table.

Craig summoned a taxicab. As the door closed the driver leaned back for directions. Craig slipped a bill into his hand. "Across the street," he said. "We are waiting for some friends to come out of the Mozambique. It's all right. I'll give you the directions in a minute."

The driver must have thought we were crazy, to pay for a waiting cab in that way, but with much changing of gears and backing and going ahead he managed to take a position opposite the carriage entrance, across the narrow street.

A moment later Miller and Mrs. Fitzherbert appeared. A big limousine, which had been waiting down the street, pulled up in front of the hotel, and Miller handed the woman gallantly into it, bowing and calling a taxicab for himself.

As Mrs. Fitzherbert's car started off, Craig directed our driver: "Follow that black limousine. There's a five-spot in it if you don't let them shake you."

We were off down Broadway to Union Square, around the square, then over to Fourth Avenue. On downtown the black limousine sped, turning into the Bowery, and finally into a side street, overflowing with children, until at last it stopped in the heart of the Italian quarter.

Our chauffeur evidently knew his business, for he did not follow so closely as to be caught by a sudden stop of the car ahead. We pulled up about half a block behind, before a little Italian restaurant, a progressive place, with an electric sign telling the world that it was "Petto's."

Mrs. Fitzherbert had entered a dingy little East Side photograph gallery whose sign bore the name of the Union Photograph Company. We could not stand there with apparently nothing to do, so we entered Petto's restaurant, drank of his surpassing coffee, and partook of his unrivaled macaroni sparingly, for we were eager to get started again. Meanwhile our chauffeur found something conveniently out of order with his engine, and had one side of the hood up in such a way that he could close it quickly.

It must have been fifteen or twenty minutes that we waited for the black limousine to continue its peregrinations about the city. So keen was I now for the chase that I forgot the mounting charges on the taximeter.

At length Mrs. Fitzherbert appeared at the entrance to the photograph gallery, ran down the steps, and the door of her car banged shut. Our chauffeur quickly closed up his engine, called us, and we were off, not two blocks behind.

Uptown we went, retracing our journey, and as we reached the region where traffic was more dense our cab pulled up close to the limousine in order not to lose it. At last it turned into Park Avenue, and stopped at one of the large, new apartments, the Alden Arms. Mrs. Fitzherbert dismissed her chauffeur, and

entered. Hastily Craig paid our own driver, adding a handsome gratuity, and we were walking slowly up from the next corner. We entered the apartment.

"I'm looking for a Mrs. Fitzherbert," said Kennedy, taking out an address book, and pretending to consult it. "I think this is the number—yes—this must be it."

"No one of that name here, sah," replied the brass buttons.

"That's strange. I could have sworn that the lady who came in just now, as we were looking at the numbers, was she."

"The lady who came in the automobile, sah?" asked buttons.

"Yes, I think she did come in an automobile. I just saw her coming up the steps."

"No, sah. Dey ain't no Mrs. Fitzherbert here, sah. Dat was Mrs. Moore, sah."

"Oh, yes," remarked Craig, consulting the directory. "Mrs. William K. Moore. I see. Thank you, just the same. I must have made a mistake in putting the number down." Outside he gasped: "Now, what do you know about that, Walter? Mrs. Fitzherbert is Mrs. Moore."

He stopped in a drug store, and consulted both the directory and the telephone book. Sure enough, the address given under Moore's name was the Alden Arms.

Far from making the case more luminous, our shadowing had really made it more shady.

"We must find out something about that photograph gallery," said Craig thoughtfully, planning our next step as we walked over to the nearest car line. Suddenly he pulled out his watch. "Walter, it isn't late. And we have several hours to kill before the performance at the Repertoire. Suppose you run down to one of the commercial agencies, and see what they have to say about the Union Photograph Company, while I try to get orchestra seats for to-night."

Thanks to my connection with the *Star*, I was given access to information

quickly, and it proved an easier thing than I had anticipated to find out about the photograph company. At the commercial agency where I called it chanced that the man who wrote up that line of trade was in, and, with the permission of an officer of the agency whom I knew, I was able to get him to talk.

The company, he told me, was capitalized for a very small sum, and had been in business only a short time, but its credit rating was high as far as it went.

He could have knocked me over with a feather when he added confidentially: "Of course, I don't say this for publication, but you can take it for what it is worth. In my report to the agency I said that the company was run by a Professor Francesco, an Italian. Now, that is strictly true. He does the photographic work—that is, what work they get. But it is understood that Mr. Moore, of Miller & Moore, is backing the thing. Why, I can't say. But at least two of the firms from which they purchase materials have told me that they have been given to understand that William K. Moore is interested. You know of him, of course—the man who is connected with that Stock Exchange Trust Company."

I did indeed know, but I said nothing.

Kennedy was quite puzzled at my report. It did not seem to fit in with the theory he had half formed about the case, but he said nothing, though I could see he was mentally revising the theory. "Now, why should Moore be backing a little photograph gallery on the East Side?" he asked, thinking aloud. "The more we get into the ramifications of this thing the more puzzling it appears. I'm glad that we are booked to spend the evening studying the habits and movements of Moore."

As chance had it, Kennedy had luckily been able to get seats at the Repertoire only a few rows back of those obtained by Moore, though in the next aisle. We could see, without being seen, and Kennedy leveled his opera glass in Moore's direction as often as he could without attracting attention.

Miss Fairchild was a dashing and pronounced blonde. The woman, as I learned afterward, had started her business career typewriting aphorisms of success which were used for Western bait, picturing in alluring phrases how by turning over one hundred dollars, according to a new fortune-for-a-farthing system, prosperity could be made to order.

That had been before she was employed by Miller & Moore. Another promoter, who had since "busted," had discovered her ability. And, as prosperity in easy-money enterprises always carries with it the ready sharing of the proceeds, the girl at the elbow of the promoter was not forgotten. She was invited out to dinner, saw rare vintages in the bottles on the table, received occasional gifts of jewelry, and was painstaking in her efforts for the welfare of the enterprise. Her case had not been like many others. When the promoter went "busted," he had been able to cover his tracks so well that all thought of prosecution had been snuffed out. Therefore she had not seen the seamy side of the adventures with other people's money. When she started she knew no more about frenzied finance than the girl in the department store knows of the manufacture of mercerized cotton. But she had learned quickly, with the stock ticker on one side, the telephone on the other, and her typewriter before her. Miss Innocence soon became Miss Sophisticated.

As I studied her face I became convinced that here at least was a girl who knew thoroughly well how to take care of herself. She had had ample opportunity, and had profited greatly. That was why, when Miller & Moore had awakened to the value of catering to women, and also to a certain type of men with money that cried for investment, they had engaged Miss Vida Fairchild on the spot.

They were very good friends, it appeared, the junior partner and the manager of the women's investing department. I shall not attempt to describe the play. In fact, I did not see much of it. I was totally occupied in watching

the animated vibration of the black pearl ear drops of Miss Fairchild as she discussed something with Moore in the intermissions between the scenes and acts. I am sure Kennedy, also, saw nothing of the play, for he was fully occupied in watching the other drama before us, and when he was not watching I found him with his eyes half closed, which I knew meant that he was dreaming out a course of action or a theory which explained some one of the many baffling points of the mystery of which we found ourselves so strangely a part.

At last the show was over, and we leisurely made our way out with the crowd to the brilliant lights of Broadway. It all seemed unreal to me, until Kennedy, by skillful maneuvering in the crush, succeeded in getting me so close behind Moore and Miss Fairchild that we could have reached over and touched them.

"I'm not so sure of that," Moore was saying. "I've heard hints of it before. I intend to ask Mrs. M. to explain to-morrow. I won't say anything to-night, for it'll be late when I get home, and I shan't see her at breakfast—I never do. But I'll call up on the telephone about noon, and see if she has gone out again. I've a good notion to engage a private detective agency to make a report on her activities."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," remonstrated Miss Fairchild. "People will talk, you know, and if she retaliated you'd get very little sympathy. Besides, you don't want anything else on your mind until we get the uptown office of the Telephotograph Company launched. Put it off."

"But it won't make any difference with Telephotograph," he returned doggedly. "Mixing personal affairs and business——"

We heard no more, for they had been walking slowly along Broadway, and had turned sharply into the Café Rivière.

I turned to Kennedy. "Come, Walter," he said, continuing up the blazing white way. "I think we have done enough shadowing for to-day. I don't

relish it. We seem to have uncovered a most surprising mix-up."

CHAPTER V.

SETTING TRAPS.

The next morning Kennedy had me up bright and early. As usual when he was well into a case, eating and sleeping were necessary evils that were allowed to hinder its progress only as little as was compatible with not stopping it altogether. Kennedy bolted his breakfast perfunctorily; I held back, and insisted on performing the operation properly.

Really, it did Craig much more good to arrive at his laboratory at the university and shake himself free of the few duties it happened to be necessary for him to perform that day, than many hours of sleeping or courses of eating.

He donned an old, acid-stained suit of clothes which he kept there, and filled a worn hand bag with tools. He had a square box on the table, which he asked me to carry very carefully. Outside there was nothing to indicate what its real nature might be, except that there were places for electric connections.

It was a rather bulky box, and not exactly light in weight. The farther we walked the heavier the box got, although there was nothing occult about that, especially as I despised carrying packages.

"What's in this thing?" I asked at length, as I shifted it rather petulantly from arm to arm.

"Just a little instrument I am going to try out," he answered evasively.

"I thought as much," I replied sarcastically. But I did not pursue the subject. If Kennedy did not want to say anything he would not say anything. I had found out after a long acquaintance with him that when he started out to apply some apparatus to a certain thing he was as mute as an oyster—until he had succeeded. In other words he was very human. He didn't like to admit a failure even to me—perhaps least of all to me.

A ride on a surface car, and we found

ourselves at the Alden Arms again. Kennedy took the heavy box from me as we entered and slouched forward, in much the manner of the loose-jointed mechanic.

I don't know how he worked it, but he easily managed to impress the telephone operator that he was from the company, and that there had been a complaint about the crossing of wires, or some other equally mythical mishap, in one of the apartments.

Without disturbing anything in the switchboard that would entail an explanation at the central office, he located what I afterward learned were the wires connecting with the Moore apartment.

"Now, if you will be so kind as to go up to apartment twenty-six—yes, twenty-six it is—and call down here to me," he asked of the operator, "I shall be very much obliged to you."

The operator complied readily. We were now alone in the hall.

"Apartment twenty-six is not the Moore apartment," I suggested under my breath, running my eye quickly over the directory.

"I know it," he agreed, working feverishly to take advantage of this opportunity he had created. "I simply wanted to get rid of the operator for a time. Hello—yes. It's all right. You can come down now. I guess there'll be no more trouble."

He had set the square box down near the back of the switchboard, out of the way, when he came in, and during the few minutes that he had been working he had connected it in an inconspicuous way with the wires leading to the Moore apartment. Then he had wound up some clockwork inside. By the time the operator returned he was replacing the coverings of the switchboard, which he had taken down.

"May I ask you to keep this box here for me?" he asked, tapping it gently with a screw driver. "I've put it back here out of the way. It's pretty heavy, and I don't want to carry it around with me all day. I'll call and get it later, if you don't mind. But please don't move it. It's a delicate thing, and easily put out of adjustment if you don't know

how to handle it, and the company'll give me the deuce if anything happens to it. That's why I don't like to carry it around. I've just used it at a place below here on Park Avenue, and my next call is 'way up in the Bronx."

The operator agreed, and we departed, Kennedy back to the university, where he had a class after lunch, and I down to the *Star*, where I hoped to find our financial man at leisure to talk over his opinions of the Miller & Moore outfit and the trust company.

The thing that puzzled me about the Snead murder had been the loss of the pistol, and the silence observed by everybody concerning it. I was surprised to learn that it was the general impression on the "Street" that Snead had really committed suicide, and that the pistol had been made away with by some friend of his for the purpose of covering up the disgrace of a suicide. More than that, the coroner was inclined to accept that version, though he had not ceased to hunt for the person who had been responsible for removing the weapon. The *Star* financial man pooh-poohed my suspicions that Snead had been murdered, and, indeed, I could hardly blame him, for there was nothing, so far, in the facts of the case to convince an outsider.

I did not go with Kennedy when he went to get the instrument which he had left at the Alden Arms, and consequently I was waiting for him, somewhat impatiently, at the laboratory when he returned with it in triumph late in the afternoon.

"It was all right," he announced. "No one had touched it. I simply snapped the connections when they weren't looking, and thanked them for taking such good care of it. So here I am. Let's see what we have."

The box inclosed what Kennedy described as a very sensitive telephone receiver. But the main part of the apparatus was another box, part of whose mechanism was a steel disk something like that used in the mechanical music boxes, only without any perforations.

He handled the disk very carefully as he took it off, and placed it on another

instrument, which he brought out of a cabinet. The second instrument consisted of a box also, and was topped by what looked very much like a graphophone horn.

"This is a telegraphone," explained Kennedy, talking eagerly now that he had succeeded in carrying out his plan. "You see, it works on what is a very novel principle. The Danish Edison, Poulsen, is the inventor. He discovered that he could localize very minute charges of electricity on a piece of piano wire—one charge right after another through a whole strand of yards and yards of wire. You wouldn't believe it possible, but it's a fact. Next he applied the thing practically by devising a sort of phonograph, in which the record was made, not by a needle traveling over a cylinder, but by localizing these little charges of electricity. Then he found that it made no difference if he coiled up the wire in a flat spiral—in other words, that a big disk did just as well as the long wire. All that was needed was the mechanical means of localizing these electric charges on the disk, and another means of using them to reproduce the sounds which they recorded. Here on this disk I have recorded all that was said to-day over the Moore telephone. I could take a magnet, and, by passing it over the disk, wipe out the whole record, and use the disk over again. It's needless to say that I won't do it—yet. But until I do, the record is practically permanent. Let us see what the telegraphone has to report."

He set the telegraphone going, and to my amazement words began to issue from it, precisely as from a talking machine. Most of the conversation at the start was of no value. There were calls to various tradesmen, and orders for the household, a call to a fashionable ladies' tailor on Fifth Avenue, and so on. One could judge of the progress of the morning by the progressive change in the character of the calls.

During the noon hour, apparently, the following conversation took place. Kennedy evinced great interest:

"Hello, hello! Is Mrs. Moore in?"

This is Mr. Moore's office. One moment, please. Go ahead, Mr. Moore."

"Hello, is that you, Harriet? I thought you would be lunching out to-day."

"Lunching out?"

"Yes, lunching out. You were out yesterday when I called up about this time, and the day before."

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I don't like it, that's all."

"Why not?"

"You know why not. I don't care if you go out shopping, or to visit friends, or anything like that, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, Caesar's wife should be above suspicion, you know. A little bird tells me that you have been lunching uptown rather often lately with a gentleman. He doesn't know—this little bird, you understand—who the gentleman is, but he saw you at the Mozambique the other day, and happened to mention it to me casually."

"Will, I'd advise you to believe only half you see, and nothing you hear. If you call up, trying to spy on my movements, I think perhaps I might make some inquiries about your business engagements and dates at night at the club. Good-by."

"Whew," exclaimed Kennedy. "That was icy. She never gave him a chance to say good-by, either. I can't say I blame her much, though."

"The nerve of him!" I ejaculated, mindful of what we had seen the night before at the Repertoire.

"Let's go on with the telephone," he resumed.

A long blank space followed. Then came a call. "That's Miller & Moore's number," remarked Kennedy. "She must have been excited. She never did that before. She always went outside so that the call could not be traced. Listen."

"Is Mr. Miller in?"

"Who shall I say wants him?"

"Mrs. Fitzherbert."

"All right. Go ahead, Mr. Miller."

"Good morning, Harriet."

"That you, Chester? Is there anybody in your office now?"

"No, Harriet, fire away."

"Is *he* in?"

"No. Just went out to lunch with one of the directors of the trust company. Why?"

"He suspects."

"What? The deuce! You don't say so. What makes you say that?"

"Listen. He just called me up, thinking he'd catch me out at luncheon. Some one has been so kind as to inform him that I have been observed lunching——"

"With me?"

"No; I don't think he knows that. But he will know it. We must be careful, Chester. He's playing a game for high stakes, you know. He's dangerous."

"Yes, I know that."

"And, Chester—I'm afraid."

"Afraid—of what?"

"Of him."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't understand what he is up to. I don't know, and maybe it's only a woman's foolish fears, but sometimes he makes me tremble. He seems to have such power and success when he starts out to do anything, and he never lets anybody stand in his way. I used to admire him for it. But now I'm afraid of him. All these schemes of his, I mean, alarm me. And he's out nearly every night. Oh, I can't say over the telephone all that I should like to say, but, Chester, can't I meet you somewhere downtown so that we can talk it over without having any of his friends spying on us?"

"I'm afraid I can't to-day. This Snead affair has upset things terribly. There are rumors of all kinds in the papers, and I'll just have to sit down on the lid to-day and deny everything to every reporter who comes to the office. Won't to-morrow do?"

"Yes. Where?"

"Say to-morrow night. Take dinner with me downtown."

"No, Chester. Some one might see us. Isn't there somewhere else?"

"Well, yes. I have a little office over

in the Exchange Building—an office I opened up when I thought I would go into promoting that wireless telephone patent. The lease hasn't expired, and I still have it. You could meet me there."

"That's all right. I will be there about eight o'clock. What floor is it on?"

"The twentieth—two-o-one-six."

"All right, I'll be there. Good-by."

"Good-by, Harriet. Now, don't worry. It'll all come out right in the end. See you to-morrow."

As the telegraphone concluded, Craig shut it off quickly, and glanced at the clock on his desk.

"Quarter to six," he exclaimed. "Whatever we do, we must do to-night. Walter, is there anybody you know of who has an office in that building?"

"There most certainly is," I replied. "The Wall Street office which we keep for the financial writers on the *Star* is there. It's only a little cubby-hole on the eighteenth floor, but I suppose that will be just as good as a suite."

"Yes. Good! They won't be working there at night, I suppose. Can you get a key to it?"

"Surely. I'll stop at the house of our financial man on the way down to-night and get it."

"Just the thing, then," agreed Kennedy. "But we must hurry. You see, Walter, I want to get into the building while the cleaners are still working there to-night. This will be my only chance to prepare for to-morrow night without being observed."

He was wrapping up a lot of fine copper wire hastily, and from a cabinet in his laboratory he took a round disk of vulcanized rubber, perhaps three or four inches in diameter, and an inch or more thick. The whole thing did not make much of a package, and we were ready to start in a few minutes.

Fortunately we caught a subway express, and were able to make good time downtown.

The woman who was cleaning on the twentieth floor was at work around an "L" in the hall as we got off the elevator. Room 2016 bore the name of the

International Wireless Telephone Corporation. Miller, as well as Moore, ran to high-sounding names for his companies, which was all right. They cost no more, and were heaps more effective in coaxing out dollars.

Kennedy, always glib in concocting stories to serve on the spur of the moment, persuaded the cleaner to let us into the office with her pass-key, and she went back to her work.

"Now, which do you suppose is Miller's desk?" asked Craig, when we were alone. "Ah, this must be it. Yes, these are his letters. Let me see. That's fortunate. The desk is near the window. Where am I going to put this thing, anyway?"

He had unwrapped the copper wire, and had taken the vulcanized rubber disk out of his pocket, and was taking a mental inventory of the furniture and the windows. Having no ideas on the subject, I prudently kept my mouth shut.

At last Kennedy fixed on a suitable place on the side of Miller's desk, where neither the electric light nor the daylight in the room would show anything. There he carefully and quickly fixed the black disk with some screws. Next he attached two wires to it, and carried them down to the floor and across in the shadow of the baseboard to the window as skillfully as an expert electrician. The woodwork around the window served to hide them also, and when it came to leading the wires out of the window itself, a pile of books and letter files on the inside window sill served admirably to conceal them. He moved the books and files carefully, tacked down the wires, and then replaced the stuff precisely as he had found it.

"Where is the *Star* office?" he asked, as we leaned out and looked down from our dizzy height into the now yawning darkness.

"Over there to the right," I answered. "Eighteen-twelve."

"Go down there, Walter, and catch these wires when I swing them over to you. We'll have to be careful not to let them cross the windows diagonally on the intervening floor, or some one

will see them and pull them down. After you catch them, we'll see if we can't fix that in some way, perhaps let them go straight down and catch on the ledge of eighteen-sixteen, directly under us, pull them taut under that ledge, and then let them go horizontally across to your *Star* office window. Understand?"

I did, and a few minutes later I caught the wires which he swung over to me. After several minutes of gymnastics, at the imminent risk of our necks, we had fixed the wires in such a way that they were not noticeable. I had brought the ends in, and had attached them in such a way that none of our reporters would bother with them.

By that time Kennedy had finished his work up in Miller's office, and had joined me in the office of the *Star*.

"There," he said, with an air of satisfaction, as we washed up. "Now we are prepared, I think, for anything. I'm glad I had an opportunity to get that instrument in. I don't know what I should have done otherwise. I'll bring the other part of it down with us tomorrow night, and I think I can treat you to a surprise or two—that is, if the thing works, and I have every reason to believe that it will, unless somebody gets to fooling with those wires."

As in the case of the telegraphone, I said nothing, although I was burning with curiosity as to the purpose of the little black infernal machine he had installed in the modest office with the high-sounding name on the door.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK HAND LETTER.

It was fairly late when we returned to our apartment from a rather prolonged dinner at a restaurant and a general discussion of the Snead case. Following out the opinion I had already heard expressed, the papers had made much of the disappearance of the pistol, and nearly all of them hinted broadly that some one of the directors had hidden it to save Snead the stigma of suicide.

"That is the next point we must clear up," remarked Kennedy. "I should have begun there, anyhow, only we could not have got on the scene early enough to get the first clues. I think we have done pretty well for to-day. These were things we could not put off. The matter of the pistol will keep, though I must admit it is all very puzzling—at present."

Things were happening now thick and fast in the case. Still turning over the matter of the missing pistol in my mind, and wondering how Kennedy would go about finding it, I was not prepared to have a new complication again postpone our search for that interesting bit of evidence. We had walked over to the laboratory, intending to stop there only a few minutes before going up to our apartment.

Sticking in the letter slot in the door was an envelope. Kennedy pulled it out. It was just a plain white envelope, or, rather, it had once been a plain white envelope. In a trembling and laborious hand, apparently of foreign origin, was traced the address:

PROFESOR CRAG KENEDY.
PERSONAL.

Craig tore the envelope open quickly, and spread the single sheet out on the table under the light.

"This begins to look serious, Walter," he exclaimed, as he cast his eye over the curious document before us.

I glanced at the note. At the top appeared a rough and blotted drawing of a huge black hand, and down the margin were knives dripping with inky blood. The bottom of the letter was decorated with a large skull and cross-bones.

"There's no doubt of what that is," remarked Kennedy. "This is a Black Hand letter, sure enough, of the usual type."

Together we read the sinister scrawl:

HONORABLE PROFESOR KENEDY.
DEAR SIR:

This is to warn you that you are being watched. You beter stop befor it is too lat. DEATH is the only thing you will get if you folow up this cas. Death or Suicide. Remember Snead. It was too much for him.

This is a first and last warning. We give you one day from midnite to let it be nown that you hav dropped the cas. After that, by the saints, Death.

LA MANO NERA.

I looked at Craig in amazement. "Who do you suppose has put this gang, if it is a gang, on our trail?" I blurted out. "What are you going to do?"

"This is what I think of that letter," he replied, snapping his jaws shut like a steel vise as the lines in his face hardened. He struck a match, and lighted a little Bunsen burner on his laboratory table, and deliberately stuck the letter into it.

Suddenly he withdrew it, before half an inch had been consumed.

"No," he cried. "I'll not destroy it. I'd better keep it. There may be some evidence I can get from it."

"It's a disguised handwriting," I said, picking up the envelope that had fallen to the floor.

"Oh, I don't mean the handwriting," he replied. "Whoever inspired this was too clever to let any one write it but the gangsters themselves. That may come later. There are other clues that anonymous letter writers have overlooked because they have never been up against real science before. By the way, do you notice by the postmark that this was mailed in the district on the East Side where that little photograph gallery is?"

"Well, yes," I admitted doubtfully; "but it's a large district—with several people in it."

"I know that," persisted Kennedy. "But there are ways of tracing down even a thing like this on the congested East Side. There's not much I can do with it to-night, but I can make a start, and get things ready for to-morrow, anyway. I shall be here rather late to-night, Walter, so I think perhaps you had better go over to the apartment and turn in, for I want to start out the first thing in the morning on this fresh scent."

I hesitated. "If you're going to return late, Craig, don't you think I had better stay, so I can accompany you home? Two are better than one if anything should happen, and this part of town is pretty deserted late at night."

"No, thanks, Walter. Never mind. We've got at least twenty-four more hours of safety, as far as that goes. These fellows are usually pretty true to their word on such scores. After that, we shall have to stick pretty closely together, perhaps call on my old friend, First Deputy O'Connor, at police headquarters, though I hope it won't come to that. I'd much rather finish this case without police assistance."

His decisive tone left nothing for me to do but to let him work as he pleased, and I returned alone to the apartment. Even then I was minded to look sharply at every shadowy spot on the street, and keep on the alert when any particularly rough character passed me.

We sallied forth early the following morning. Kennedy had put the ban on shaving, and had superintended my dressing so that I found myself arrayed in the very oldest clothes that I had. No one had anything on us when it came to general seediness of appearance.

Kennedy bent our steps toward the Bowery, as inevitably as if our clothes made us gravitate in that direction. We entered the back room of several saloons—those adjacent to lodging houses, or connected with them—and in each case Kennedy, after ordering drinks, which, needless to say, we did not drink, asked the proprietor for a sheet of paper and a bottle of ink. He then proceeded to write himself a letter, which he carefully folded and stowed away in his pocket.

Place after place we visited, sometimes going upstairs into the general living room of the lodging house, where on benches and chairs dozens of men were lounging and smoking, or sitting about a huge pot-bellied stove in the center of the room.

But wherever we went, and whatever the purchase or excuse, Kennedy did not neglect to ask for the inevitable sheet of paper, on which I noted he placed the address and some of his hasty impressions of the place.

"We're taking a chance on wasting our time, Walter," he remarked, as the morning wore away, and we still sought new lodgings to visit, "but I think it is

a good one. Even if it comes to nothing, you'll at least have local color for another *Star* special."

I looked at my hands. The local color was black. Still Craig laughed and pursued his search.

It was some hours later when Kennedy decided we had investigated sufficiently, and was off again to the laboratory, leaving me with the remainder of the afternoon to dispose of as best I could. I made use of the time to seek out Pembroke and Lloyd, but the errand proved fruitless as far as I was concerned, for they had nothing to add. Still, my report of what we had done, at least as much as I thought it prudent to tell, keyed them up to the proper pitch, so that I was reasonably sure that they had less intention than ever of dropping the case.

As the afternoon passed I could not restrain myself any longer, and determined to go up to the laboratory, whether Craig liked it or not. I found him with his feet up on the table, smoking indolently, his eyes fixed on Labrador or some equally remote goal.

"I was wishing you'd come in, Walter," he said. "I called up the apartment, but found you had gone out. I think I have traced out that Black Hand letter," he went on, bringing his eyes to bear on things in his immediate vicinity.

Near him was a microphotographic camera of solid construction, which could be used in either a vertical or horizontal position. It was mounted on a pedestal that made it free of vibration, and he had been using artificial light with it, ray filters of colored glass, and liquids for increasing the contrasts in what he had been photographing.

A pile of little photographs lay before him. He picked one up.

"That is a microphotograph of the fibers of the paper in the Black Hand note we received last night," he explained. "You will notice that the fibers are rather different from those in ordinary cheap paper—at least, you will when you compare it with the hundred or so microphotographs I had already in my possession before I made this. That

was what made me determine last night, after you had gone, that it was worth while trying to find the paper that matched this note. Hence our delightful outing this morning."

I recalled what Kennedy had said once about a German case, in which some crumpled fragments of a Wurtemberg government bond had been found in a jail yard. They had been chewed up into spitballs, and had evidently been thrown out from a cell occupied by a man who had just been arrested on suspicion of robbery and murder. A government bond was missing, and the spitballs were the only way of connecting the prisoner with the case. Microphotographs of the fibers in the chewed mass, compared with others of the government bond paper, showed perfect identity in the character of the fibers, which differed markedly from the fibers in other papers.

"Here are some of the microphotographs of the papers we gathered this morning," continued Craig. "I didn't have to do as much work as I expected. I came across the right one after I had examined only about fifteen or sixteen."

Perhaps to my unskilled eye the differences and similarities were not so apparent as to Kennedy. Still, he was not vexed at my failure to follow his rapid conclusions.

"To make it doubly sure," he added, "so that not even a court of law might properly doubt it, I went ahead and analyzed the inks* also. The result was absolutely conclusive. That Black Hand letter was written in the back room of the Paragon—do you remember the place?"

I recalled it distinctly. It was in a section where a few years ago everything had been Jewish, but with the great increase of Italians in New York the character had gradually changed—a strange thing about the East Side, where

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Owing to lack of space, it is impossible to describe here how Craig Kennedy analyzed the inks, but any reader can obtain such information by addressing the editor of THE POPULAR, and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. This applies also to other sections of the story where fuller particulars may be desired.

successive waves of immigration have stratified the population, each wave of new arrivals shoving the others up a peg, as it were, on their broad backs, and by their nimble fingers.

Right here, I may as well say that personally I entertain nothing but good will toward these latest arrivals, the Italians. Up to the time we had received the Black Hand letter, I had considered the Black Hand largely a newspaper myth. And though I found that it could be also a grim reality, I did not forget that among all races there are criminals no less than honest men, and that the honest men very largely outnumber the crooked. Kennedy himself has often said that it is our own criminals he fears, quite as much as any brand that has ever been imported.

The Paragon had impressed me very much that morning, because it had seemed a peculiarly dark and vicious place. I had not fancied the looks and actions of the cosmopolitan groups that swaggered about, and I remember thinking at the time that it would be a splendid place to hire an agent at the lowest rates either to kidnap a baby or chloroform an old man.

"Are you game to visit the Paragon again before the time limit of our letter expires?" asked Kennedy suddenly.

"Are you going?" I asked simply.

"I am."

"Then you know the answer," I said.

CHAPTER VII.

SCIENTIFIC EAVESDROPPING.

"Now for a bite to eat, and a look-in on that tête-à-tête down in the office of the International Wireless Telephone," remarked Kennedy. He was wrapping up a little oblong box of weathered oak, and as we went out he locked up the laboratory carefully, adding: "We might as well begin to learn caution. The Black Hand letter will soon begin to mean business."

Our dinner was eaten in haste and silence, and we arrived at the little financial office of the *Star* with time to spare. The building was dark for the most

part, as we rode up in the elevator, and the contrast with the bustle of the day was striking.

In the office Kennedy raised the window, leaned out, and looked up. "There's a light up there," he remarked. "Some one must be in. The wires are all right, too. I guess no one has observed them."

He placed the oblong box on a flat-topped desk in the middle of the room, found the ends of the wires where I had stuck them out of the way, and connected them with the box. Then he adjusted something, and turned down a switch.

Nothing happened.

"I guess no one is up there, after all," he said, looking at his watch again. "It's past the time now. I wonder if this thing works?"

I regarded the oblong box with curiosity. What was it? In one of its larger oblong faces was set a thin sheet of metal within a round opening. Just then, as if from this magic box itself, came a sound that I could have sworn was as if a door had opened and shut.

"Chester!" said a woman's voice.

It seemed to be somewhere in the room with us, and I turned, startled, as if in the silent office building a ghost had taken a notion to walk.

"Hello, Harriet," answered another voice, which I could have sworn was Miller's.

I was nonplused, and looked first at the oblong box, and then at Kennedy for an explanation. His face was triumphant.

"It works, Walter, it works," he cried. "This is a dictograph—consists of one of the most highly sensitive telephone transmitters ever made, that thing I put up there in Miller's office last night. At this end we have a receiver equally delicate. We could hear them if they whispered, turned their backs to the transmitting apparatus—anything. You remember how carefully I placed the thing beside his desk? You wouldn't believe it possible to construct an instrument so delicate unless you saw it. The dictograph has been used by the secret service, the inventor tells me, with

marvelous success. I only put the transmitting part up there, but if I had placed the whole thing I could startle the lives out of them by bursting into their conversation at the psychological moment. Only, that is just what I don't want to do. Listen!"

"Chester, it's all up. He suspects."

"What makes you think so?"

"He has hired a firm of private detectives to shadow me."

"He has?"

"Yes. All day there has been a man watching in front of the apartment. The man was there when I came out. I saw him follow me. Fortunately I had started early, for one of the maids told me about it, and I wanted plenty of time to get here. So I rode uptown, and across to one of the ferries, where I gave him the slip. My shadow went to Jersey, and I came down here."

"You're a trump."

"So you see, no one knows I'm here, at any events. But, Chester, it's too risky. We shall have to give up the luncheons. Don't you think so? If he finds out, there's no telling what he will do. You know he has an ungovernable temper."

"Well, what of it? I'm almost ready to quit and break up the firm, anyway. And I'm sure he is, too, if he gets his Telephotograph company started. You remember that thing I told you about that he was starting with Miss Fairchild, on the side?—not one of the firm's ventures."

"Yes, but he'll never do it quietly. He isn't that kind. You don't know him as I do. He may have neglected me, but he'd never forgive you for taking pity on my loneliness. No man would, you know."

"But it looks as if he was doing the same thing himself. The other night he took Miss Fairchild to the theater. One of the boys in the office got the tickets."

"I know it."

"Then why not bring suit against him?"

"I haven't any facts. I can't afford to hire detectives, and all that sort of thing."

"I'll help you."

"No, no, Chester. The scandal of the thing would be too great. I could never stay here and face my friends through it all, for he would fight to the last ditch. That's the kind of man he is. Perhaps you wouldn't mind, but you are not like me. I couldn't stay here in New York."

"Not even if I asked you to stay, Harriet?"

"Chester, I'm tired of it all. It's eating my heart out. I can't stand much more. He has treated me shamefully—shamefully. Chester, I can think of only one way out. Will you go with me to Paris—anywhere? Let us begin all over again somewhere. Get what you can out of the thing now. We'll have money enough. We'll be careful of it, invest it safely, and live economically. You can do it abroad. You know William will ruin the firm if he keeps on in these reckless deals of his. You've got out of the firm and the trust company all you can expect. Remember what you told me at luncheon the other day."

"About what? I've told you so many things at luncheon."

"About Mr. Snead, and how he committed suicide."

"Oh, yes. Poor old Snead!"

"Let's cut loose, and we can invest what money you have. We'll live abroad, never come back to America again. No one will know us. And if they do, we won't care for them. We can start a new life together."

"Harriet, I can't do it yet."

"Why not? William's speculations are beginning to make people talk. I read about it in the newspapers, and I hear people make little remarks now and then. Why not get out before the crash comes?"

"No, I can't desert the firm yet."

"Not for me?"

"You oughtn't to put it that way. That's not fair. It's really for you that I want to stay a little longer, until I have carried the thing through."

A silence. Then—

"What's that?" asked Miller hastily.

"This?" replied Mrs. Moore. "This is a little grain of ricinus which I have

carried wrapped up in this paper. It's a poison more deadly than strychnine or cyanide of potassium. Since William began persecuting and neglecting me, I have carried it with me constantly. Suppose I should swallow it? Would you care? I don't believe you would. You wouldn't like the notoriety, perhaps the suspicion that you had poisoned me, but beyond that——"

A little scuffle followed. I looked at Kennedy in alarm. Had she taken it? "Then you do care?" asked the woman.

"Care? You know I care. Harriet, you can be unkind, unjust to me sometimes. You know better than to carry a thing like this around with you."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my vest pocket for the present; throw it away later. Harriet—look at me—there—now, promise me you won't do anything rash like that again?"

"Promise me you will go away from New York."

"Harriet, give me a week—one week to realize on what securities I have that I can market. Let me set things straight. You wouldn't want me to leave things in such shape that I could be brought back to straighten them out, would you? Now, see. Here's a newspaper. The *Crown Prince* sails a week from to-day. I'll see if I can engage passage to-morrow."

"Oh, Chester, forgive me. Really, I didn't mean to take it—that poison, I mean. But, Chester, I do believe he has driven me half insane."

"I can understand. Well, it's no more luncheons for a while?"

"No. You understand. Don't you think it is best?"

"Probably."

"When shall I see you, Chester?"

"Any time you say."

"I'll try to slip away from the detectives, and call you up. If I can't, I'll meet you here as we did to-night—say Sunday. Only wait for me. I may have a harder time to get rid of them than I did to-day. Now good-by until Sunday, Chester, unless you hear from me."

The door closed. We heard the ele-

vator bell ring, and the elevator shoot up to the floor overhead, then down again.

A noise came out of the dictograph like a man's fingers drumming thoughtfully on a desk. A short time afterward a door banged shut again, and the elevator bell rang a second time.

Craig looked out of the window, and craned his neck around at the floors above us. "He's gone, too. The light is out," he said, as he closed the window, detached the dictograph, and placed it in an empty drawer of a desk.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE PARAGON.

It was still comparatively early in the evening as we left the towering spectral office building, and walked up Broad and around into Wall Street. The clock on old Trinity chimed the quarter after nine. There was no noise except the rattle of an occasional trolley on Broadway, and the sharp squawk of an automobile horn as it warned a belated pedestrian of its approach.

"Now for the Paragon," announced Kennedy, as we swung on one of the surface cars.

I must admit that I had considerable misgiving about visiting that part of the city since we had received the Black Hand letter. Still, I reasoned, the twenty-four hours would not be up until midnight.

We rode up as far as one of those narrow, deserted streets off Broadway, which in the daytime are jammed with trucks, and whose sidewalks are blocked with packing cases until it is impossible for man or beast to get through. Here Craig left the car, and we walked rapidly toward the Bowery. The streets were deserted enough now, and I felt that here was as good a place as any to commit a murder. Therefore I hurried.

Kennedy lagged behind.

"Come on," I urged. "I don't like these deserted streets, especially when we know we are marked. They're too dark and eerie. Let's at least get on a street with some light and life to it."

I turned to see what was keeping him. As I looked I gasped in astonishment. He had a dark mustache and beard.

Craig laughed at my surprise.

"Don't you like it?" he asked. "I always fancied I'd look well in a beard."

"Not in that one, though," I replied. "It's too unkempt."

"I intended it to be. You don't think I want to go around the Bowery looking like a dude, do you? Come, step into this dark corner a minute. Here is another, lighter one, that will just suit your complexion."

From his pocket, Kennedy produced another hirsute disguise, straightened it out, and rumbled it up to make it look natural, and fastened it on me. They were good false beards, too. Kennedy had selected them for utility and deceptiveness rather than style. We mussed up our clothes a bit, distributed a little dirt judiciously on our hands and linen, turned up our cuffs, and hid the shine of our shoes under a coat of dust. Altogether we looked like a couple of clerks who had enjoyed the Bowery not wisely, but too well. At last we were ready to proceed again.

The Paragon was an evil-looking place even from the outside. Moreover, this was exactly the proper time of the night to see it at its best, or, rather, worst, after nine o'clock, on a cold winter evening, with the streets cheerless and deserted.

We lounged into the back room, and sat down at one of the tables. Kennedy rolled a cigarette. I tried to assume an air as if I was used to such a place, and enjoyed it. The table opposite us was occupied by a party of four Italians, conversing in low, gruff voices that seemed to remove all the music from that sunny language. Now and then a voice louder than the rest would rise, and a few words of a remark would be wafted over to us. A newspaper was lying on the table, and Kennedy picked it up, passing part of it to me. We busied ourselves reading it and talking about it, though in reality taking in the place and its occupants, and endeavoring to catch scraps of what was said.

Then there was another group that I would have sworn was composed of experienced yeggmen, ready to rob anything from a roost to a post office. A more murderous-looking band I doubt if I have ever seen.

In the farthest corner sat a man, all hunched up at a table, alone. I thought he was asleep, and had paid little attention to him until once, looking up suddenly to make a genuine remark to Craig about the news, I caught him gazing furtively under his lowered eyelids in our direction. Instantly he shifted his eyes, stretched languidly and unsteadily, and gazed vacantly on the yeggs.

The next time I looked up he had again shifted his position, and was draped ungracefully over the table, with his ear toward the party of Italians, and his eye again fixed on us. This time he continued to look at me without meeting my eye, and I felt a shudder pass over me as I recalled having a considerable sum of money in my pocket. Why I had not left it at home I could not say, except that Kennedy had hurried me so that I had forgotten it. Anyhow, I felt certain that that fellow had an X-ray eye, and knew as well as I did that I had something worth while in my pocket.

Kennedy was confining his attention to the group of Italians. One of them, a thickset fellow of perhaps thirty-six or seven, seemed to be the leader. He had the swarthy complexion of southern Italy, his ears were small, and his hair brown and curly. But for the scars on his cheeks, and the hardened look on his face, he would have been a handsome man. As it was, his face had a sort of intelligence about it that was more sinister than the commonplace looks of his companions.

"Mafia or Camorra?" I whispered to Kennedy, as I found him, too, stealing a glance at our cultured friend.

"Mafia," replied Kennedy, under his breath.

I was too engrossed in trying to watch the Italians without seeming to do so to notice that the man in the corner, who wore a greenish-faded suit,

and a broken derby pulled down over his eyes, was gradually limbering himself up, preparatory to moving. Kennedy had seen him, and had noted his attention to us, however.

The leader of the Italians rose and stretched himself, and the others pushed back their chairs with much noise and gesticulation, and together the party, four in all, went out of a side door.

Kennedy casually kicked me under the table. We too rose, and, with the air of sight-seers who had seen quite enough, we departed.

The man in the corner waited long enough to make sure that we were actually going, then walked unsteadily out into the front room.

On the street, once again in good, bracing, fresh air, Kennedy looked up and down to catch a glimpse of the group of Italians who had just left. They were walking slowly along the other side of the street, and he followed, somewhat behind them, at a safe distance.

They turned down a side street, which I instantly recognized as that on which we had followed Mrs. Moore to the little photograph gallery the other afternoon. For a moment they stopped in front of Petto's restaurant, seemed to consider going in, then turned away, and continued to walk up the street, talking earnestly. At last they entered the photograph gallery, led by the good-looking fellow, who opened the door with a key, and went in last himself. Kennedy had pulled me into a doorway, so that as the man looked out on the street he could not see us watching him.

Standing out there in front of the photograph gallery was out of the question, so we retraced our steps and entered Petto's restaurant. Petto did not remember our faces, of course, for our disguise was at least good enough for that.

"Well," remarked Kennedy, as we warmed ourselves with a steaming oyster stew, "I've learned one thing to-night. I'll swear that was the gang that sent us the letter. And there's that other fellow who was all alone—you remember him?—peering through the cor-

ner of the window to see if we are in here."

The face had disappeared before I could turn to see him. We hurriedly finished the stew, and again walked down on the side of the street opposite the photograph gallery. There was a dim light burning in it, but the shades were pulled down, and except for a solitary shadow now and then we could see nothing. As Kennedy turned to go back to the Bowery he exclaimed in my ear:

"By George, Walter, see that fellow slouching along across the street? It's the same one who was in the Paragon, and followed us to Petto's. He's following us now. I wonder if he is part of it, too? Let's see what he will do."

We had stopped on the corner. A surface car was bearing down rapidly. It stopped. Just as it started Kennedy darted out, followed by me, and we jumped aboard. Our friend of the faded suit suddenly forgot his shambling gait, and ran for the car, too. But it did not slow up at the next corner, and we watched him retreat, defeated, into the darkness from which he had darted.

Kennedy looked at his watch, as the car bowled along uptown.

"The time limit is up, Walter," he said, "by five minutes."

I was really too tired after the adventures of the evening to care much about anything just at that time, except getting a good night's rest.

As we entered the apartment, the sleepy hall boy handed Craig a letter. The address was printed in rough capitals.

"A messenger boy left it about a quarter of an hour ago, sir," said the hall boy, as Kennedy tore it open.

Inside, on a sheet of paper, otherwise blank, was the date of the day which had just begun, and under it the words:

We'll get you to-night. Beware.

"That's pleasant," yawned Kennedy, as we let ourselves into our apartment. "Well, anyhow, we have another day in which to work. Many things may happen before they get us."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECRET-SERVICE MAN.

Kennedy did not seem to be very much perturbed by even the second Black Hand letter—in fact, not so much as I was. But as nothing happened during the night I, too, felt reassured with daylight. Still, I did not relish being followed as we had been the night before.

Admiration for Kennedy's coolness was turned to sheer amazement, however, when at breakfast he calmly proposed: "We certainly must visit that photograph gallery to-day."

"But, Craig," I remonstrated, "it was bad enough to go into the Paragon, without sticking your head right into a trap like this. Now, if you would call up O'Connor, and have him detail three or four of the men on the Italian squad, that would be different. I suppose you want to walk in there and have your picture taken," I added sarcastically, "and your life."

He smiled. "No," he persisted. "I think perhaps it would be better to go as salesmen for something or other."

The assurance with which he said it was startling. He seemed to assume tacitly that the program was all agreed to without further argument. And, as usual, I did agree without further argument, for I knew that he would go without me, and to desert Kennedy in danger, even of his own seeking, was not the sort of friendship I had for him. Nevertheless I muttered something about its being a foolhardy undertaking. Craig ignored it with the air of one who charitably overlooked a shortcoming.

"I was thinking we would disguise ourselves in some way," he proceeded. "What do you say to going as the agents for a new system of color photography in natural colors? Come over to the laboratory, and I'll give you an article to read on the subject, so that you can talk intelligently. Fortunately I have some prints that have been sent to the university from Paris. I can take them along to carry out the bluff."

I immersed myself in the article, for, though the subject did not interest me,

the expedition did, and I felt that it was important that I should be able to carry the thing off properly. I was half through when I glanced up to ask Kennedy a question.

He had heaped up on a table a large part of his belongings, and three husky porters were transferring them to a room on the floor above, which was occupied by another department of the university.

"What's up?" I asked. "The faculty hasn't dispossessed you, eh?"

"No," he replied, "but it occurred to me that perhaps as long as this is known as my room it might be well to get a few of the things I prize out of it. You know," he whispered, so that the men could not hear, "the note said something about to-night, and—I shall be ready."

It was quite late in the morning when we found ourselves at last on the street where the Union Photograph Company had its studio. The real office proved to be on the top floor.

I do not know how good our disguises were. In fact, I had some misgiving, for I had heard that criminals were quite as good as detectives in penetrating such things.

Imagine my surprise and relief, as we entered the door, to find that, in place of our stocky, scarred friend of the Paragon, the fascinating Miss Fairchild was seated at a desk with her hat on, busily engaged in looking over the cash book and ledger. She at least did not know us, I reasoned.

Miss Fairchild rose with an engaging smile as we stood in the doorway, and I must confess that I was flattered when she advanced toward me, and asked: "What can we do for you to-day, gentlemen? The photographer is not in just at present, but I am acquainted with his business."

"We are representing a French firm, the Pideaux Frères, from whom we have acquired the American rights to their new natural color process," I began, coached by Kennedy on the way downtown.

"Indeed? That's very interesting. Have you any samples of the work?" I

should like to see them. I have heard it spoken of highly."

I turned to Kennedy, who produced a number of prints, and spread them on the desk on which she had been working, talking rapidly, like a salesman, as he did so. I noticed that she hastily closed the books, and gathered up some papers from the desk, shoving them into a drawer. I could have sworn that in the back of that drawer I caught a glimpse of a pile of bills, crisp new greenbacks, lying loose as in a bank.

While Kennedy talked, I took the opportunity to note the layout of the place. A rough board partition, reaching not quite up to the ceiling, closed off the back part of the floor from the smaller front portion in which we were. Over all was a glass skylight, such as one sees in all photographer's studios. As Kennedy paused I could hear sounds from the other side of the partition, a sort of pounding, as if a press or other machinery were at work.

My curiosity did not escape the alert Miss Fairchild. "We rent out the back part of the office to an amateur, a man who does special work for the magazines, I believe," she explained.

Neither Kennedy nor myself betrayed the slightest interest in the fact, so she went on, taking up one after another of the prints: "They are fine, no doubt. But I am sure that our manager, Mr. Francesco, would say that the business had not developed enough to warrant any experiments. Of course, if we were up on Fifth Avenue, we should be interested, but, you know, down here on the East Side, I'm afraid the price for such pictures would be prohibitive."

"Still," Kennedy persisted, "it could do no harm for us to call again. When is he most likely to be in?"

"Oh, he is very irregular in his hours," she replied evasively. "There is always some one here in the office. You see, people come in, and if he is not here they make appointments, and he is always here to do the work."

"Well, then, couldn't I make an appointment to see him, say, this afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not—that is, I'm afraid it

would be wasting your time as well as his. You see, when it comes to laying out more money"—she smiled sweetly—"it does not interest him just now."

"But will you be here this afternoon?" I asked. "Perhaps you could bring the matter to his attention, and we could get his answer from you."

"Oh, that would be impossible," she answered. "I'm not here much. I simply happen to be here this morning looking over his books. I drop in once in a while to see that the accounts are straight, that's all. I haven't any other connection with the place. In fact, I don't really know anything at all about photography. I'm an accountant."

She was most baffling. I felt that the answer was unsatisfactory, and yet it was given in such a convincing way that it left no room for conjecturing what her real motive for being here was. There was nothing else to do but to gather up the prints and beat a retreat, which Kennedy did slowly and deliberately, in order to give us as much time as possible to look around. I noticed that the sound of our voices seemed to have disturbed the "amateur" across the partition, for all was silent behind it.

As we turned the corner opposite the Paragon, a slouchy figure, which I recognized instantly, seemed to spring up from apparently nowhere. It was our anonymous shadow of the night before. He had evidently been watching for us to come out of the photograph gallery, and now was on our trail like a bloodhound. I felt positive that this man had penetrated our disguise.

"Craig," I whispered, "don't look back yet, but in a moment stop at a shop window, and then look around. There is——"

"Yes, I saw him. He was standing by the Paragon when we went into the photograph gallery. Let us quicken our pace," he added.

The man quickened his pace also. We stopped and looked into a pawnbroker's window. The man stopped, and looked into a hardware store, two doors down. We started again; he started, too. Every corner we turned, he turned.

We waited for a car. He waited also,

only a few feet away, as though mindful of how we had given him the slip last night, and not disposed to let it happen again. Craig crossed the street, and started up the elevated railroad steps. The man did the same. Suddenly, at the top of the flight, Craig turned and ran down two steps at a time. The man was taken by surprise as Kennedy squarely confronted him.

"Say," growled Craig, "if you follow me one more block I shall call an officer, and have you arrested as a vagrant or a suspicious character."

The man met the threat brazenly. "You will, will you?" he said defiantly. "You don't dare."

"Don't dare? I'll show you whether I don't dare," replied Craig, his anger rising. "I've a good mind to do it, anyhow."

"Go ahead," grinned the man, with an assurance that was positively uncanny. "I dare you!"

"You don't suppose I'm afraid of you and your whole crowd, do you?" asked Kennedy, restraining himself with difficulty. "Now just look at this"—he pulled the Black Hand letter out of his pocket, and shoved it at the man, withdrawing it quickly, as the man's hand went out eagerly to seize it. "Here, don't try to snatch it away. I know who sent it, and you can tell——"

"What was it?" asked the man, his face undergoing one of the most startling changes I had ever seen. He was no longer a dull, leaden-eyed creature, but a man with a keen, cool, gray eye, and strong, forceful lines in his cheeks.

"You know well enough what it was," replied Craig. "Black Hand letters are not so common but that you might know one when you saw it."

"What? Black Hand letter? Then you are not—not—er—'shoving the queer'?"

"No," laughed Kennedy scornfully; then, turning to me, he explained: "A polite little way of asking a fellow if he is an accomplice in the gentle art of getting counterfeit money into circulation, Walter. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I'll be——"

The man's tone was so evidently sin-

cere that Kennedy looked up at him sharply and said: "And you are not a member of the Pietro gang?"

The man laughed. "Who are you, anyway?"

"You ought to know," said Kennedy guardedly, though it was his turn now to show surprise.

"I suppose I ought, by this time," said the man, straightening up naturally, "but I don't. That's just the trouble. Honest, now, was that a Black Hand letter? It was? Well, then, I beg your pardon. I've made a mistake, and wasted a good deal of time. How did you happen to receive it? Is it from Pietro's gang?"

"And what business is it of yours, anyway?" asked Craig, rather nettled at the unlightening turn the conversation was taking.

The man unbuttoned his coat, looked around to see if any one but ourselves was watching, and showed us a badge inside. It read:

UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.

"I am Officer Baird," he added. "Who are you, and why are you here? I can see now how you fooled me. You are disguised, and a good disguise it is, too. I don't mind a bit telling you who I am, under the circumstances."

Kennedy took a card from his case, and handed it to the man with the secret-service badge, who read it, and extended his hand quickly, with a look of admiration on his face. "Glad to meet you, Professor Kennedy," he said. "I've heard of you before. Then I suppose this is Mr. Jameson, of the *Star*? Glad to meet you, sir, too."

I took the proffered hand doubtfully. Having heard of forged secret-service badges, I nudged Kennedy to go along. But he shook his head quickly, and the three of us went into a restaurant near by.

"Professor Kennedy," began the secret-service man, "since it is you, and you are working on the case, I may as well admit that you fooled me. I certainly thought you were a part of the gang, thought you were the one who

was putting the phony money into circulation. Ha, ha!"

I checked an exclamation at the words "phony money."

"Who are your clients?" asked the detective. "That is, I don't want to pry into your affairs, but the thing interests me, if you don't mind telling."

"I don't mind. Some of the directors of the Stock Exchange Trust Company."

"What?" cried the detective, almost rising in surprise.

"Yes; Snead was one of them," added Kennedy.

"Oh!" said Baird, still considerably mystified.

"Why does that surprise you?" asked Kennedy quietly.

"I'll tell you, so long as it isn't the other bunch of directors. I thought you meant them first. It's like this. Not long ago a few counterfeit bills were discovered by one of the banks downtown in a deposit. The depositor was perfectly innocent, but from this bank through him we traced them to a business firm, also innocent, and from them to the Stock Exchange Trust Company. But there the clues ended.

"Well, I decided to take up the case from the other end. So I examined the notes. They are very clever counterfeits, what we call 'dangerous.' 'Now,' I said to myself, 'there is only one man who is capable of an artistic job like this, and he is an Italian who was released after serving a term in Moyamensing, in Pennsylvania, this year.' I don't know whether you ever heard of him before, but I think he holds a record. While he was in jail he made a counterfeit die that was smuggled out, and caused a good deal of trouble. He is Pietro, whose nickname is 'Il Bove,' the Ox."

Kennedy nodded.

"About the same time word reached us of shipments of camera plates, acids, and engraving tools to this little Union Photograph Company in New York. I put two and two together, and rented a flat across the street from the gallery, and I have been watching them for two days now. By George, it's such a good

imitation they are putting out that expert receiving tellers and even men employed in the New York subtreasury have taken them without hesitation."

He pulled out a notice that had been printed in the papers:

On the United States National Bank of—; check letter B, series of 1904-1911. J. W. Graham, Register of the Treasury; Ellis H. Grace, Treasurer of the United States. Charter No.—, Bank No.—, Treasury No.—, picture of Gallatin.

This counterfeit is a photographic production on excellent paper. The seal is properly colored, as are the number and large numerals on the face of the note. The back of the note is of the proper shade of yellow, on gold certificates. Issued in several denominations from different plates, mostly \$100 and \$10 (head of Roger P. Taney). Thought to have been issued in other denominations also, but none detected so far.

An especially dangerous counterfeit, and more than likely to deceive even the very careful handler of money.

As he folded up the description, and put it back into his pocketbook, the secret-service man went on meditatively: "Pretty state of affairs, isn't it? Here's a counterfeit so clever that old bank cashiers bite at it like fish. How many are there out? We can't tell. Only a few have been detected, but that's not to say that the whole country may not be flooded with them. Who floats them? That's what I'm here for, to find out. I thought you had something to do with it at first.

"Why," he added, "I have dropped everything to run down this gang, one of the cleverest that ever operated. I suppose you know something about the geometrical-lathe work, ruling-engine work, vignettes, and solid print on a bill? You know, for instance, that the fine network of lines you see crossing each other at all angles never has a break in a genuine bill, even if you look at it under a magnifying glass? The lines never lose themselves, or are irregular. That's the wonderful and beautiful work of the geometrical lathe. Say, if these fellows should take a notion to go in for that, I don't know what we'd do. Of course, they couldn't. The sale of such machines would be traced. Well, in ordinary counterfeits it is impossible to produce the perfect lines.

They are dull and sunken and scratchy, and dark or light in spots."

Kennedy was examining one of the bills that Baird shoved over to him, a bill bearing two parallel scores from one corner to the other, straight across its face, in order to denote that it was a counterfeit, and prevent its use again.

"Photo-etching," remarked Kennedy, without looking up.

"Yes," said Byrnes, his manner plainly showing how pleased he was to meet in Kennedy a kindred spirit of scientific inquiry into crime.

"How do they do it, Craig?" I asked, leaning over and looking at the bill before us.

"Why, in photo-etching the lines are sunk, instead of raised, as in the ordinary half-tone of the newspaper or magazine, Walter," he explained. "A plate of glass is coated with a thin film of gelatine, sensitized, and the real bill photographed on it. Wherever the light strikes it the gelatine hardens on the plate in the camera. The soft parts are soluble in warm water, and they are washed away, while the hard parts remain. You see the glass plate is then a negative. In ordinary photography you print from such a negative a positive on the paper. I believe the next step is to expose this glass plate on another, and wash the unhardened parts of the second away, producing a transparency or positive, isn't it, Baird?"

Baird nodded. "I'm glad I know you now, Kennedy," he said playfully. "Otherwise I should be taking you into custody, for knowing too much."

"A zinc or copper plate is coated with the sensitized material," continued Kennedy, smiling at the compliment, "then the positive is printed on that, and the soft material washed out again. *Mordants* or etching acids bite into the plate, and an intaglio printing plate is produced. It's printed, I believe, by the steel-plate method. These photographic plates are made with little labor compared with relief plates, but of course they are not so good. Nothing can deceive you when you lay such a counterfeit beside one printed from the regular steel plates."

"Still," put in Baird, "the photo-etcher can produce counterfeits to deceive all but experts. These fellows tooled out the lines to make them really artistic. The seal is done separately from a relief plate in red, and the numbers are put in in blue separately, also. The paper is the best quality bond, with the silk threads drawn in with red and blue ink, the only penwork on the whole thing."

"Pietro certainly is a wizard," remarked Kennedy, handing back the diagonally scored bill.

"Yes. You could tell that from merely seeing him as he was last night in the Paragon," said Baird. "You and Jameson were sitting at another table, and seemed to be watching the party of Italians, I thought, as if you wanted to speak to them, yet were holding aloof. I heard them say something in Italian about having spoken to the boss, and I inferred that they did not mean Pietro himself, for the boss had told them never under any circumstances to appear to recognize him. Pietro said that the boss had told him to go ahead and hurry up the job to the finish. When they got up and went out, and you followed them, I jumped at the conclusion that you were either the boss or else his agent, and that that was the reason you and Pietro did not appear to notice each other."

"Pietro was the amateur, then, Walter, that we heard at work back of the partition just now," said Kennedy excitedly. "Pietro, the Ox, is the man whose alias is Francesco, manager of the Union Photograph Company. He was hurrying up his job."

We chatted for a few minutes, Kennedy giving in outline no more of his connection with the case than was plausible.

"Kennedy," said Baird, as we paid our check, "can I rely on you? Will you shake hands over a partnership in this matter? You may take all the glory and the fun and the fees—everything, for all I care. Only let the secret service take the prisoners. My reputation is at stake, and the treasury department is wild. The greatest menace to

the integrity of the currency ever conceived is this thing of Pietro's."

"Done!" cried Kennedy, and the partnership was ratified.

"And now," panted Kennedy, as we hurried along the street at a great pace, after leaving Baird, whose parting words were to call on him for aid at any time we needed it, "now, let us go into the booth of this telephone pay station. I must get hold of Pembroke and Lloyd right away. I want to go down to the trust company with them to-night when we shall be alone. At last we are on the trail of the murderer of Snead."

CHAPTER X.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MONEY VAULT.

It was some time after banking hours had closed when Pembroke and Lloyd let us into the trust company, as Kennedy had requested. The night watchman, Kelly, nodded, and accompanied us down into the vaults. It was evident that if there were to be any accidents he wanted to see what happened.

For some minutes Kennedy scrutinized the floor and walls and ceiling of the vault. He noted carefully the spot where Snead had been found dead. Then he stood as Snead must have been standing when he was shot. As nearly as he could he seemed to be figuring out the direction from which a bullet must have come in order to hit Snead as it had, when he was standing up. That did not satisfy him, so he began all over again, on the theory that Snead had been shot while bending over, looking at something.

Then he crossed to the opposite side of the vault, making me take the position that Snead must have assumed. Tired of stooping over in this uncomfortable position, I raised my head, to see what Craig was doing. The opposite side of the vault was lined with little safety-deposit boxes. Kennedy was carefully examining each one, but before I could speak a satisfied smile flitted across his face, and he walked over toward the large deposit box of the trust company itself, near which we were all standing.

"Now, let us see," he began, half to himself. "Nothing could have happened to Snead until he opened the door to this large safe-deposit compartment. It was open, wasn't it, Kelly?"

"Yes, sir," replied the night watchman. "Open, but nothing disturbed or missing."

"Well, I think, then, it will be safe for us to go ahead and open it. What was that combination, Pembroke? You understand the thing. Go on and open it. I'll tell you what to do next."

Pembroke's hand trembled as he fumbled with the lock. Twice he had to go through the whole thing before he could make it work. At last he succeeded, and swung the thick steel door open on its delicately poised hinges.

As the bright light from the incandescent bulbs in the central ceiling of the vault flooded into the dark interior of the now open compartment, Kennedy leaned over and grasped Pembroke by the shoulders firmly, and swung him back quickly.

"Stand back, everybody," he cried, drawing us almost to the entrance to the vault itself, at the foot of the stairs.

"What did you see in there?" gasped Pembroke, in a daze. "I didn't see anything."

"Nothing—yet," replied Kennedy, his eyes and ears as alert as an Indian's. "Let us wait a minute. I can't be mistaken. Snead was not shot down for some time; several minutes. Let us be patient, and see what happens."

We gazed about apprehensively, as if we expected the gaunt form of an avenger to stalk in and pick us off remorselessly with an automatic gun. For two or three minutes, which seemed like ages, so compressed with excitement were they, we waited. Still nothing happened. The vault was silent as the grave. Lloyd started forward, only to be dragged back by Kennedy.

Ping!

The sound came from the sudden impact of a projectile on the steel walls.

A little steel bullet rolled at our feet on the floor. Kennedy reached over and picked it up. From his pocket he drew his penknife, and turned the bullet over

in the palm of his hand. It was magnetic, like the bullet which had killed Snead. It stuck to the penknife, as the other bullet had to the scalpel.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes we waited, expecting to hear another of those sharp "pings." But nothing happened.

"I guess it is safe enough now," said Kennedy, as the novelty of the thing began to wear off, and we became restive. "Anyhow, I'll risk it."

He walked over to the compartment, and looked in through the open door. Evidently he was looking for something else besides money and securities. He stuck his hand in, and ran it over the sides and floor.

At last his search was rewarded. In a corner where the glare of the light from the outside shone brightest into the compartment, he pried loose a little piece of grayish stuff that had adhered to the steel wall. It was scarcely distinguishable from the steel itself. In prying it loose he broke a wire connection. Imbedded in the grayish stuff which he held in his hand were the other broken ends of the connection.

"That's strange," he remarked, as he stuck his head into the compartment, and his voice sounded muffled. "Those wires penetrate the back of this compartment like a protected burglar alarm, insulated. They must run around in a hollow groove through the steel lining of the vault itself. That must have been put in when the vault was built. It's all hidden inside the wall, composed of two feet of concrete and steel rails. You can't trace it. But I can tell you where it must end, even if I can't trace how it gets there."

He was pointing to one of the safety-deposit boxes on the opposite side to the trust company's compartment. "I suppose none of you ever noticed that minute hole there."

Pembroke and Lloyd shook their heads. Kennedy had laid his finger on a round hole in the corner of one of the boxes. It was less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, and entirely concealed by the way the shadows fell over it.

"What is it?" we asked.

"I noticed it when I was trying to fig-

ure out how Snead must have been bending over when he was shot. It occurred to me that if I could reconstruct the scene I might get some interesting information by following the straight line along which the bullet must have traveled to hit him in the peculiar way it did. I found this box perforated with this little hole. None of the others, that are outside of the shadow, are perforated in that way. Don't touch it. I'm not through."

From his pocket he pulled out a little bottle of what looked like blackish glue.

"This is a rubber composition," he explained, "with which I am going to paint my hands and fingers. Abroad, the clever criminals use it to defeat the law; I shall use it to aid the law. It fills up all the ridges and lines on the fingers and hands, and makes them all perfectly smooth. I suppose I could use rubber gloves, but you lose the delicacy of touch through a rubber glove. This composition was invented by a clever Apache in Paris, I understand, for the purpose of preventing the finger prints on objects he touched from telling the story of who had touched them. I am using it so that my finger prints will not become mixed, and destroy any that may be here already."

"Very clever," put in Lloyd.

"I believe the law provides that if the charges for the use of a safe are unpaid for two years the company may open the safe in the presence of one of its officers and of a notary, and take out the contents and hold them. Pembroke has a list of the combinations, which I asked him to get."

"One minute," put in Lloyd. "Maybe the charges are paid. Let's look it up."

"I don't care if they are," replied Kennedy. "Let us assume that this is an unrented box, anyway."

With the aid of Pembroke, Kennedy was now opening the little obscure safe-deposit box. As he pulled the drawer out, I saw inside of it one of the most curious arrangements I had ever heard of. A long cylinder or tube seemed to extend back from the little round opening in the box. It was surrounded by innumerable little coils of wire, sticking

out from the tube at right angles, and arranged in concentric rings around the outside of the tube, throughout its entire length. It was a queer-looking thing, and its very strangeness gave it a deadly and murderous look. Nothing is so fearful as the unknown.

We drew back, and simultaneously turned to Kennedy for an explanation. Was this the thing that had killed Snead, and might have killed us if we had not been on guard against some diabolical contrivance?

"That's how the mystery of the shooting of Snead arose," exclaimed Kennedy. "This is an electro-magnetic gun—powderless, smokeless, flashless, noiseless."

"An electro-magnetic gun?" asked Lloyd, in bewilderment. "What is that? Isn't it something new? The man who invented that and put it here must be a devil."

"Oh, the man who put it here didn't invent it," replied Kennedy, as we stood looking at it in awestruck amazement. "He was only clever and up to date enough to know about it, and have one made."

"How does it work?" I asked.

Craig took one of the bullets that lay in the bottom of the drawer beside the gun, and placed it in an opening in the back of the tube.

"I suppose I broke the connection somewhere along the line," he remarked. "But perhaps we can use the regular electric-light current just to demonstrate how it works."

He was studying out the mechanism of the thing. In a few minutes he seemed to understand it. Detaching a cluster of electric-light bulbs, he connected them by a wire with two of the posts on the "breach" of the electric gun, if such it might be called.

Motioning us to stand out of the way, he turned a switch. Instantly the little projectile shot out of the hole in the safe-deposit box, and struck the opposite wall with a "ping," just as we had heard before.

"Of course, this current of electricity which I am using is only a makeshift," he said. "I virtually put the gun out of

effective commission when I snapped the connection in the other compartment. Still, even that would inflict a painful and dangerous wound, I guess. I wouldn't experiment by getting in the way of it."

"Marvelous!" ejaculated Pembroke.

"Yes," agreed Kennedy. "It is marvelous. Or, rather, I might say it will be marvelous. Of course, the thing has never been perfected for big guns, but I believe it will be, some day, and then it will revolutionize war. Of course, here we have the thing in its elementary stages."

He seemed to regard the little cylinder, with its surrounding coils of wire, almost respectfully. "No wonder they never found any pistol when Snead was murdered. There was none. The person who had something to conceal in that compartment over there must have had confederates in the bank, who could guard the secret during banking hours. Probably then he disconnected this gun. But how was he to guard against invasion when neither he nor any of his confederates were around? Very simply, with this electric gun. When he left he turned a switch, and his mechanical confederate guarded the secret more effectually than any human being could, no matter how vigilant."

Craig concluded his explanation in triumph at having at last cleared up so much of the mystery. He was endeavoring to lift the gun out of the drawer. The wires clearly connected through the back of the drawer with a hollow groove, something like that in the back of the larger compartment opposite.

"How did it work?" I asked. "How was the electric gun fired automatically, like a trap gun, at the proper moment? Of course, we can't see, but it is reasonable to suppose that there is a connection."

Kennedy drew the grayish piece of material from his pocket, which he had pried off the wall opposite. As it lay in his hand he regarded it with interest.

"A selenium cell," he answered. "Selenium is a curious substance—an excellent insulator of electricity in the

dark; a good conductor in the light. Some day, I suppose, they will be constructing burglar alarms out of it. The thief will think he is perfectly safe as he flashes his bull's-eye lantern about—until it strikes a selenium cell concealed somewhere. Then the alarm will be given, and he will be caught in the act. It is tasteless, odorless, and, when heated, gives off a red vapor that is exceedingly poisonous, and it has to be handled carefully. In this form it is a hard, slate-colored, metallic substance, with two hundred times the conductivity of electricity in light that it has in darkness.

"Open that door across there, you let the light in from the outside. That acts on the selenium cell in a few moments, closes the circuit, a system of relays concealed somewhere is put into action, and a powerful electric current is turned into the gun opposite. It is fired automatically, and the unsuspecting intruder, engrossed in the discovery he has made, is shot dead, without warning or clew. The secret is dead with him."

Pembroke and Lloyd looked at each other, aghast.

"We sent Snead to his death," they exclaimed, "that night when we allowed him as a committee of one to examine the contents of that compartment. Who has done this diabolical thing?"

From a small satchel which he was carrying, Kennedy drew out an atomizer.

"When a criminal handles anything nowadays near the scene of his crime," he said, "it is a hundred to one that he has left a valuable clew for the detectives. By handling things, unless he wears rubber gloves, or paints his fingers as I have done, he virtually signs the warrant for his own arrest. That is the heritage to scientific criminal-catching which the famous scientist Galton bequeathed—the infallible finger-print system. If you discover finger prints, or even have reason to think there are faint impressions, a little powder, known to chemists as 'gray powder,' will settle the question. It is a mixture of mercury and chalk. Sprinkle it over

the markings, and then brush it off with a camel's-hair brush. This brings out the imprint more clearly. If one places his dry thumb upon a piece of white paper, no visible impression is seen. But if the powder is sprinkled over the spot, and then brushed off lightly, ten to one a distinct impression is seen. Here I have a sort of atomizer filled with this powder. I am going to blow it over the gun and the safety-deposit drawer."

As he sprayed the various objects, and carefully brushed them off, I could clearly see finger prints appear on the metal.

"That's even better than the results would have been on paper," remarked Kennedy, as he set up a camera which he had brought down with him. "I'll just photograph those prints while they are fresh, and enlarge them later in my laboratory, and study them."

Whose finger prints were they? I asked myself. Who was the archfiend who had contrived this devilish manner of covering up his tracks, only to be brought to justice at last by the acute and analytical brain of Kennedy?

The same thought must have been running through all our minds at once as we stood speechless. Only Pembroke's mind ran ahead of mine. He had much at stake in the case.

"What was it that was concealed?" he asked nervously, anxious to know the skeleton in the closet, yet at the same time fearful of it.

"I suspect that I already know what the secret is," replied Kennedy, folding up his camera. "Look at the cash reserve if you have nerve enough to know the truth."

Both Pembroke and Lloyd looked, turning over the big piles of bills hurriedly. There was fabulous wealth, to me. Here were thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars, a fortune beyond my wildest dreams.

"It seems all right," said Pembroke. "Do you think it is worth while to make a quick inventory of it and add it up?"

Kennedy carefully selected a bundle of hundred-dollar bills, tore off the piece of paper that held them together,

and placed one in the light under the magnifying glass.

"Notice the fine network of lines in the part that is made by the geometrical lathe," he said quietly. "Some are broken, some are dark, some are light; some lose themselves, and run into others. That never happens in a genuine bill. No, gentlemen, the cash reserve is not all right. On the contrary, it is practically all gone, and in its place, as fast as they could be manufactured, thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of the most clever and deceptive counterfeit bills that were ever made have been substituted. That was the secret Snead discovered, and in discovering carried to the grave with sealed lips."

CHAPTER XI.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

It was late when we left the trust company after the amazing revelations of the evening, and the streets were long vistas of alternating glare of electric lights and deep shadows in the dark recesses of which almost anything might lurk.

I would have preferred going to the apartment, but as the trail grew hotter Kennedy found it less easy to rest. If it had been possible he would have finished the thing up without delay or sleep. Everything that crossed his path to the goal he was aiming at seemed to chafe him. Even the rapid transit, which late at night really deserves its name—when you are fortunate enough to catch a train—seemed too slow for him.

"Where are you going?" I asked, as we came to the station nearest our apartment, and he still kept his seat.

"To the laboratory," he replied. "I feel that I must make a start in developing these pictures of the finger prints."

His tone was so insistent that I did not remonstrate, as I probably should have done had my mind been clearer. The fact of the matter was that I was so excited by the clearing up of the mystery of the money vault, that almost every other thought, except fatigue, had been knocked out of my mind.

Not so with Kennedy. As we neared the laboratory, he hesitated, and began to look sharply around. The Chemistry Building, in which his workshop was, stood facing the campus on one side, and a street on the other. We approached it from the street, but his laboratory was on the other side, facing the campus, and in the shadow both of the electric lights on the street and the moon, which was sinking in the heavens.

"What's the matter?" I asked, for his manner was not like his usual air of certainty.

"Nothing that I know of," he replied. "That's the trouble. You haven't forgotten the second Black Hand letter, have you? We have had a pretty quiet evening so far—that is, free from interruption. I was just thinking, what would be the most vulnerable spot in which to attack us? Not the apartment, with its hall boys and people coming and going at all hours of the night. Why, the laboratory, of course. Whoever knows anything about me, knows about this laboratory. That was why I took the things out of it this morning, so as to make sure that whatever happens to it, I shall save the most valuable. But I can't keep away from it, even though I feel that I must approach it cautiously."

Inside the general hallway he was sniffing as if he might smell smoke.

"For instance," he went on, "it occurs to me that they might leave some kind of arrangement with a time fuse to explode when they think I am likely to be here. I don't smell anything just now, and, besides, they would hardly think I'd drop in after midnight. Still, it won't hurt to look around."

As I smelled nothing, either, we turned and looked out of the door at the shadows of the campus. The swaying of the branches of the trees which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have noticed at all, now had a gruesome meaning. Was it their shadows I saw moving, or was it a human figure skulking over by the clump of evergreens near the Physics Building? Inasmuch as the same thought impressed

me when I looked at the Engineering Building on the other side, I dismissed it as the subjective impression of my own brain. I could not repress a slight shudder, however, as I thought of the unknown danger that might be hidden anywhere about us.

Unlocking his own laboratory door, Kennedy was just about to push it open when he seemed to hesitate again.

"He who hesitates isn't always lost," he said, as, instead of opening it, he walked around the outside of the building, and tried the windows of his lecture room and workshop, which were on the ground floor. One of them was unlocked.

"That's suspicious," he mused. "I know I didn't leave any of them unlocked."

He raised the sash, and stepped in. Then he struck a light with a match. I could not see anything, as he was standing directly in front of me.

"Walter," he cried, as he switched on the electric lights quickly, "it's a good thing I did hesitate about opening that door."

I scrambled in through the window hurriedly. Hanging on a hook on the inside of the door, at about the level of our heads, was a piece of plank, and on it was fastened a queer-looking arrangement, composed of a hollow, cast-iron cylinder.

Kennedy approached it gingerly, and examined it several minutes before he could make up his mind to touch it.

"It must be a pyroclaste, or door-breaker, such as European criminals have used," he said at length.

Careful not to disturb the equilibrium of the thing even by a fraction of an inch, he removed the top covering, inserted a pair of pincers, and drew forth one after the other two thin glass vials of liquid.

Then he took the thing down, and laid it on the table calmly, as if he were examining a specimen that had been sent to him for analysis. I half expected an explosion even yet, but nothing happened. He turned the thing upside down over a newspaper, and a large quantity of fine explosive, mixed with

scores of sharp pieces of metal, ran out of it. At the bottom were some yellow wax and resin.

"Only dangerous when the explosive and the liquids in the two vials come together," he remarked reassuringly. "But, as it was, the slightest motion of the door would have turned over the two liquids, startled a chemical combustion, and the door and whoever was entering it would have been shattered to atoms. This is really, I suppose, what would be called a petard. A thing like this with only the explosive is a bomb. Filled with all this metal, it is an infernal machine. Perhaps it's a distinction without a difference. In this case the machine was put into place, and these two tubes, open at the top, were inserted afterward. Then the dynamiter made his exit by the window, knowing too well the danger of the door. It would take very little to upset the tubes, disseminate the liquids through the explosive, and—the sequel is better imagined than experienced. This is one of the most delicate kinds of infernal machine. In some the tubes are closed at the top, and made of very fragile glass, as, for instance, in ring bombs full of explosive and with two tubes, one in each hemisphere of the ring."

Then he pulled the door open carefully, using a long window pole for the purpose, lest there might be another bomb or a cap placed in some way that it might explode by toppling over or by being trodden upon in the dark.

He found nothing, but he paused for a moment, and listened.

"Do you hear something ticking?" he asked. "These Black Handers are clever enough to have a clockwork bomb, also."

I did hear something, and we instituted a thorough search of every nook and corner of the laboratory. At last we found the cause, a worn washer on a water faucet in a sink.

If you have ever been dogged or hunted relentlessly, you can appreciate our feelings in the silence of that midnight. We were now in the midst of alarms. Every sound, every crack of

the furniture, every gust of wind that blew a shade had its effect. I thought bitterly that we could never more have any habits, while this thing lasted. Once let it be known that we did a certain thing at a certain time, and we were marked for the slaughter. We could never go to the same restaurant twice at the same hour. We must observe the most extreme caution in approaching any of our favorite haunts. We had received no word from the Black Hand that was more fearsome than this infernal machine. They had not forgotten us.

What were we to expect next? We closed and locked both the door and the outside window, and mounted the stairs to the room above, where Kennedy had now established his temporary quarters. Kennedy, with a hand that never for an instant betrayed the fact that he had nerves, began to get things ready for developing the photographs we had taken of the finger prints.

As I watched him and turned the case over in my mind, I felt that now we were making excellent progress in clearing things up, and that it would be only a question of hours before we could run down the real murderer of Snead and the looter of the trust company. Therefore I was soon absorbed in watching Kennedy develop the plates.

Suddenly a terrific explosion shook the building to its very foundation. Both Kennedy and myself were thrown by the concussion off our feet and down on the floor. Every pane of glass in the Chemistry Building was shattered. The lights winked out. A little oil lamp toppled over, and blazed up. Instantly Kennedy seized a rug, and threw over it, smothering the flames.

As I picked myself up, Kennedy struck a match, and lighted a stub of a candle, which was lying on a table. Together we gathered up the scattered negatives. Some were broken, and in all probability the precious information could never be duplicated, but, as luck would have it, several were still intact. We placed them in a cabinet, between folds of cotton felt for safe-keeping,

and groped our way in the inky blackness of the hallway downstairs.

A night watchman was running up from one direction, and a belated passer-by from another, while the motor-man and conductor of a passing car came up from the street side. A policeman on the avenue, two blocks down by the library, was running with all his strength after something or somebody who disappeared across a short cut over the athletic field. No one else joined in the chase, for it was evident that it was hopeless at that distance, and the policeman came up five minutes later, with a breathless circumstantial account of a figure slinking out of the campus a few minutes after the explosion.

Every one was talking at once, except Kennedy, who said not a word as he regarded the destruction ruefully.

Finally, under his breath, he remarked to me: "I ought to have foreseen something like this. It vexes me. When I discovered that infernal machine I thought that that ended it, at least for to-night. But I guess they were watching to see what effect it would have. I must have forgotten to put the light out, and they probably thought I was in, and that this was an opportunity to get me with a bomb, like a hand grenade."

The exploded bomb had been thrown probably by a man standing out on the roadway that ran through the campus. It had crashed through the window-pane, and had exploded immediately, tearing out the whole sash bodily, and damaging the stone and brickwork of the window, as well as everything brittle or movable in the entire building.

Leaving the night watchman to make the best arrangements with the police that he could to guard the laboratory until repairs could be made in daylight, we walked slowly down the street toward our apartment, several blocks away. Kennedy had an automatic pistol in his pocket, and he kept his hand on it constantly, with the ratchet turned to "Fire," ready for instant use to pump bullets into any one who might molest us.

Who was it among the directors of the trust company who was setting the

Black Handers on us with such vindictiveness? I asked myself, as we walked along. I could find no answer, though many suspicions.

Kennedy must have been thinking the same thing, for he burst out suddenly: "I suppose Pietro's gang doesn't know that the secret service is on their trail, or, if they do, so much the worse for us. They will attribute it to us. Our real green-goods king who is substituting the phony money for the real in the trust company must have put them on. We'll catch him yet, with the goods, too. Only we must play the game safely, and act quickly. He's a desperate man, and both of us are now gambling with death."

CHAPTER XII.

THE TEMPTATION OF KENNEDY.

The day began with the same feverish activity on Kennedy's part with which he had ended yesterday. He woke me up telephoning eagerly to the secret-service office in the customhouse. Of course, Baird was not there, but Kennedy insisted that word be got to him in some way that he wanted to speak to him, and he added that the message must be delivered with particular care to say that "Mr. Kennedy was in such a position that he did not consider it wise to be seen in the neighborhood where Baird was working."

No repairs had been made yet in the dynamited Chemistry Building when we arrived, though an efficient guard was placed over it, and several score of curious students hung about. They looked with a mixture of awe and respect at Kennedy as he entered, and it was plain that he was the hero of the campus for the moment.

Consequently, we had no fear about working, though it was rather unpleasant, for the broken windows made it very drafty, and we had to work with our overcoats on. Nevertheless we completed the developing of the photographs and their enlargement, and as the morning passed we had an excellent collection of finger prints, in spite of the misfortune of the night before.

Kennedy rose and yawned, for the strain and late hours were beginning to tell even on his iron constitution. "Do you notice," he said, with an air of satisfaction, "that all the prints are from the same fingers? Of course, we don't know whose they are, but when we come to the last act there will be no complications. It will be a straight case. What's that?" he added, as a man employed in the college offices poked his head in the door. "I'm wanted on the telephone? Good! Walter, that must be Baird at last. Come on!"

At the office he literally grabbed for the telephone in his eagerness. "Is that you, Baird?" he cried. "Well, I'm afraid we'll have to move against that Pietro gang sooner than we expected. They've put me in a pretty dangerous position. I'll see you this afternoon, and arrange the details, but it must positively be done to-night, or I don't know but you'll have a man named Kennedy as the principal in a funeral."

As he hung up the receiver, he seemed to be revolving something over and over in his mind, his features working nervously. It was of a delicate nature, I apprehended, and yet he did not feel like asking my advice on it.

"I suppose," he said, "that the thing for us to do is to lie low until this final attack is arranged."

Nevertheless, I could see that he did not intend to do so. It seemed impossible for Kennedy to remain inactive. A moment later he had made up his mind, and we returned to the wreck of his laboratory. He took out two complete dictographs, tested them, found them still uninjured, and wrapped them up.

At a taxicab stand near the university he motioned me to enter the machine at the head of the line, and as he shut the door I heard him say: "The Alden Arms, on Park Avenue." I turned to him inquiringly.

"It is an unpleasant job that is ahead of us, Walter," was all he said in explanation. "But I believe it my duty to tell Mrs. Moore what we heard over the dictograph. The lines are tightening, and the more I think about it the

more I think it is only fair to give that woman a chance. I don't believe she is within a thousand miles of knowing what she is really up against."

Kennedy sent his card in, and the maid returned with word that Mrs. Moore would see us in a moment.

As she entered, she plainly showed the effect of nervous strain. Her face was pale, and it was evident that she realized that Kennedy had some connection with the cause of her nervousness. She was quite evidently on her guard, for she had dressed in her street gown, with her hat on and her hand bag in her hand, as if she had calculated on having a good excuse to terminate the interview if she should desire.

"Mrs. Moore," began Kennedy slowly, as she sought to avoid his penetrating gaze, "I believe that you know I have been retained by certain persons in the case of the death of Mr. Snead. I beg that anything I may say to you be considered in strict confidence."

She inclined her head the fraction of an inch, as if to acknowledge that she felt compelled to listen.

"Among others, I have been watching your husband," Kennedy shot out quickly. I almost gasped. What was he doing? Was he giving the whole case away to a woman who would go straight from this room to spread the fact broadcast?

"Yes?" she replied coldly.

"Yes," repeated Kennedy emphatically, "and I have something to say which concerns you both very intimately. Nothing but a spirit of chivalry, mistaken, perhaps, but nevertheless present, impels me to say it."

"Indeed!" she answered, sparring for time, in order to control herself. "I did not know that there was anything that concerned us both that any outsider had the right to talk about."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Kennedy. "Now, for instance, I know something about a little photograph gallery down on the East Side, in which it is reported"—he laid particular stress on the word—"that Mr. Moore is interested."

"Photograph gallery?" she repeated.

"Mr. Moore?" It was now her turn to appear surprised.

"Yes; we saw you enter it the other day, and we have also seen Miss Fairchild there, too."

She bit her lip, but on second thought seemed to think it best to say nothing, though it was evident to a blind man that the mere mention of Miss Fairchild's name was the signal either for absolute silence or a storm of words.

"Still," remarked Kennedy coolly, "it is not that about which I wished to speak. Possibly you do not know that there is another secret which the world does not know, but which is not such a sealed book as you perhaps suppose."

He was talking rapidly, and it was evident that she was thinking rapidly, for the color was mounting in her pale cheeks.

"Mrs. Moore," he went on, his voice assuming a tone as if he were an elder brother or intimate friend, "suppose a certain person were to meet another certain person secretly in a downtown office building. And suppose that a third party had learned of this meeting beforehand, and wished to find out what passed between them. And suppose, further, that this third party had placed in the room one of these little instruments."

He uncovered the two dictographs which he had brought.

"What is that?" she asked, with forced calmness.

"It is a dictograph, an instrument which magnifies sound so much that a whisper in any part of the room where the receiving instrument is placed is reproduced by the instrument at the other end of the line with unflinching accuracy. I say, suppose that this third party had privately installed one of these machines in the room where the meeting was to take place, and had overheard the conversation."

If Mrs. Moore had been nervous at the start, she was nearly hysterical now.

"Will it do that?" she asked. "Somebody overheard——" She stopped, and, controlling her feelings, added: "I don't believe it is possible. Mr. Kennedy, you have no right to work on my weakness

in this way. I am ill. I am not myself. You are taking an unfair advantage of a woman to force her to tell something of value to your employers, whoever they are. The thing is impossible."

"May I demonstrate that it is not only possible, but true?" he asked.

She nodded, but the color had again fled from her cheeks.

Craig had set one of the instruments up on the table of the drawing-room in which she had received us, and with her permission he directed me to carry the other one into the next room, which proved to be the dining room. He connected them with flexible wires and a dry cell which he had brought.

"Now," he said, picking up a magazine, "I will ask Mr. Jameson in the next room to read a few paragraphs, in a low tone, standing in the farthest corner of the room, with his back to the machine."

I opened the magazine at random, and read mechanically, uncomprehendingly.

In the other room Mrs. Moore and Craig were listening while I read.

"Mrs. Moore," he said, as I came to a pause, "there is one thing above all else that I wish to warn you against."

I was listening over the dictograph at my end of the line—in fact, could not help but listen, for Kennedy had apparently forgotten about it, and Mrs. Moore was too overwhelmed with the demonstration that it was indeed not only possible but probable that some one had overheard her conversation on a certain interesting occasion.

"Don't take the step you are contemplating," he added earnestly.

She uttered a little, startled scream, as if in the remark she had read an answer to an unspoken question in her mind. She knew he knew.

"Before it is too late," urged Kennedy. "Don't leave your husband at what is a critical moment in his life, as well as in your own. Think for a moment about it as you would about the same thing in the case of a friend. Are you going to be your own worst adviser? If there is any change to be made, why put yourself in the worst possible light before the world? Two

wrongs will not make a right. Perhaps you think you know just what is going on in this complicated affair. Let me assure you that forces are at work that you in reality know nothing of. As a disinterested friend I think I may not too strongly urge you to leave the contending forces in this business to fight the thing out among themselves without involving yourself, your life, your future in the debacle that must inevitably come soon."

She had broken down under the strain, and was crying softly to herself.

"I almost hate him," she murmured. "He hounds me, watches my every action, treats me like a chattel, a thing to do with as he pleases. And at the same time, if I question any of his actions which, to say the least, are suspicious, he grows angry. Yet some hints of his relations with that woman in the office have reached me. I can't stand it. I won't! I won't!"

"But in what way will you better yourself by becoming an unnecessary exile?" asked Kennedy persistently.

"I must get away, get away before this debacle of which you speak happens," she cried wildly.

"Do you think you will avoid it by going away, with—with Mr. Miller?" he asked, point-blank. "Do you think that is the road to happiness?"

"He has been very kind to me," she said.

"Do you think the fact that he has been kind to you is sufficient to warrant your sacrificing your very soul in a game in which—you will pardon my saying it—you are one of the pawns?"

She did not answer. Kennedy was talking rapidly and earnestly.

"You mean that neither my husband nor Mr. Miller has played fair with me, and told me all?" she asked, in a startled tone, that plainly indicated that it was a new idea to her.

"Exactly that," he replied.

"No," she said at length, and her voice had a tinge of fatalism in it, I thought; "there is nothing to do but to follow out the course I have planned to the end."

"On the contrary," urged Kennedy,

"there is every reason why you should not follow that course."

"You do not know," she continued, on the defensive. "You do not know. Things have reached such a pass that were Mr. Moore even to want it, he could not extricate himself. He has woven the web about himself, and——"

"Do you think in the downfall he will let any one escape?" interrupted Kennedy. "It needs only a word, a hint, to him, and before the toils close on him he can involve you in ways that are worse than anything that may happen to him."

What did Kennedy mean? I asked myself. Was he playing on the knowledge that it was still several days before she could be free from the immediate power of her husband? At least she took that meaning from his words, I argued.

She had apparently faced him, in a last appeal.

"You won't—you won't tell him?" she implored.

"Who?"

"My husband?" she pleaded.

"Would that be the chivalrous thing to do?" asked Kennedy reproachfully. "Should I have come here first to tell you, if I were going directly from this room to tell him also? But you know that soon your actions will be speaking louder than any words of mine."

"Then really," she cried eagerly, "I must confess it. You have wrung the words from me. I like Mr. Miller, but I do not—I do not love him. You have rescued me from myself. I throw myself on your mercy. I will do as you say. I will wait. You will not play false with me? You will not desert me?"

He must have been a man of adamant who could have resisted the woman's appeal for aid in her perplexity. Yet I could not help asking myself whether she was in earnest. A woman in distress is even more dangerous than a woman in anger. For the first time in my life a suspicion flitted across my mind in regard to Craig himself. Was she playing on his sympathies, or was he playing on her fears? She had evi-

dently dried her tears, and they were talking earnestly.

"You will help me, Professor Kennedy?" she asked.

"Gladly," he replied, and the tone of his voice contained that fascinating quality of his which carried conviction.

"Let us shake hands, then," she said. "I shall do nothing at all. Oh, how can I ever thank you!"

I had been an involuntary listener; now I felt that I must get out somehow. Before I realized what I was doing I opened the door into the drawing-room.

Kennedy was now looking down into her eyes, apparently oblivious even to the noise I had made in opening the sliding door. She had placed her small hand in his, and he had clasped it as if to seal the compact.

Catching sight of me, she gave a little gasp of surprise, as if she had totally forgotten that I had ever existed, or certainly that I was in the house. Then, without a word, she hurried from the room.

For some moments Kennedy and I stood in embarrassed silence. That is, I did. I knew what was in my heart to say, but the words seemed to stick. As for Kennedy, my intrusion did not seem to bother him in the least. I think that made matters even worse, for it set me wondering how far the fascination of this woman had penetrated into his very soul.

Her hand bag was lying on the table, beside the dictograph. Idly, Kennedy picked it up. He weighed it, first in one hand, then in the other, as if uncertain what to do. At last he seemed to decide the question. He opened it, and took something out, shoving it into his pocket.

In the past few minutes a critical attitude had come into my mind toward Kennedy. I thought it was an ungallant, not to say dishonest, action. At another time I might have been willing to wait and see. But now I condemned it.

He walked into the dining room, and, as he returned with the other dictograph under his arm, I thought I saw him placing something that looked very

much like a folded piece of paper in the bag. Anyhow, he snapped it shut, and laid it down on the table in the same careless heap in which he had found it. I must admit that my mind was now full of questioning. What was the exchange he had made? Had he left her some final word, a note?

At last I found that I could speak calmly, and was surprised to see that disappointment had changed into anxiety. "Craig," I said simply, "remember, you are not dealing with a scientific machine now. This is a woman, whose feelings you have no right to experiment with, and whose effect on you you do not understand as you understand the effect of a new chemical or a new apparatus for measuring force."

Kennedy smiled quietly. Really I began to think the crisis was even more serious than I had at first imagined.

It was several moments before we spoke again, and then it was on a subject entirely foreign to that uppermost in my mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PLAN OF ATTACK.

Baird was waiting impatiently for us in his office that afternoon. Several of his best men were outside in another room as we entered, apparently awaiting orders from their chief. The secret-service leader himself was quite evidently anxious to have the preliminaries settled, in order to allow him to go back to his watch, opposite the photograph gallery.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, before we had fairly entered. "You fellows had a narrow escape, all right. I read about it in the papers before you told me over the wire, but the papers didn't know anything about the reason for it, of course. I knew the moment I read it. This Pietro gang is getting dangerous. There's something going on over there, too. They seem to be working at all hours of the night, and the night you almost were blown up they were up until daylight. It was Pietro himself who came home, about three o'clock in the morning, so I think it is

pretty safe to conclude that he did it. Well, they say that you can purchase a murder for two hundred dollars—that is, some of the yellow papers say it. But it's my opinion that you can get one from the Pietro gang for the pure love of the thing. By Heaven, I wish they were behind the bars with the legal evidence that would convict them."

"I've got it," replied Kennedy quietly. "I can trace the green goods from the making to the finish. The question before us now is how to catch the gang red-handed."

"It's no use to move against them in the daytime," said Baird. "Of course, some of them are there all the time, but you've got to wait your chance to catch them all together at night. Usually they have a session at the Paragon, and by ten o'clock have adjourned for the night's work at the photograph gallery. Of course, they darken the windows, but from my flat across the street I can see that there is a light in there all night."

"Do you ever see a blond woman visit the place?" asked Kennedy, describing Miss Fairchild.

Baird nodded. "I think it is she who takes the finished product of this green-goods factory away with her. She always brings a leather document case, and when she leaves it is suspiciously stuffed out with something."

"Ever at night?" asked Kennedy.

"No, not at night."

"Then we can't count on getting her that way. We must devise some other way to capture her. Have you ever seen Moore there? I'm sure you haven't, but I may as well ask."

"No, I haven't seen him there—that is, unless he is disguised pretty well. I don't think he could get past me or the other men that I have on the job now. I forgot to tell you that since I saw you I have put two of my best men at work in the neighborhood. One is the janitor of the building next door to the photograph gallery."

"Good!" agreed Kennedy. "Now we must have all our plans made for a raid of the place to-night, at, say, ten. And at the same time I want arrests made of Miss Fairchild, Miller, and Moore. I

will attend to the rest. Simply produce the Pietro gang and these people, and I will have the evidence ready to hold them. I suppose it would be a good thing if you could fix it up with the magistrate sitting in the night court to have an examination right away. Do you think you could arrange that?"

Baird nodded.

"You are sure you can get men who are acquainted with Moore, Miller, and Miss Fairchild to follow them that night, and make sure that they are produced at the proper time?"

"Oh, yes," answered Baird; "easily. I will put three of my best fellows on the job."

"Very good! I'll leave the details to you, Baird; but I should suggest that we split our raiding party into three. If Jameson, you, and myself take the front, we can start from your flat. Another party should be on the roof—your man who is the janitor next door can attend to that. And I think there ought to be a third party in the rear of the house, to prevent escape that way. You know best how many men will be necessary, and what signals to use to start the raid simultaneously from all three points. They will fight desperately, and you want men who are just spoiling for a scrap."

Baird smiled. "Depend on me for that," he said. "That is my middle name. I've been waiting for this moment until I feel that if it isn't pulled off soon I'll make a raid some time in a fit of desperation all by myself."

Not even the piquant excitement of planning the raid on the Pietro gang could oust the thought that was now uppermost in my mind. It would crop out, that question of Kennedy's attitude toward Mrs. Moore. Here again it was. Why had he said nothing about her to Baird? He had required the presence of all the rest at the prospective roundup of the Black Handers, but he had not even mentioned her name in that connection. Yet it was she who had given us our first clew by her visit to the little photograph gallery. Was Craig deliberately shielding her from the odium which I felt she deserved?

"Now," said Kennedy, as at last we left Baird in the office, picking his men for the particular parts they were best fitted to play, "I suppose the proper thing for us would be to quietly efface ourselves until to-night. But I can't. There is just one more thing I want to do. Do you suppose there is any way to find out where the new office will be that Moore is to open uptown with Fairchild in charge to promote that Telephoto-graph Company?"

"There must be some way," I replied. "They have probably applied for a telephone. Why not ask 'Information'?"

My suggestion proved a good one, for we soon found that the new office was in "the highest office building in the world," a huge white tower overlooking a park. It was indicative of Moore's aspiring genius, I felt.

A man was lettering the door with the resounding name of the new company. Workmen were putting up railings and partitions and other office fixtures. Handsome rugs lay rolled up along the side walls, and office furniture of the latest "efficiency" was being uncrate.

We looked in at the open door in much the same way as any one of the tenants might have gazed curiously. Moore was not there, evidently. Miss Fairchild stood with her back toward us, directing the workmen. I could see that she was gowned in the most modish style, a peculiarity of the new "business woman," who is often slandered as being utterly regardless of matters of dress.

Kennedy advanced toward her. She did not recognize us, for on the only other occasion when she had seen us we had been disguised.

"Is this Miss Fairchild?" he asked.

"It is," she answered, pausing in directing the shifting of a huge spherical safe to a corner, where it would look most impressive to the prospective buyers of Telephotograph.

Kennedy handed her his card. "Miss Fairchild," he began, "I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting——"

"I'm sure it is no pleasure," she snapped back. "I know that you have been retained by some of our directors

who are dissatisfied with the management of affairs in the trust company. What is it you wish? Please hurry, for we are very busy here, sir."

With exasperating deliberation, Craig said: "I was wondering whether you could give me some information about this company."

"James," she said to a boy, "open that box over there that has just come from the printer, and give the gentleman a 'pros.'"

I could already foresee what was coming—a handsome, artistic booklet, printed in colors with the softest of half tones on the finest of coated paper, showing the machinery of the telephotograph instruments, examples of telegraphed pictures, everything convincing and alluring, and calculated to turn the trick according to the accepted practice of these Pied Pipers of Easy Money. The "pros," otherwise prospectus, was all that I had imagined it, and more.

"Is there anything else?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Kennedy, as he turned over the pages carelessly, and watched the opportunity to speak when none of the workmen was listening. "I saw Mrs. Moore to-day. I do not think that she quite understands the situation between you and her husband."

"I must positively decline to discuss Mrs. Moore," interrupted Miss Fairchild, with an expression that never for a moment seemed to betray more than she intended. "If you have any matter of business to discuss, I shall be glad to let you go over our books, examine our accounts, anything reasonable. But you must remember I am a business woman. Mr. Moore's wife does not interest me to any greater extent than his cook."

She could not help betraying what, I felt, was just a trace of feeling in that last sentence, in spite of her astuteness.

"The books do not interest me," said Kennedy. "I am not an accountant. Besides, I understand on good authority that nothing technically wrong has been discovered by the experts."

I fancied I saw a look of complacency and triumph cross her face as Kennedy made this apparently reassuring admis-

sion, for what purpose I could not then guess.

"More than that," he added, "I was about to say a moment ago, when you interrupted me, that while Mrs. Moore does not understand the situation, she knows that her husband——"

"I must again positively decline to discuss Mrs. Moore," she reiterated.

Kennedy suddenly turned the conversation:

"I may as well tell you, Miss Fairchild, that the farther I go into this case, the more I feel that there is nothing to investigate. Mr. Snead's suicide"—he laid particular stress on the word—"seemed at first baffling, but there is nothing to do but accept it as a fact. And so it goes. Do you think I could have a frank talk with Mr. Moore to-morrow, and tell him that I am sick of my job?"

"Yes. I'll try to arrange it. Is that all?"

"All till to-morrow," he said, and his voice betrayed not the slightest intimation that down in his heart he knew there would be no to-morrow in this matter.

"Then, good-day," she said, almost cordially. "I shall let you know over the telephone if Mr. Moore cares to discuss the affair to-morrow."

As we bowed ourselves out, I did not hesitate to condone Kennedy's action in this case, even though I did not understand it. Still, the old question in my mind would not down: Why was Kennedy urging this woman on, and holding the other back? Was he playing another game, deeper than the detection of a crime, and trying thus to eliminate at once all obstacles that separated him from the woman whom he had gone out of his way to protect?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RAID ON THE COUNTERFEITERS' DEN.

It was a bitter cold night. Passers-by on the Bowery were hurrying along, huddled up, past the flaming arc lights of stores and moving-picture shows.

It was still lacking some minutes of

ten o'clock when from Baird's window we saw Pietro and his followers leave the Paragon, and walk toward the photograph gallery. I counted them. There were five in all. Who was that fifth figure, who had not been with them on other nights? There was no way to guess.

Our plan had been to converge on the gallery from three points. Baird, Kennedy, and myself were to give the signal by mounting the steps in front of the house, and, if necessary, beat down the door. We would perhaps give them a compelling motive to seek flight, if not fight. At any rate, either contingency had been provided for. Three men were waiting in the house next door, hidden by the janitor, and ready to rush up to the roof and down into the counterfeiters' den from above. At the same time three more thick-necked, close-cropped fellows who could give an excellent account of themselves had been stationed, also by the janitor, in a corner of the back yard concealed in the shadow.

All was ready. We waited anxiously until we saw a light in the photograph gallery, the shades pulled down, and something placed over them to darken every ray.

"Shall I give the word?" asked Baird eagerly.

"Yes," replied Kennedy.

We hurried quietly downstairs, and out on the street. Baird threw a handful of shot against the basement window of the house in which his men were waiting.

"My signal to them," he whispered.

"Wait just a minute until they get into position on the roof."

Baird was by far the most impatient of us all. In a minute he gave the door-bell of the photograph gallery a yank that nearly tore it out by the roots. There was no answer. Again he rang. Still no answer.

"I'm afraid we'll have to break in," he cried at length. "Here goes."

With a crash he sent his whole weight against the door. A gong sounded upstairs, as if it were a warning of our

approach. I could hear hurried footsteps. Again we hurled ourselves against the door unitedly. It yielded, and we half fell, half rushed into the darkness of a hallway. Baird regained his feet, but, before he could recover, Kennedy had darted past him up the stairs. We three pressed forward until we came to the door of the photograph gallery. It was locked.

In an instant there came a blinding flash of light, followed by the whir of a bullet over my shoulder, apparently from another half-open door in the darkness down the hall. The door closed again, but before it could be bolted Baird had hurled himself against this second line of defense, pistol in hand, followed by Kennedy and myself. We could hear our men at work on the roof, trying to pry the skylight up.

The door yielded, and in the inky blackness of the interior of the room five men, headed by Pietro himself, made a lunge at us. The fight was sharp, but we were outnumbered. Baird had been too precipitate.

Fortunately for us, the hallway in which we had been driven back was narrow, and we three were just as good as five, except that their superior weight told in the hand-to-hand struggle that followed. A keen stiletto gleamed in the hand of Pietro, who headed the gang. Kennedy dodged the blow which was aimed at him, but in so doing another Black Hander wrenched his pistol away, and for an instant he was defenseless.

A crash, and a shower of broken glass fell on us as the skylight overhead gave way. Literally from the sky three of our men dropped into the midst of the fray.

That turned the tide. We now outnumbered the counterfeiters by one man.

"Shoot!" yelled Pietro, fighting viciously. "We are surrounded. Shoot them, and break through."

A volley of shots followed, filling the room with stifling smoke. Our men and the gangsters had fired simultaneously. One of our men dropped groaning to the floor, and the Black Handers closed

up around one of their own number, whose right arm had been splintered.

They were now massed together for a final rush, a sort of flying wedge, with Pietro at the apex. Before we knew it they had brushed desperately past us toward the stairs, all except one, whom Kennedy had tackled like a football player, and brought to the floor with such force that his pistol had been discharged wildly into the air. Kennedy reached for the gun, and in his viselike grip twisted it from the man's hand.

"Go on, get the rest," he cried. I can hold this fellow."

Sounds of feet on the stairs below told us that our men in the rear of the house had heard the fighting, and had gained entrance, fearing to let us tackle the Black Handers alone.

Pietro and the other three were now tumbling downstairs, hotly pursued by Baird, and myself, and two of our men, who, though cut with knives, were still full of fight. As they met our three men coming up from the back yard, they bowled them over on the stairs like tenpins. We pressed forward, for if they passed our last line they might still escape.

A loud oath in Italian came from below, and we heard Pietro's voice:

"They have barred the door again. Beat it down!"

Our men had succeeded in gaining entrance from the back, had locked that door, and had had the forethought to barricade the door which we had burst in from the street. It furnished just the instant of delay we needed. Instantly we were upon them. They were now outnumbered two to one. Still they fought desperately.

The last to be captured was Pietro himself, and it took Baird and two of his best men to hold him while the "nippers" were slipped on him. They had all fought like tigers, and would have won had we not overwhelmed them by sheer numbers.

Panting, perspiring in the icy night air, and streaming with blood from many gashes, we all stood glaring at each other, the four counterfeiters, Pietro, Salvatore, Francesco, and Do-

minico now safely handcuffed and disarmed.

"Come, Walter, strike a light while I let this one up," called Kennedy, from above. We had forgotten him in the mêlée.

I took the stairs two at a time, followed by the rest, Baird never taking his eyes off his prize, Pietro, whom he drove before him as if he were a Cæsar triumphantly leading the most ferocious barbarian in chains.

I struck a match and held it up, only to drop it in astonishment.

The man that Craig was holding was not Moore, as I had half expected. It was Miller.

As we paused for an instant to collect our prisoners and the evidence, we looked about the back room of the photograph gallery in amazement.

Here was an engraving plant in itself, neat and compact. In bundles lay some very handsome specimens of ten and one-hundred-dollar bills. Scattered about everywhere were instruments enough to make an engraver's heart leap with pride.

The press on which the green goods were printed was the same make as that used in the government printing office. It had been bought, as we learned later, and sent to another address, where it was disassembled by Pietro, the master mechanic of the gang, who could tear apart and rebuild anything with cogs and levers. Then it had been smuggled in here, piece by piece, and assembled again.

Pietro it was, too, who made the original photographs, while Dominico and he made the plates. Francesco did the presswork, and Salvatore was the skilled man with the pen, who filled in the lines on the paper with red and blue ink to imitate the threads. There had been the utmost division and specialization of labor, but over all presided the evil genius of Pietro.

Baird's men were gathering up the parts of the press, the plates, and a small fortune in bills, preparatory to sending them on to Washington the next day to the custodian of contraband property, who receives all the stuff that

is captured in raids—plates, molds, metal, bad money, presses—a vast collection of junk that is locked in the government vaults safely, and destroyed every two years or so.

Kennedy seemed particularly interested in what he saw about the shop. "It's a wonderful thing, Walter," he remarked, as he fingered one piece of apparatus after another, "but there are thousands of photo-engraving establishments scattered all over the country. Every one of them is equipped completely for the making of counterfeit money up to the point of buying the paper and ink. It has always been a wonder to me that more men don't go wrong. It is a fine tribute to the honesty of the craft that there are so few instances like this where the opportunity has been put to work."

Evidently Pietro had experimented with many methods before hitting on the most effective, for we found copper, steel, zinc, glass, and other plates, lithograph stones, electrotypes, even some plaster, steel collars, dies, blanks, punches, and metal, as if he contemplated going into the coining as well as the printing business.

Spools of red and blue silk indicated that they had even considered putting the real fibers in the paper, but had found another method just as good, with the pen. There were sheets of paper cut in size for notes, reams of Crane bond paper and onion-skin treasury paper, oak-leaf linen, and other paraphernalia, even including a couple of bogus secret-service badges.

Besides the press there were a camera and lenses, a planchette cutter, lamps, drills, funnels, crucibles, acids, chemicals, paints, inks, and materials for water-color and oil reproductions. On copper plates we found the seal used on bills as well as some numbers. In fact, it was the most perfectly equipped counterfeiters' den Baird had ever seen, and he said so.

Well it might have been. For never had counterfeiters had a better chance to work off their product in huge quantities without fear of detection at least for many days, perhaps weeks.

They had been working overtime during the past few days, we found. In a suit case were hundreds of unfinished bills, besides the fortune in completed bills. Our raid had been timed to the dot. Another day or so and the printing would have been completed; the real cash would have been drained from the trust company vaults to the very last genuine bill.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DUMMY DIRECTOR.

It seemed hours before the gong of the patrol sounded outside, and we hustled our handcuffed-prisoners down into "the wagon," while three of the secret-service men prepared to camp on the spot, and guard the spoil until it could be removed to Washington.

When at last we reached the court we found Moore already there, storming furiously in the detention pen, while Miss Fairchild was in the care of a matron in the judge's chambers, her head bowed, and weeping softly into a lace handkerchief. They had been arrested, not, as I expected, together, but Moore at his club, and Miss Fairchild in her suite at a hotel.

Moore, at least, was furious. "What is the charge against me?" he kept demanding angrily, whenever anybody in authority approached the inclosure in which he was detained. "I demand the services of my attorney immediately! Here, has that messenger boy returned with him yet?"

Was he shamming righteous indignation? I asked myself. From his manner I could not but conclude that his violence was too great to be accounted to him for innocence. It was clear, anyway, that Moore by every action was putting himself in a bad light with the police and secret-service men who were responsible for his arrest.

Miller sat quietly aloof from the other prisoners, his head resting on his hand, occasionally glancing up, self-confident and collected.

The counterfeiters, grouped together, talked volubly in low and flowing Ital-

ian, waving their arms excitedly, and apparently being coached by Pietro, himself an adept in police law. He seemed to realize that this was the last opportunity to make sure that their stories would agree.

At last the attorneys for Moore and Miller had arrived. The greater part of the evening's business in the night court had been disposed of by the magistrate, who had expected this counterfeiting case after his talk with Baird during the afternoon.

The prisoners, including Miss Fairchild, were at last arraigned, and the machinery of the law began slowly and ponderously to overcome its inertia.

Hardly had the case been opened when there was a stir in the court. The judge rapped for order, but to no effect. The thing had long since got beyond court precedent, for never before had the room been charged with such potential excitement.

Mrs. Moore had been endeavoring to force her way through the crush in the back of the room, and had been detained by a court attendant. She broke away, and, with wild eyes and startled face, pushed frantically through the crowd, inside the railing.

At the gate she stood and hesitated for a moment. In some way news had reached her of the catastrophe which Kennedy had predicted. She had hurried to meet it. I felt that it was a crucial moment in many ways.

To whom would she turn as she stood there alone in the cleared space that separated the actors in this final drama from the gaping crowd in the courtroom? I watched her keenly.

Moore was sitting at the end of the group, nearest her. Yet she passed him by without a word.

She hesitated, and looked about again. Was it Kennedy she sought, I wondered? The thing was so unusual that no one attempted to hinder her. Even the judge seemed to realize that the woman was beside herself, and paused, as if in doubt what to order.

It was indeed Craig that her eyes were wildly seeking among the many strange faces about her. Before any

one could interfere she advanced toward him. I wondered if she would throw herself on him for protection.

Instead, as she stood motionless, she slowly raised her finger, and denounced him scornfully, passionately, turning toward the judge, in a half daze.

"You have deceived me, you have played the spy, you have eavesdropped on my conversations, you have insulted me, and now you are ending it by ruining all that I hold dear in the world. I hate you. I will tell my story in court, and shout it in the newspapers. I will have justice—and I will save the man you have dragged here under a false charge."

One of the court officers had recovered from his surprise, and was at her side, endeavoring to lead her gently away.

I looked at Kennedy sharply. This was a new phase of the case, which I did not understand. What new element had his action of this morning injected into the mystery? Craig betrayed neither by line nor muscle of his face that he was surprised or chagrined at the unexpected turn of events.

In an instant it dawned on me. He had been playing a game, not being played with as a pawn in somebody else's game. What it was I did not know as yet, but I felt all of the old confidence in my friend flooding back into my mind. What a fool I had been to doubt him for a moment!

"Order in the court!" roared the judge, glaring now at Mrs. Moore, who seemed to realize for the first time where she was. She moved meekly to one side, and took a chair which the officer gave her, near the rail, opposite Miller. Miller's eyes were fixed on her face in eager expectancy, but she did not look at him. It was as if she could not trust herself to do so. She dropped her gaze, and studied the worn floor, while the ghastly white of her face changed to a deep flush. She seemed to realize that all eyes were fixed on her, and that every action was watched. Her breath came and went convulsively.

Absorbed in my thoughts, I was aroused by hearing the voice of Baird

on the witness stand. Quickly he was sketching over how the counterfeits had first been detected, and how he had traced them first to the trust company in one direction, and then, starting all over again, to the Pietro gang in the other; how he had followed the gang; how he had watched them; and finally the story of the arrest.

My head swam as I heard my own name called a few minutes later. Collecting my wits hurriedly, I told the story of the discovery of the counterfeits by Kennedy in the bank's vaults, of the attempt on our lives in the laboratory after tracing the Black Hand letter to the Pietro gang. Then the testimony reverted to the death of Snead, the discovery of the electric gun in the safe-deposit box, and I swore to the discovery of finger prints on the gun and the drawer in which it had been found.

Pembroke and Lloyd followed, with testimony corroborating my longer account, and as the courtroom was electrified by the startling revelations that we were making, I turned to read their effect on the actors who interested me most. Moore had now regained a large measure of his self-control, and was following the course of events keenly. I could not fathom him. Miller was still cool and collected, still seeking eagerly to catch the eye of the woman who had dared so much for him, while she, by a mighty effort, was still keeping her face averted.

"Who was the person responsible for the death of Mr. Snead?" I heard Kennedy repeat after the question of the judge, who was conducting the examination informally, in order to determine what persons to hold, and whom to dismiss. "Your honor, if you will allow me I will piece together the parts of the testimony that have been given, and before I have finished I shall show that a certain person in this court was engaged in engineering this gigantic counterfeiting swindle, that that person was using the services of Miss Fairchild in doing so as a go-between, while she also played another rôle of stirring up domestic strife in this amazing case.

"Now, first, as to the matter of the

electric gun which killed Mr. Snead. Who placed it there to guard the secret during those hours when he could not personally guard it himself? On the walls of that safety-deposit box, as has been testified, I found a large number of finger prints, which I photographed. Here are the photographs."

He solemnly laid the prints before the judge. Then he took an inking pad from the court clerk, and a pad of clean white paper. Under Craig's direction, each of the prisoners, as well as Mrs. Moore herself, were summoned to press their finger tips on the inking pad, and then on a sheet of paper, which he labeled with the names.

You could have heard a pin drop as together Kennedy and the magistrate studied the impressions carefully, and conversed in an undertone.

One by one the finger prints of the Pietro gang were compared and rejected, even Pietro's, much to the surprise of the judge, who seemed to have a suspicion that the Black Hand leader was in some way concerned with the death of Snead.

"They are not the same as these prints of Mrs. Moore," I could hear Kennedy say. "Nor are they like these of Miss Fairchild. No, these are the finger prints of a man."

We were all eagerly looking at Kennedy now.

"Will you kindly step up to the table, Mr. Moore, and place your fingers on this inking pad, and then on this sheet of paper?" asked Craig.

Moore sullenly complied, glancing at Mrs. Moore, who met his eye calmly, and without any apparent emotion.

The magistrate and Kennedy bent over the finger prints, while we waited impatiently to hear the result.

"Mr. Miller," Kennedy's voice rang out sharply, "will you kindly step up to the table?"

As Craig laid this last set of prints down beside the photographs, a look of satisfaction was plainly visible on his face.

"This is the man who employed the Pietro gang to make the counterfeits,

who set the gang on me to prevent his discovery, who placed the electric gun in the safe-deposit vault to protect his secret until he should complete the job and have time to disappear," asserted Kennedy. "This is the murderer of the unfortunate Mr. Snead, who fell into the trap set for any one who might discover the secret prematurely. This man was the person who abstracted the genuine cash reserve, and left in its place counterfeits so clever that they would deceive almost any one. But he slipped up when some of the notes were put into circulation inadvertently ahead of time, and were discovered by the vigilance of those always on the lookout for such frauds.

"And, more than that, he not only planned to loot the trust company, but he planned to cover his escape by casting the blame on his partner, in whose name he engaged the little photograph gallery in which the counterfeits were made, and to which he sent his partner's wife often on some pretext or other. He caused his confidential manager of the investment department of the firm to interest his partner in a scheme for floating a new company, cleverly twisted and distorted the actions of his partner for his own purposes, and sought to cast the whole blame for the counterfeiting plot on him when it should be discovered.

"Miller, you have played a crooked and artful game, but it is all straightened out now, and the man whom you would have ruined, even to alienating his wife's affections, stands vindicated before the world of every charge except his too great eagerness to amass a fortune in questionable stock deals. Mr. Moore, your partner has used you as few dummy directors and silent partners have ever been used. Let me congratulate you on the turn events have taken, for, since the start, suspicion has been resting on you, which must soon have become overwhelming."

Not a word or a sound broke the stillness of the courtroom as we listened breathlessly to the exposure.

"Mr. Miller, you are held at the request of the federal authorities to await

the action of their grand jury," said the judge decisively.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREEN-GOODS KING.

Miller sat coolly fingering his watch chain, the calmest person in the courtroom. He looked about cynically, as if he was merely a spectator of the exposure which at one blow had placed his name high in the rolls of the great get-rich-quick swindlers of the time.

A proved counterfeiter, murderer, embezzler—why had Craig omitted so carefully to add anything of Miller's effort to wreck his partner's home?

Miller's eyes wandered slowly from one face to another, until he was looking squarely at the woman whom he had so cruelly deceived. They exchanged a glance, and she turned from him coldly, and shuddered.

"Good-by," Miller half whispered, under his breath.

She did not seem to hear, or at least she betrayed no evidence of hearing.

Miller rose, took out his wallet, as if to hand her something. Out of a compartment he drew a little piece of white paper, and unrolled it deliberately, betraying not a tremor of nervousness as he did so.

At the sight of it, Mrs. Moore seemed frozen with horror. Before she could cry out or reach forward for it, he had folded it lengthwise, thrown back his head, and poured a white powder from the paper on his tongue.

As the erect form of Miller sank convulsively to the floor, she uttered a scream, and rushed madly from him, into the crowd at the back of the courtroom.

"Quick—a doctor, an ambulance, anything. Miller has taken poison," cried Moore, bending over the partner who had treated him so blackly, oblivious to the past, and thinking only of the human tragedy of the life that was being snuffed out before us.

"There is nothing they can do," whispered Kennedy to me. "It is the poison he snatched from Mrs. Moore that

night when we listened over the dictograph. Ricinus is derived from the castor-oil bean, and one grain of it will kill a million and a half guinea pigs, according to the poison experts."

Instinctively I turned to see what had become of Mrs. Moore after her frightened flight. She was standing near a water cooler in the back of the courtroom, unobserved in the excitement.

I saw her open her hand bag. A similar piece of white paper to that which now lay on the floor by Miller was in her hand. Before I could reach her through the crowd she had swallowed the stuff with a glass of water.

She fell heavily on the floor, and the glass was shattered into a thousand bits.

"Kennedy!" I cried. "Mrs. Moore has——"

I felt a hand suddenly over my mouth. It was Kennedy's.

"Has fainted," he said, as he half dragged me over toward her, then added, in an undertone: "This morning, while she was out of the room, I substituted common table salt for the ricinus in the paper in her hand bag. Don't say a word about it, Walter. She has really and truly simply fainted from the excitement."

I understood instantly. As we bent over her, Kennedy bathed her face with the ice water, and fanned her with his hat, while I felt her pulse and chafed her hands. A third figure was now bending over her, also. It was her husband.

"Just fainted," said Kennedy, as we three carried her into the judge's chamber, and placed her on a couch.

"Poor little woman," said the now penitent Moore. "How I have neglected her, and how unjust and mean I have been, since the rumors were brought to my ears by people whom Miller must have put up to it! And how she must have hated me for making such a fool of myself chasing after that girl who was working for Miller! Thank God it stopped in time. But will she ever forgive me, Kennedy? Will she ever believe that I have been only a plain fool?"

Craig said nothing. "See if you can

find a little brandy, or some other stimulant, Moore—quick."

He continued to fan Mrs. Moore as her husband dashed bareheaded out upon the street to the nearest drug store.

"Just in time," murmured Kennedy, as her eyelids fluttered. "I didn't want her to see her husband yet. But she is all right now."

At the mention of her husband's name she opened her big blue eyes, and gazed wildly about the strange room.

"Where is Will? Does he—does he know? Has he left me? What did he say about me?" she asked weakly. "Professor Kennedy, I swear to Heaven that I did not know Chester—Mr. Miller—had put the photograph gallery in my husband's name. I knew about the counterfeits. I was guilty of that knowledge. But he swore that Mr. Snead committed suicide. What did my husband say of me?"

"He thinks you fainted. Trust me if you want me to bring this out for the best. You have both been in the wrong. Believe me, your secret is safe. It was only table salt you swallowed, anyway. Do you feel better now?"

Moore had secured the stimulant, and was kneeling now by the couch. She turned her face away from him, as if she could not summon courage to meet his eye.

"Harriet, look at me," he pleaded.

Still she said nothing.

"Will you forgive me, Harriet? Say yes. I'm not such a bad lot, after all—only a plain, ambitious fool. I——"

She turned toward him slowly. "You can ask that, William, after—after—you have heard and—seen all that has taken place to-night?" she asked eagerly.

He bent over and looked earnestly at her, then, with a significant glance at the courtroom, added: "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Come, Walter," whispered Kennedy, as he took my arm and closed the door softly. "I want to make sure that Pietro and his gang are held for both the counterfeiting and the wrecking of the laboratory, or we shall regret that we ever got mixed up in this case."

"Craig," I confessed, as we stood for

a moment alone together, watching the excited scene in the room before us, "forgive me for ever doubting that you could be any other than my old, honest, honorable friend—even if there was a woman in the case."

"Walter," he replied, smiling, and then letting the smile fade into seriousness, "I don't know what I would not have done for that woman if I had really loved her and knew how much she could care for a man."

Francis Lynde has written many great stories for us, and you will be glad to know that his latest novel, "A Caribbean Clearance," will be published complete in the next POPULAR—the May Month-end number, on sale April 23rd



CHAMP CLARK SHAKES A HAND

FREDERICK W. STECKMAN once sent a story from Washington to a St. Louis newspaper, setting forth at great length that Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, knew nothing on earth about shaking hands. Thus wrote Steckman:

His hand is limp, and it does not grasp the hand offered to it. It merely is poked out and then dropped back flabbily.

The next time Clark saw Steckman he grasped the newspaper man's hand and put so much power into the clutch that Steckman couldn't write a line for two days.



THE VALUE OF BEING A GOOD ACTOR

AT the time of the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco everybody in the city had to work. In one street, where there was a great amount of heavy debris, Willie Collier and Jack Barrymore, the actors, were put to work, the understanding being that each man had to work three hours lifting heavy timbers and using big steel levers.

"I had to work," said Barrymore, in describing the incident, "but Willie Collier got through those three hours without doing a lick. He was the only man common and low down enough not to work."

"But how did he make the people think he was working?" asked a friend.

"Well, you see," explained Barrymore. "Willie can put on a farce better than any man I know."



A BIRD OF A BARGAIN

THE great auk is an extinct bird, but it still does a trick now and then. It was because of this that William Palmer, curator of the bird collection in the Smithsonian Institution, nearly became extinct in London last summer. Palmer was passing a taxidermist's window, and saw, perched on a log, a stuffed specimen of the extinct great auk. As there are only three known specimens of this poor bird now in existence, the scientist got a shock. The specimen which he has in the Smithsonian Institution is worth two thousand dollars.

Therefore, when he saw the fourth one for sale, he became very enthusiastic, rushed up to a hotel where a rich American was stopping, and dragged him to the shop to make the purchase so that America would lead in the possession of great auks.

All enthusiasm, however, faded to nothing when the taxidermist, who was a German, explained with pride:

"He a pretty bird. He worth lots of money. I make him myself out of duck feathers and chamois skin."

"Butterfly" Boggs: Pitcher

By Charles E. Van Loan

Author of "The Bonehead," "A Pennant and a Penance," Etc.

Batter's up for the first game of the season; and we know you won't want to miss any of the POPULAR series for 1912. "Butterfly" Boggs pitches the opening game. They called him "Butterfly" because he was a bug. And if you know anything of big-league teams you'll say that when this harum-scarum pitcher dropped in their midst they were charitable in their rechristening of Mr. Boggs.

OF course, Jake," said the great and only Johnny Merry, "you know your own business best, and you're old enough to vote. Far be it from me to go horning into another manager's affairs; but if it was me, I wouldn't have this 'Butterfly' Boggs as a gift, let alone paying out any money for him. I wouldn't have him on a team of mine if he was set with diamonds, and I wouldn't wish him onto my worst enemy. That's how strong this Boggs is with me."

"Yes, but you will admit that he's a great pitcher," argued Jake Myers, the manager of that grand aggregation of pennant snatchers known to the Western Hemisphere as the Apaches. "You can knock him all you want to, but you can't say he ain't a wonderful pitcher!"

"Well, and what if he is?" demanded Merry. "Being able to pitch ain't everything, believe me. A man's got to have some head along with it. Why, the greatest pitcher that ever lived is in an asylum in Colorado—fellow named Dyson—and at that, Dyson ain't half as nutty as this Butterfly Boggs. Dyson is only a bug on one subject. Boggs is crazy forty ways from the ace. This poor guy in the foolish foundry has got an idea that he's been specially appointed to pull the heads off umpires. Nearly murdered two before they found

out that he had bats in his belfry. Outside of that one little thing, Dyson is as nice a young fellow as you'd care to meet. But this Boggs! You never know what he's going to do next, though you can usually bet it'll be something nobody ever did before. I'd rather have Dyson a hundred times over, because he's only a bug about one thing; this Boggs scatters his lunacy too much. As for him being a great pitcher—yes. As for him being any good to a team—no. I wouldn't take a chance with him if he was another Amos Rusie—and brought his own keeper with him. Boggs is a nut, I tell you—crazy as a coot. He's just liable to go in to-day and pitch a wonderful game for you; and the next time you'll get news of him, he'll be 'tending bar in some dive, or pitching with a bush-league outfit a thousand miles away. You can't handle a guy like that. He's too dog-gone versatile!"

"You leave him to me," said Myers. "Handling wild men—that's the best thing I do. Is there a harder ball player to get along with than this big Swede, Bergstrom? Or a tougher proposition anywhere than Potter? I get along with both of 'em. You know how? I study 'em. You've got to study these eccentric fellows just like you'd study out a new play."

Johnny Merry laughed.

"You'll have one swell job on your hands studying this Boggs," said he. "The funny houses out West are full of managers who've tried it. He'll have you talking to yourself inside a week, and you'll have to put an Oregon boot on him to keep him from jumping the team every time the train stops."

"I'm going to clip the Butterfly's wings," said Myers. "He won't jump me."

"I'll bet you a fifty-dollar suit of clothes he doesn't finish the season!"

"Got you!" snapped Myers.

"And that's one bet," said Merry, "that you'll be dead thankful to pay. You know this crazy business is catching, like smallpox. Boggs will have your whole team crazy if he stays a month."

"Don't believe a word of it," said Myers stubbornly. "Every fellow can be handled if you go about it the right way. If I can hold him and get one game a week out of him, I won't have any kick coming. He may be crazy off the diamond; but put him out there on the hill, give him a new ball, and if he's crazy then, so am I, and so is a fox. I saw him work twice last fall, and that was enough for me. It's his wing I want; my catchers have got brains enough for two."

"Hoo-ray!" said Merry. "Three cheers for the commission in lunacy! You'll be sending me an order on your tailor about the end of June."

"You think so, do you?" retorted the manager of the Apaches. "Well, I'll tell you one thing, Johnny: If you don't wear any clothes until you get that suit from me, you'll be pinched for exposure. So long."

The searchlight of public attention discovers many an eccentric genius who might otherwise have remained safe in obscurity. The peculiar individual who remains buried in a small community may be known as "queer," but in time his queerness comes to be taken for granted. Nobody bothers about him. Enlarge the queer one's horizon by throwing the calcium upon his actions, and his strange performances seem

stranger still by reason of the enlarged audience. This was exactly what ailed Butterfly Boggs.

Of all the eccentric characters of the ball field, Boggs flew head and shoulders above all competition. There never had been any one just like him. His career in the minors was a short one, as minor-league careers go; but into three seasons he crowded scores of peculiar performances, and his passage might have been compared with the flight of a butterfly, which had just been hit over the head with a net—here, there, everywhere, and nowhere for very long.

If Boggs had been a drinking man, the explanation would have been close at hand. As he was known to drink nothing stronger than ginger ale, he was catalogued as plain crazy, with no extenuating circumstances. Leaving a trail of wild-eyed managers behind him, he zigzagged across the Western horizon, pitching under any name which occurred to him at the time, and handing out a brand of side-wheel delivery which immediately made that name famous.

In appearance, the Butterfly was not abnormal in any way, save in the great breadth of his shoulders. He had the frank, open face of a child, and, like a child, he listened to every one, and was convinced by the last argument which he heard.

Now, there are certain laws which the ball player must respect or pay a penalty. There is probably no man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow who is so hedged about by prohibitions of all kinds; no man who is less a free agent. The ordinary citizen who does not like his job is free to throw it aside and go elsewhere. The ball player has not this choice. The minute he comes under the "protection" of organized baseball, he is no longer a free agent. He may be bought and sold like a chattel, sent away against his will, or traded for a bat bag, having no more voice in the matter than the bag. If he does not behave himself, he may be fined or placed upon the black list, which latter penalty closes his career so far as organized ball is concerned.

Our friend the Butterfly never under-

stood these things. He suffered from itching feet, and his heart was always upon the highway. He liked to see new things, to try new jobs; and he could see no harm in signing a contract on Monday and another one on Tuesday, particularly if the Tuesday contract stipulated that a little money should pass. And he did not care what name he signed, either. In some miraculous manner he escaped the black list—which, according to the baseball law, he richly deserved—and when Myers sought the Butterfly, in order that he might flutter his gay wings in fast company, the Apache manager had some tall "fixing" to do before he could read his title clear to William Alexander Boggs, Esquire.

The Butterfly was no stranger to the Eastern members of his profession, which, for a man who had never played in a Class-A league, was somewhat unusual. Ball players, however, are great gossips. They talk shop incessantly, and, if anything unusual happens on the diamond in San Francisco, it is sure to be discussed in the clubhouse at the Polo Grounds before many days have passed. Butterfly Boggs gave them something to talk about, for, whatever else may be said of his peculiar performances, they bore the merit of startling originality. Because he was well, if not favorably, known, there arose quite a ripple when it became public rumor that Jake Myers, of the Apaches, had the wild man under contract. Bets were freely offered that Boggs would not put in an appearance at the spring training camp.

It was at the annual meeting in December, in New York, that Johnny Merry, himself a manager of much experience, unburdened himself to Myers concerning Boggs. Merry's views were shared by several other managers, who were at no pains to hide the belief that Boggs would not be a credit to the league.

The Apaches were a seasoned team. Most of the men had been with Myers for several years; they understood each other and worked well together. Gus Bergstrom, the Terrible Swede, was the

oldest veteran in point of service; but Pete Carr, first baseman and team captain; "Gibraltar" Jordan, the outfielder; "Walrus" Potter, catcher; "Judge" Kennedy and "Sea-cow" Hamilton, pitchers, and "Brick" Jones, the infielder, were no spring chickens, and, as such, were privileged to express their opinions upon all matters of team interest.

The members of the old guard were greatly relieved when Boggs failed to report at Hot Springs to begin training. In accordance with an agreement, Boggs' transportation had been forwarded to Grand Island, Nebraska, together with a small sum to meet the expenses of traveling.

"Most likely he went and sold the ticket," said Walrus Potter. "It serves Jake right. What does he want with a loon like that? One player as nutty as this Boggs can put a whole team in Dutch."

"I dunno what's got into Jake," said Hamilton, who, being a member of the pitching staff, naturally resented the imputation that said staff needed strengthening by the addition of a lunatic. "From all I've ever heard of this Boggs, he's as easy to handle as a handful of quicksilver. Did you hear about that stuff he pulled off up in the Twilight League, the time they had to turn out the soldiers to get the team out of town?"

There followed the recital of one of Butterfly's most famous exploits, a tale which lost nothing by its journey through half a dozen leagues.

Jake Myers waited with more or less patience, but no word came from his new pitcher. His feelings were not soothed by several telegrams from Johnny Merry, presumably of an alleged humorous nature. Boggs had disappeared, and, beyond his receipt for the ticket and the money, which had been forwarded by the railroad agent at Grand Island, there was no trace of him. The trail ended at Grand Island.

A month passed, and Boggs was forgotten by every one but Jake Myers and the newspaper reporters, who occasionally found time for a jocose paragraph

about the Great Nebraska Myth. The Apaches took to the road for the tour before the opening of the season, when lo! at the very first stop, who should come fluttering into camp but the missing Butterfly himself!

"Well," said Jake Myers, "you're a fine piece of cheese, I must say! Where've you been?"

Butterfly Boggs drew patterns with the toe of his shoe and blushed, actually blushed like the big, bad boy he looked to be.

"I'll tell you just how it was," he began, in a small, embarrassed voice. "I got that ticket and the money, and was all ready to start that same night. Then I ran into a patent-medicine fellow, who had some alligator-fat remedies for rheumatism and strains and things—great stuff, too—and he was having some trouble getting the right kind of a subject. He asked me to go with him for a few days just to get him started. He got into a jam over in North Platte, and somebody soaked a constable—and—I was pinched. I never did see that constable's star. I'm awfully sorry about it, and I'd surely have been at Hot Springs in time if it hadn't been for that."

It was impossible to doubt his word—as impossible as it was to be very angry. Myers, with the culprit before him, could not believe that this shame-faced youngster was the Butterfly Boggs who had such a lurid past. There was nothing about him which proclaimed the hero of unusual experiences. Jake squared matters with his conscience by delivering a lecture upon discipline, with blue fire and brimstone trimmings, to which Boggs listened with polite attention and every sign of penitence. From time to time he nodded his acquiescence.

"I ought to kick you out of this hotel," said Jake, in conclusion. "Here you are, all out of condition——"

"No, sir," said Boggs quickly. "I'm in fine shape, and I could work this afternoon. I'm always in shape," he added proudly.

Myers hesitated, and was lost.

"Well, Boggs," said he, "I'll give you

just this one chance to make good. Where's your baggage?"

The Butterfly spread his hands downward in a graceful and eloquent gesture.

"I'm flying a little light," he said.

Myers went away to send an insulting telegram to Johnny Merry, and Butterfly Boggs joined the Apaches, silent, modest, and evidently much overawed by the presence of so many real big leaguers.

Before the week was out he was given a chance in the box against a Southern league team, and then the Apaches understood why nobody had ever been allowed to kill the Butterfly.

"What did I tell you about this fellow?" bragged Myers. "Anybody that can pitch the way he does has got a license to be crazy!"

That night, on the strength of his premier performance, the Butterfly borrowed twenty dollars from Myers, and on that slender thread "sewed up" the team poker game. Some time between midnight and morning he dropped off the Pullman and disappeared. Myers was thunderstruck when he heard what had happened, and immediately began burning up the telegraph wires along the back trail. On the second day he received the following message from a town marshal of a Mississippi hamlet:

Your man here barking for side-show street carnival. Shall I pinch?

J. GIVENS, Marshal.

Two days later Boggs was back with the team, having been recaptured by one of Myers' hired men. The Butterfly said that he could not explain how he happened to leave the train in the night, but thought it must have been due to somnambulism.

"Very well," said Jake, upon whom the cleverness of the excuse was not lost. "If you do any more sleepwalking, you're going to get hit over the head and woke up. Savvy?"

Boggs took his medicine like a twelve-year-old schoolboy caught in the act of placing a bent pin on the teacher's chair, said he was very, very sorry, and promised never to bark for a street-fair side show again.

"But what did you do it for?" de-

manded Brick Jones. "What was your idea?"

"I don't know," said Boggs hopelessly. "Only it was something I hadn't tried."

"Oh, you try everything once, do you?" said Brick.

"Well, not everything," said Boggs. "I like new stuff."

And that was all the explanation he was able to give.

"I know what set him off that time," said Myers. "It was the money he won in the poker game. We'll keep him broke until the season opens, and see how that works."

It seemed to "work" very well, for the Butterfly folded his wings and lapsed into uninteresting good behavior for at least two weeks. Myers seized the opportunity to have several long, "sensible" talks with his recruit, pointing out that it was the dependable man who found the big figures in his yearly contract.

"You might be the greatest pitcher in the world," said Jake, "but if you run out on me all the time, I'd have to tie the can to you."

"Sure!" said Boggs. "I know it."

And because he listened gravely to everything Jake had to say and agreed that the manager was right, Myers actually began to think that Boggs was "getting some sense."

Butterfly was on hand when the season opened with a three-game series against Johnny Merry's tough team. Jake Myers, who had a theory that work was what Boggs needed, sent him in to pitch the deciding game of the series. The regular pitchers howled, but the Butterfly begged so hard and "showed so much" that Jake made up his mind to risk it.

Boggs held Merry's hard hitters to three lonely singles and nine "horse collars" on the score board; and Myers, in uniform on the home bench, hooted derisively at Merry as that peppery old-timer gamboled about the coaches' box.

"Oh, John! This is the fellow you wouldn't have if he was set with diamonds! Remember? Some pitcher, even if he is crazy; eh?"

"Oh, you wait!" snapped Merry. "The season's young yet."

Jake Myers did not have long to wait. That very night the Butterfly succumbed to another attack of road fever, and evaporated between sun and sun. Once more it was up to Myers to locate his phenomenon. This was not such a difficult task as it might have been, for Boggs was so proud of the fact that he belonged to a big-league team that he told every one who would listen to him.

A week later, a country correspondent unearthed the absent wizard, disguised as the drum major of a minstrel band. Myers sent after him, and once more Butterfly Boggs listened to a sizzling recital of his failures and follies. He was as penitent as ever, admitted that the stage was not what it was cracked up to be, and expressed serious doubts touching upon his future as a minstrel man.

"But I'm in grand shape," he said boastfully. "We had a ball team with the troupe, and I pitched five games while I was gone—all shut-outs."

This news caused Myers to froth at the mouth.

"What do you mean by throwing your arm away like that?" he howled. "Five games in a week! Don't you know that'll put you out of business?"

"I've done it lots of times," said Boggs simply. "It never hurt me yet."

Two days afterward Boggs won a complete pardon by beating the Renegades by a score of 2 to 1; and Myers began to cite cases where musicians and artists were allowed great latitude because of temperament. This theory did not make much of a hit with Gus Bergstrom.

"I s'pose yust because he win two games he got license to raise hal," said Gus sourly; "but if I get pickled, you yump all over me. And I win some games myself."

By the first week in June, Boggs had pitched eight games, seven of which he won; but he had also disappeared six times, and six times he had been brought back to the fold, suffering nothing but tongue-lashings from Myers and the nominal fines imposed. As these fines were usually remitted after a winning

game, Boggs really lost nothing by his escapades save the good will of his teammates.

A man may be a club's winning pitcher and still be unpopular with the other players on the team; and the Apaches were beginning to grumble at the special dispensation under which the Butterfly flitted back into favor after each breach of discipline. The fault, of course, rested with Myers, the players holding that he had no right to make one law for them and another for Boggs. Myers had come to regard Butterfly as an irresponsible child, and hardly accountable for his itching feet. The men were not so charitable, though Judge Kennedy, who had an acquaintance with the classical, and was fond of the writings of a certain master of sarcasm, subscribed to the belief that Boggs was suffering from "fittermice in his campanile."

As there seemed to be no way to get at Myers direct, the players took it out on the unfortunate Butterfly in a thousand little ways. He was barred from draw poker—and that was more good judgment than resentment, for the Butterfly was an inspired gambler if ever there was one, and smelled a four-card flush from afar—and, when he essayed to shoulder his way into a crap game, there was none to "fade" him.

Boggs could not understand why he should be treated in this manner. When his first shyness was over, he was inclined to be friendly in his strayed-puppy fashion; but he met nothing but arctic weather and disheartening silence. The only man who talked with him was Brick Jones, and Brick only talked in the hope of starting an argument which might lead to a fight.

At last Myers awoke to the situation, and the realization that if he would save the discipline of the team, he must put Boggs on the same footing with the other hired men. He was forced to issue an ultimatum, which he did after a particularly scandalous desertion upon the eve of a tough series. This time the Apache prodigal son was discovered singing ballads with a moving-picture show.

"This is the finish, Boggs," said

Myers sternly. "I can't stand for this sort of thing. I've talked to you until I'm black in the face, and I've done everything I could to beat some sense into your thick head. This is positively the last call. You've knocked spots out of the discipline of this club, and if you run out on me once more, it's go-o-od night."

The Butterfly began to say that he was very, very sorry, and would never, never, et cetera, et cetera.

"Ah, can that stuff!" said Myers shortly. "That's what you said last week. That's what you *always* say. Understand me now, this is the last call. Once more and you're done."

Boggs went away to his room very much cast down in spirit; but this fact did not prevent his pitching a phenomenal game the next day. Toward the end of the week he insisted upon working again, and scored another victory.

"You see," said Myers to Pete Carr, "he knows I mean business this time. I really think he's going to stick."

"I should hope so," said the team captain.

When the Apaches arrived in New York on their way around the circuit, they were within reaching distance of first place. They expected no worse than an even break with the New York team, and confidently looked forward to three out of four from Brooklyn.

"It's work this fellow needs," said Myers, when he selected the Butterfly to open the Polo Grounds series. "Anyway, I might as well use him while he's here."

Boggs pitched a remarkable game; but he had nothing on the New York twirler, and the innings slipped by without a score. Extra innings were needed, and still the Apaches could not force a man around the stations. Then, in the last of the eleventh, with two New Yorkers back on the bench, Brick Jones manhandled an easy grounder, and further distinguished himself by dropping the throw as the runner stole second. Of course, the next batter slammed the ball to the fence, and the game was over. Brick Jones had thrown the game away twice, and therefore he sought an alibi;

by abusing the Butterfly for trying to sneak a fast ball over on the last hitter.

"Don't you talk to me!" said Boggs. "Don't you do it, Jones! Here I've been pitching my head off. I let 'em down with three hits, and you made a couple of bush plays to beat me. You shut up!"

But for the peace overtures of Pete Carr and Judge Kennedy, the shortstop and pitcher would have engaged in a fist fight in the clubhouse.

"Well, you make this redhead let me alone, then," said the Butterfly. "He began it. I didn't. And he lost the game, too!"

That night Boggs sat about the lobby of the far uptown hotel, lonely and dispirited. He had all a child's longing for company, conversation, light, music, and new sights and sounds. The uptown hotel was as quiet as an old soldiers' home, and as cheerful as an undertaker's parlors. The dead calm fretted the Butterfly's nerves. There was no one to talk to him, no one to sympathize.

Over at the desk Judge Kennedy was writing a letter to his wife. He was the only ball player in sight. Boggs walked over and tried to open a conversation.

"That was an awful tough game to lose," he said.

"Yes," said Kennedy, without looking up, and he went on writing.

Boggs went back to his chair. He felt very much abused and alone. Several times he looked at his watch. At ten o'clock he rose, pulled his Panama down over his eyes, and sauntered out into the street. At eleven o'clock, when all good Apaches were supposed to be under cover for the night, he had not returned. He did not appear at breakfast, and Myers, investigating, found that his room had not been occupied.

"Gone again!" said the manager.

The Apaches heard the news at the breakfast table.

"He was around here last night," said Kennedy, "sympathizing with himself. I saw him when I was writing a letter—must have been pretty near ten o'clock."

"You started him this time, Brick," said Myers. "You blew that game for

him, and then roasted him for it. I wish——"

"What're you blamin' me for?" howled Brick, much aggrieved. "I suppose it's my fault that this guy is crazy? I made him run away before, I guess? Maybe I ought to put a ball and chain on him. How did I know he was going to bust out again? Am I a mind reader?"

"He knew this was the last time," said Jake sadly. "It wouldn't be so tough if he was only an ordinary pitcher. I give it up. I won't chase him any more."

The Apaches finished the New York series in high spirits, principally due to a terrific hitting streak on the part of the outfield, Bergstrom and Jordan clouting in three straight victories for Myers. Then they descended upon the meek and lowly Brooklynites.

In the clubhouse after the first game, which the Sea Cow won without extending himself, some one suggested a night trip to Coney Island.

"Oh, yes," said Brick Jones. "That reminds me. I've got an old pal down there—runs a restaurant or something. His name is Con Stubenbord; used to have some race horses out West; at least, he said they were race horses. Last time I saw him, he asked me to send him a baseball for a souvenir. Give me one of those 'mushes,' Jake, and I'll take it down to him to-night."

"Souvenir!" growled Myers, opening the grip in which the balls were kept. "More likely he's going to organize a league."

"No," said Brick. "I think he'll gild it and hang it up in his parlor, and a few years from now he'll be telling people that the winning run in a world's series was made with it. Why not?"

It was a hot, sticky night, and Coney Island, the playground of Greater New York, winked a cool invitation with its million lights. The streets were jammed with people; the air was full of the honking of automobiles, the wheezing melodies of the merry-go-rounds, the blare of very brassy bands, and the cries of the side-show spielers.

"Come on, men," said Brick Jones;

"let's go down on the Bowery and see if Coney is closed up as tight as they say it is."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "and if it is, we'll pry the lid off and throw it away."

"I guess I'll go down to the German place and listen to the singing," said Jake Myers.

"No, you won't!" said Judge Kennedy quickly. Jake was a "good spender," and, as such, a handy companion at Coney.

The Apaches strolled along the Bowery, looking in at the dance halls, testing the roller coasters, and shooting at pipes in the shooting galleries.

"Step right up, men!" yelled a spieler. "Here's where you try out your throwing arm. Here's where you hit the wild man on the head—the wild man, gentlemen, with the solid ivory skull! You can't hurt him! Hit him once and get a cigar! Hit him twice and get three cigars! Hit him three times and you get a dollar! The wild man, gentlemen! Three balls for five cents!"

"That's where I shine!" exclaimed Brick Jones. "I'll make this wild man take to the woods."

The spieler stood behind a counter which was covered with cheap, soft baseballs. In the rear of the narrow gallery a canvas was stretched. On the canvas was painted a jungle scene—two flamboyant palm trees, rising out of a thick green tangle intended to represent tropical undergrowth. The curtain was hideous enough; but it faded into insignificance when the wild man thrust his head through a hole in the center of the canvas and began to gibber like a baboon. His face was a smear of thick, rich indigo blue, and the portion of his head which should have been covered with hair was white and glistening. The spieler redoubled his cries.

"He-ah! He-ah! The wild man! The wild man with the solid ivory skull! Re-mem-bah! He wears no pads or cushions; nothing but the naked scalp! Hit him on the head and hear him laugh with glee! The wild man, gentlemen! Three shots for five! Try your luck, sir?"

Brick Jones stepped forward, picked up one of the soft balls, and gave an excellent imitation of the throw by which he nipped runners astride at first base. The wild man ducked suddenly to receive the throw upon the top of his shining pate, but the ball missed and thudded against the curtain.

"Too soft and too small," complained Jones. "If they had 'em the regulation size, now——"

He threw again, and this time the missile struck the wild man upon the top of the head with a squashy, pulpy sound. The human target laughed loudly, and showed his teeth in acknowledgment of the center shot.

"You say he can't be hurt, eh?" asked Brick, slipping his right hand into his coat pocket.

"Cannon balls will rebound from that mar-veel-yus skull," chanted the spieler. "It has been known to turn the edge of an ax. It is solid ivory, gentlemen, solid ivory!"

"Well, I just wanted to know," said Brick, bringing his hand out of his pocket and pretending to select a third ball from the counter. "I wasn't sure."

And then, before the other players could stop him, he threw the ball which he had taken from his pocket.

The wild man ducked in time to save his terrible face, but not in time to save his ivory skull. The ball struck that glistening expanse with a sharp crack, and rebounded halfway back to the counter. The wild man's head bobbed through the hole in the canvas, and from behind the curtain came the soft thud of a falling body.

"Say, what's coming off here?" yelled the spieler as he ran toward the back of the room.

"Let's beat it!" said Hamilton.

Brick Jones leaped nimbly over the counter and recovered the baseball, which he put into his pocket.

"What did you do that for?" demanded Judge Kennedy angrily. "Did you want to kill that guy?"

"Ah, I didn't throw it hard!" said Jones.

The spieler thrust a white face around the edge of the curtain.

"You knocked him cold!" he cried. "He's out!"

Kennedy was a doctor until he found out that his pitching arm was worth more money than a diploma and a budding Vandyke beard; and the words were scarcely out of the spieler's mouth before he was over the counter. Jake Myers followed him. Brick Jones seized the opportunity to lose himself in the crowd. The other ball players trailed him at a distance, cursing Jones' sense of humor.

"A joke is a joke," said the Sea Cow ponderously, "but there are times—there *are* times when Brick can't tell the difference between humor and battery—upon the person."

"Yeh," said another. "Brick goes too far."

In the rear of the dingy place, Judge Kennedy bent over the prostrate wild man. He lifted one of the heavily blued lids, examined the pupil of the eye, and passed his fingers carefully over the "solid ivory skull," which, on close inspection, turned out to be nothing more than a bald wig covered with white paint. Kennedy removed the wig, after which he loosened the wild man's neck-band.

"Poor devil!" said the Judge pityingly. "He didn't have a thing under that wig but his own hair—no pad or protection of any sort."

"Say!" broke in the spieler. "Was youse wit' the guy that hit him?"

"Never saw him before!" lied Myers promptly.

"He must have dinged him wit' a rock!" said the spieler. "I'll get a bull and have him pinched."

"You'll get some cold water—*quick!*" ordered Kennedy.

The spieler, swearing frightfully and threatening vengeance, brought the water, and Kennedy began to splash it over the wild man's face. The indigo blue washed off in spots, and then, for the first time, Kennedy took a look at the features of the unconscious man.

"Holy cats!" he cried. "Jake! Look here! *It's Boggs!*"

Yes, it was the Butterfly. This be-daubed caricature of humanity which

lay so limp and helpless along the dirty floor was none other than the runaway Boggs—Boggs for the first time in his life unable to say that he was sorry, and that he would never, never do it again.

It was after midnight when Jake Myers returned to the hotel, and Kennedy was with him. They went at once to Jones' room. The red-headed shortstop received them in pajamas and indignation—not much of the former, but a great deal of the latter.

"Good morning!" said Brick. "What's the idea of the midnight session?"

"You did a fine piece of work to-night!" said Myers bitterly. "The man you hit on the head is in the hospital with concussion of the brain. You'll be lucky if he doesn't die."

"Die!" ejaculated Jones. "Oh, get out! Why, I didn't throw that ball hard enough to break an egg. I didn't any more than *toss* it. What are you trying to do, Jake? Run a blazer on me?"

"It's no joke!" said Kennedy. "You nearly killed him!"

Brick looked from one to the other of his visitors, and his assurance melted away suddenly, leaving him panic-stricken.

"They can't prove anything," he said. "I got the ball back, you know."

"Who wants 'em to prove anything?" asked Myers. "It's enough that we know who did it."

"Who was the fellow?" asked Brick, pouring out a tumbler of ice water and drinking it in great gulps. "Nobody much, eh? Some bum, I suppose?"

Then they told him, and the shortstop sat down heavily upon the edge of the bed.

"What—what are you going to do, Jake? What *can* you do?" he asked.

"Do!" said the manager. "I've done it. I've had him taken to a private hospital and got two nurses for him. I've put the best specialist in New York on the job. That's what I've done—and it would serve you right if I made you foot the bills!"

"Doc," said the Butterfly, looking up at the great specialist, "how soon do you

think I can get out of here? I've had three or four letters from the 'old man,' and he says that the team needs me. Hamilton has got a sore arm, and Judge Kennedy is the only one of the pitchers who is going good. I've *got* to get out."

"Don't you worry, my boy," said the doctor, with a smile. "I'll have you on the job again in a few days. How do you feel?"

"Finer'n silk!" said the Butterfly. "Only I'm getting tired of this place."

When Boggs stepped off the train in the home town, he was amazed to find Jake Myers and a dozen of the ball players waiting at the gate, and one of the first to offer his hand was Brick Jones.

"Hello, bo!" said Brick. "I'm glad to see you. You look fit to pitch a team through a world's series!"

Butterfly Boggs noted the friendly squeeze of the hand and the kindliness of the tone. He did his best to reply, but a lump rose in his throat and choked him. The Butterfly was the only man in the group who did not know why past scores had been wiped out. The other players gathered about him with rough pleasantries. They patted him on the back; they wrung his hands; they tapped him on the top of the head, and otherwise welcomed him man fashion. Judge Kennedy took his suit case, and Jake Myers took his arm, and the procession moved through the station into the street, where automobiles were waiting. For the first time in his life, the prodigal felt that he had really come home.

Oddly enough, Boggs had no recollection of what had happened that night at Coney Island. All he knew was what he had been told.

"They say it was a brick," said the Butterfly. "I'll bet the fellow who threw it had swell control."

It was some time before Boggs was able to take his turn in the box, but when he reappeared on the hill, the Apaches noted with great joy that he was returning with the same "stuff" which he took away with him.

"Well, old horse!" said Brick Jones, "I see you've still got that control and

the jump on the fast one. There'll be nothing to it now."

Jake Myers had been waiting anxiously for Boggs' first game.

"Like as not, he'll blow as soon as he works once," said the manager to Pete Carr. "If he does, we'll just have to bring him back again. We owe him that much, because——"

"Yes," said Carr. "I guess that's right."

But the Butterfly did not "blow." He seemed to prefer the team poker game and the evenings at the theater with the other players. The Apaches were delighted to learn that the Butterfly possessed many accomplishments, and gradually he dispossessed Shorty Kincaid as principal comedian and entertainer. Jake Myers, watching Boggs like a hawk, saw no symptoms of the old road fever. The boy seemed perfectly contented, settled down to business like an old stager, took his regular turn in the box, and won seventy-five per cent of his games with ease. It seemed too good to be true.

Late in August, when Jake could stand the strain no longer, he asked Boggs about it.

"Ever feel like—ducking out again?" he asked. "Your feet itch these days?"

"It's kind of funny," said the Butterfly, "but they don't. I don't seem to *want* to travel any more. Maybe it's because this is such a good bunch, Jake."

"Maybe," said Jake. "I never thought of that."

But it was to Judge Kennedy that the manager went for the last word.

"Listen," said Myers. "You used to be a doctor. Tell me now, is it right that a rap on the head will sometimes change a fellow's nature?"

"Sometimes," said the man of medicine.

"It *sounds* reasonable at that," said Jake. "If a crack on the head will make a sane man nutty, why not the other way around? Eh?"

"You've been thinking about Boggs," said Kennedy.

"I have," said Myers. "He's just

been telling me that his feet never itch any more. Judge, do you suppose——"

"Jake," said Kennedy, "it wouldn't surprise me the least bit in the world if it was that wallop on the head that did it. Something has made a new man out of him—and I believe I'll go and have a talk with that specialist when we get to the Big Town."

The Apaches wound up the season at the Polo Grounds so far in the lead that the three out of four which they took from the New York club might have been regarded as "rubbing it in."

One night Jake Myers, Brick Jones, Butterfly Boggs, and Judge Kennedy were dining at a chophouse in the white-light district. A short, bald-headed man, spying Brick Jones, nearly upset three tables in his eagerness to offer congratulations upon the winning of the pennant. Introductions followed. Mr. Con Stubenbord beamed. "You remember that ball you gave me?" he asked. "I'm going to tell everybody that was the ball that won a pennant."

Jake Myers telegraphed a question to Jones, who nodded his head.

"Well," said Myers, "I wouldn't be surprised if that was the cold truth. And, if you'd like to have it, I'll give

you a statement—in writing—that you own the ball that won a pennant for us this year. I will, on the level."

"You're a kiddier," said Mr. Stubenbord.

"Oh, no, I ain't!" said Myers, fumbling in an inside pocket. "If you think I'm kidding, ask Brick here. He knows. Or Kennedy." The two players, thus appealed to, nodded their heads solemnly.

"What ball is that?" broke out the Butterfly.

"Never mind," said Myers. "It's a long story, but we can get a letter from a doctor to prove it." By this time Jake had extracted a sheet of paper from an envelope. "That reminds me," he continued. "I just got this to-day. It's yours, Brick."

"Mine!" said Brick. "Looks like an order for a suit of clothes. Fifth Avenue tailor, too. Some class; but how do I get in on it?"

"I had a bet," said Jake, "and you won it for me. Go and blow yourself to a real suit for once in your life!"

"But—I'd like to know about that ball," persisted the Butterfly.

"You will—some day," said Brick. "I'm going to tell you myself—after the post season."

"CAN A DUCK SWIM?" Sounds like a story of the blue water. But it isn't. It is a story of the diamond. The second of Van Loan's inimitable baseball yarns. You will get it two weeks hence, in the May Month-end number, on sale April 23rd



THE UNSYMPATHETIC ATTORNEY

MIKE KELLY had been a habitue of the courthouse for fifteen years, and at every criminal trial had occupied a front seat, listening with evident admiration to the speeches of the prosecuting attorney.

"Ben," he said one day, after the prosecutor had ended his remarks, "I've heard you speak again and again, but never on my soul have I heard you say a good word for the poor devil on trial."



FROM PORK TO PEN

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, who edits the *Saturday Evening Post*, and is the author of "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son," began life by working in a glue factory in the packing-house district of Chicago. But the atmosphere of pork and glue did not appeal to him, and he decided to be a writer. Cutting loose from the glue-factory job, he went through Yale, and did some writing in Boston. The money did not come in fast enough, however, and he finally concluded that he was cut out to be an editor. He was right.

The Open Road

ROMANCE:

TO walk again the open road I have a springtime longing;
I yearn to leave my town abode, the jostling and the
thronging, and tread again the quiet lanes, among the
woodland creatures, where birds are singing joyous strains to beat
the music teachers. Afar from honks of motor cars, and all the
city's clamor, I'd like to sleep beneath the stars, and feel no
katzenjammer when in the vernal dawn I wake, as chipper as the
foxes, to eat my frugal oatmeal cake put up in paper boxes. I
fain would revel in the breeze that blows across the clover, and
drink from brooks, with stately trees, like Druids, bending over.
I'd leave the pavement and the wall, the too persistent neighbor,
and hear the rooster's early call that wakes the world to labor.
I'd seek the hayfields whose perfume the jaded heart doth
nourish, I'd go where wayside roses bloom and johnny-jumpups
flourish. I'd see the pasture flecked with sheep and mule and
colt and heifer, and let my spirit lie asleep upon the twilight
zephyr. Oh, town, I leave you for a week, your burdens and
your duties! The country calls me—I must seek its glories
and its beauties!

REALITY:

GEE WHIZ! I'd give a million bones to be back home
a-sleeping! My shoes are full of burs and stones, and
I am tired of weeping. Last night I sought a stack of
hay, where slumber's fetters bound me, and at the cold bleak
break of day a husky farmer found me. I tried to pacify his
nibs when he stood there and blessed me; alas, his pitchfork
smote my ribs, his cowhide shoes caressed me. The dogs through-
out this countryside all seem to think they need me; they've
gathered samples of my hide, and many times they've treed me.
And when I roamed the woodland path to see the wildflowers'
tinting, a bull pursued me in its wrath and broke all records sprint-
ing. At noontide I sat down to rest, and rose depressed and
dizzy; I'd sat upon a hornet's nest, and all the birds got busy.
My whiskers now are full of hay, my legs are lame and weary; it's
been a-raining every day, and all the world is dreary. The road
will do for those who like a pathway rough and gritty; I've had
enough—just watch me hike back to the good old city.

Walter Mason

The Cross of Gold

By Roy Norton

Author of "The Land of the Lost," "The Willow Creek Tales," Etc.

Stories of the discovery of pay chutes of marvelous wealth will never cease to thrill. From the youngest to the oldest prospector, who among them has forgotten the Bonanza Chute, that yielded eighty thousand dollars in four days? Here is a mine called the Croix d'Or—the Cross of Gold—a mine that promised great things. But Roy Norton introduces it as an abandoned thing—a great, idle plant with some of its buildings falling into decay, its roadways obliterated by brush growth. Was there a pay chute in the Cross of Gold? This is the story of the renewed search for wealth in its depths—a long, heart-breaking search. And we don't know anybody who could tell the tale with such sympathy and fidelity as Roy Norton.

CHAPTER I.

PLAINLY the rambling log structure was a road house and the stopping place for a mountain stage. It had the watering trough in front, the bundle of iron pails cluttered around the rusted iron pump, and the trampled muddy hollow created by many tired hoofs striking vigorously to drive away the flies. It was in a tiny flat beside the road, and mountains were everywhere; hard-cut, relentless giants, whose stern faces portrayed their immutability. At the trough two burros, with their packs deftly lashed, thrust soft gray muzzles deep into the water, and held rigid their long gray ears, casting now and then a wise look at the young man in worn mining clothes who stood patiently beside them.

Another man, almost a giant in size, but with a liteness of movement that told of marvelous physical strength, emerged from the door of the road house, and the babel of sound that had been stilled when he entered, but a few minutes before, resumed. He crossed to the well, and grinned from half-hu-

morous eyes at the younger man standing beside the animals, and said: "Bumped into a hornet's nest. Butted into an indignation meetin'. A Black-foot war powwow when the trader had furnished free booze would have been a peace party put up against it."

The younger man, who had turned to pump more water, following the polite mountain custom of replenishing what you have used, stopped with his hand on the handle, and looked at him inquiringly.

"It seems it's a bunch of fellers that's been workin' some placer ground off back here somewheres"—and he waved a tanned hand indefinitely in a wide arc—"and some man got the double hitch on 'em with the law, provin' that the ground was hisn, and the sheriff run 'em off! Now they're sore. But it seems they cain't help 'emselves, so they're movin' over to some other place across the divide."

"But what has that to do with us?"

"Nothin', except that it took me five minutes to get the barkeep to tell me about the road. He says we've come all right this far, and this is the place where we hit the trail over the hills.

Says we save a day and a half, with pack burros, by takin' the cut-off. Says it's seven or eight hours good ridin' by the road if we were on horses and in a hurry."

He paused and scanned the hills with an observant eye, while his companion resumed the pumping process. The trough again filled, the latter walked around the pails and joined him.

"Well, where does this trail start in?" he asked.

"He's goin' to show us as soon as he can get a minute's rest from that bunch in there. Said we'd have to be shown. Said unless he could get away long enough we'd have to wait till somebody he named came in, and he'd head us into it."

They led the burros across the road and into the shadow of a cliff where the morning sun, searching and fervid, did not reach, and threw themselves to the ground, resting their backs against the foot wall, and trying to patiently await the appearance of their guide. The steady, hurried clink of glass and bottle on bar, the ribald shouts and threats of the crowd that filled the road house, the occasional burst of a maudlin song, all told the condition of the ejected placer men who had stopped here on their journey.

"I don't know nothin' about the case, of course," drawled the big man lazily, "and it's none of my funeral; but it does seem as if this feller they call 'Bully' is quite some for havin' his own way."

He laughed softly as if remembering scraps of conversation he had segregated from the murmur inside, and rolled his long body over until he rested on his belly with the upper part of his torso raised on his elbows.

"It appears that the courts down at the county seat gave a decision in his favor, and that he lost about as much time gettin' action as a hornet does when he's come to a conclusion. He just shows up with the sheriff, and about twenty deputies, good and true, and says: 'Hike! The courts say it's mine. These is the sheriffs. Off you go, and don't waste no time doin' it,

either!' And so they hikes and have got this far, where they lay over for the night to comfort their insides with somethin' that smelled like a cross between nitric acid, a corn farm, and sump water. And it don't seem to cheer 'em up much, either, because their talk's right ugly."

"But I thought you said they were heading for some other ground?"

"So they are, but they're takin' their time on the road. I used to be that way till the day Arizona Bill plugged me because I was slow, all through havin' stopped at a place too long. Then, says I, when I woke up a month later in the Widder Haskins' back room: 'Bill, this comes from corn and rye. Never have nothin' to do with a farmer, or anything that comes from a farmer, after this; or some day, when your hand ain't quick enough, and things look kind of hazy, some quarrelsome man's goin' to shoot first and you'll cash in.' And from that day to this, when I want to go on a bust, I drink a gallon of soda pop to have a rip-roarin' time."

A man lurched out of the door of the road house as if striving to find clean air, and stood leaning against one of the pole posts supporting a pole porch. Another one joined him, coarsely accusing him of being a "quitter" because he had left his drink on the bar. They were stubbornly passing words when, from down the road, there came the gritting of wheels over the pulverized stone, and the clacking of horse hoofs, slow moving, as if being rested by a cautious driver along the ascent.

The man by the post suddenly frowned in the direction of the sound, and then whirled back to the open door.

"It's Bully!" he bellowed so loudly that his words were plainly audible to the partners lying in the shadow. "Bully's a-comin' up the road right now! Let's get him!"

There was a fierce, bawling chorus of shouts that outdid anything preceding, and the door seemed to vomit men in all stages of intoxication, who came heavily out with their boots stamping across the boards of the porch. They cursed, imprecated, shook their fists,

and threatened, as they surged out into the road looking down it toward the approaching driver. The men in the shade got quickly to their feet, interested spectators, and the burros awoke from their drowsy somnolence, and turned inquiring eyes on the scene.

Calmly driving up toward the mob in the road came a mountain buckboard drawn by two sweating horses. In the seat was a man who drove as if the reins were completely in control. He appeared to be stockily built, and his shoulders—broad, heavy, and high—had, even in that posture, the unmistakable stamp of the man who is accustomed to stooping his way through drifts and tunnels. He wore a black slouch hat, which had been shaped by habitual handling to shade his eyes. His hair was white; his neck short and thick, with a suggestion of bull-like power and force. His face, as he approached to closer range, showed firm and masterful. His nose was dominant—the nose of a conqueror who overrides all obstacles. He came steadily forward, without in the least changing his attitude, or betraying anxiety, or haste. The men in the road waited, squarely across his path, and their hoarse imprecations had died away to a far more terrifying silence; yet he did not seem to heed them as his horses advanced.

"Gad! Doesn't he know who they are?" the bigger man by the rock mumbled to his partner.

"If he doesn't he has a supreme nerve," the younger man replied. "They look to me as if they mean trouble. They're in a pretty nasty temper; come to take all the poison they've poured in, and all the injustice they believe they have met. Wonder who's right?"

A shout from the crowd in the roadway interrupted any further speculation. The man who had first appeared on the road-house porch threw up his hand, and roared: "Here he is! We've got him! It's the Bully!"

The shout was taken up by others until a miniature forest of raised fists shook themselves threateningly at the man in the buckboard who was now within a few feet of them.

"Get a rope, somebody! Hang him!" yelled an excited voice.

"Yes, that's the goods," screamed another, heard above the turmoil. "Up with the Bully!"

Two men sprang forward, and caught the horses by their bits, and brought them to an excited, nervous stop, and the others began to surround the wagon. The man in the seat made no movement, but sat there with a hard smile on his firm lips. The partners stepped to the top of a convenient rock where they could overlook the meeting, and watched, perturbed.

"I don't know about this," the elder said doubtfully. "Looks to me like there's too many against one, and I ain't sure whether he deserves hangin'. What do you think?"

"Let's wait and see. Then, if they get too ugly, we'll give them a talk and try to find out," the younger man answered.

Even as he spoke, a man came running from the door of the road house with a coil in his hand, and began to assert drunkenly: "Here it is! I've got it! A rope!"

The partners were preparing to jump forward and protest, when a most astonishing change took place. The man in the wagon suddenly stood up, stretched his hand commandingly to the men holding the horses' heads, and ordered: "Let go of my horses there, you drunken idiots! Let go of them, I say, or I'll come down there and make you! Understand?"

The men at the horses' heads wavered under that harsh, firm command, but did not release their hold. Without any further pause, the man jumped from his buckboard squarely into the road, struck the man holding the rope a sweeping side blow that toppled him over like a sprawling dummy, jerked the coil from his hands, and tore toward his horses' heads. As if each feared to bar his advance, the men of the mob made way for him, taken by surprise. He brought the coil of rope with a stinging, whistling impact into the face of the nearest man, who,

blinded, threw his hands upward across his eyes and reeled back. The man at the other horse's head suddenly turned and dove out of reach, but the whistling coils again fell, lashing him across his head and shoulders.

Without any appearance of haste, and as if scornful of the mob that had so recently been threatening to hang him, the man walked back to his buckboard, climbed in, and stood there on his feet with the reins in one hand, and the rope in the other. "You get away from in front of me here," he said, in his harsh, incisive voice; "I'm tired of child's play. If you don't let me alone, I'll kill a few of you. Now, clear out!"

The men around him were already backing farther away, and at this threat they opened the road in such haste that one or two of them nearly ran over others.

"Say," admiringly commented the big observer on the rock, "we'd play hob helpin' him out. He don't need help, that feller doesn't. If I ever saw a man that could take care of himself——"

"He certainly is the one!" his companion finished the sentence.

"Who does this rope belong to?" demanded the hard-faced victor in the buckboard, looking around him.

No one appeared eager to claim proprietorship. He gave a loud, contemptuous snort, and threw the rope far over toward the road house.

"Keep it!" he called, in his cold, unemotional voice. "Some of you might want to cheat the sheriff by hanging yourselves. After this, any or all of you had better keep away from me. I might lose my temper."

He sat down in the seat with a deliberate effort to show his scorn, picked the reins up more firmly, glanced around at the rear of his buckboard to see that his parcels were safe, ignored the cowed men, and without ever looking at them started his horses forward. As they began a steady trot and passed the partners, he swept over them one keen, searching look, as if wondering whether they had been of the mob, turned back to observe their loaded burros, apparently decided they had

taken no part in the affair, and bestowed on them a faint, dry smile as he settled himself into his seat. At the bend of the road he had not deigned another look on the men who had been ravening to lynch him. He drove away as carelessly as if he alone were the only human being within miles, and the partners gave a gasp of enjoyment.

"Good Lord! What a man!" exclaimed the elder, and his companion answered in an equally admiring tone: "Isn't he, though! Just look at these desperadoes, will you!"

With shuffling feet some of them were turning back toward the inviting door in which the bartender stood with his dirty apron knotted into a string before him. Some of the more voluble were accusing the others of not having supported them, and loudly expounding the method of attack that would have been successful. The man with red welts across his face was swearing that if he ever got a chance he would "put a rifle ball through Bully." The young man by the rock grinned, and said: "That's just about as close as he would ever dare come to that fellow. Shoot him through the back at a half-mile range!"

The bartender suddenly appeared to remember the travelers, and ran across the road.

"I'm sorry, gents," he said, "that I can't do more to show you the way, but you see how it is. Go up there to that big rock that looks like a bear's head, then angle off southeast, and you'll find a trail. When you come to any crossin's, don't take 'em, but keep straight on, and bimeby, about to-morrer, if you don't camp too long to-night, you'll see a peak—high it is—with a yellow mark on it, like a cross. Can't miss it. Right under it's the Croix Mine. You leave the trail to cross a draw, look down, and there you are. So long!"

He turned and ran back across the road in response to brawling shouts from the men whose thirst seemed to have been renewed by their encounter with the masterful man they called "Bully." The partners, glad to escape

from such a place, headed their animals upward into the hills.

CHAPTER II.

It was the day after the halt at the road house. Half obliterated by the debris of snowslide and melting torrents, the trail was hard to follow. In some places the pack burros scrambled for a footing or skated awkwardly with tiny hoofs desperately set to check their descent, to be steadied and encouraged by the booming voice, deep as a bell, of the man nearest them. Sometimes in dangerous spots where shale slides threatened to prove unstable, his lean, grim face and blue-gray eyes appeared apprehensive, and he braced his great shoulders against one of the bulging packs to assist a sweating, straining animal. After one of these perilous tracts he stopped beside the burros, pushed the stained white Stetson to the back of his head exposing a white forehead which had been protected from the sun, and ran the sleeve of his blue-flannel shirt across his face from brow to chin to wipe away the moisture.

"Hell's got no worse trails than this!" he exclaimed. "Next time anybody talks me into takin' a cut-off over a spring trail to save a day and a half's time, him and me'll have an argument!"

Ahead, and at the moment inspecting a knot in a diamond hitch, the other man grinned, then straightened up, and, shading his eyes from the sun with his hat, looked off into the distance. He was younger than his partner, whose hair was grizzled to a badger gray, but no less determined and self-reliant in appearance. He did not look his thirty years, while the other man looked more than his forty-eight.

"Well, Bill," he said slowly, "it seems to me if we can get through at all we've saved a day and a half. By the way, come up here."

The grizzled prospector walked up until he stood abreast, and from the little rise stared ahead.

"Isn't that it?" asked the younger

man. "Over there—through the gap; just down below that spike with a snow cap." He stretched out a long, muscular arm, and his companion edged up to it and sighted along its length and over the index finger as if it were the barrel of a rifle, and stared, scowling, at the distant maze of mountain and sky that seemed upended from the green of the forests below.

"Say, I believe you're right, Dick!" he exclaimed. "I believe you are. Let's hustle along to the top of this divide, and then we'll know for sure."

They resumed their progress to halt at the top, where there was abruptly opened below them a far-flung panorama of white and gray and purple, stretched out in prodigality from sky line to sky line.

"Well, there she is, Dick," asserted the elder man. "That yellow, cross-shaped mark up there on the side of the peak. I kept tellin' you to keep patient and we'd get there after a while."

His partner did not reply to the inconsistency of his argument, but stood looking at the landmark as if dreaming of all it represented.

"That is it, undoubtedly," he said, as if to himself. "The Croix D'Or. I suppose that's why the old Frenchman who located the mine in the first place gave it that name. The Cross of Gold!"

"Humph! It looks to me, from what I've heard of it," growled the older prospector, "that the Double Cross would have been a heap more fittin' name for it. It's busted everybody that ever had it."

The younger man laughed softly and remonstrated: "Now, what's the use in saying that? It wasn't the Croix D'Or that broke my father——"

"But his half in it was all he had left when he died!"

"That is true, and it is true that he sunk more than a hundred thousand in it; but it was the stock market that got him. Besides, how about Sloan, my father's old-time partner? He's not broke, by a long shot!"

"No," came the grumbling response, "he's not busted, just because he had

sense enough to lay his hand down when he'd gone the limit."

"Lay his hand down? Say, Bill, you're a little twisted, aren't you? Better go back over the last month or two and think it over. We, being partners, are working up in the Cœur D'Alenes. Our prospect pinches out. We've got just seven hundred left between us on the day we bring the drills and hammers back, throw them in the corner of the cabin, and say 'We're on a dead one. What next?' Then we get the letter saying that my father, whom I haven't seen in ten years, nor heard much of, owing to certain things, is dead, and that all he left was his half of the Croix D'Or. The letter comes from whom? Sloan! And it says that although he and my father, owing to father's abominable temper, had not been intimate for a year or two, he still respected his memory, and wanted to befriend his son. Didn't he? Then he said that he had enough belief left in the Croix D'Or to back it for a hundred thousand more, if I, being a practical miner, thought well of it. Do you call that laying down a hand? Humph!"

The elder man finished rolling a cigarette, and then looked at him with twinkling, whimsical eyes, as if continuing the argument merely for the sake of debate.

"Well, if he thinks it's such a good thing, why didn't he offer to buy you out? Why didn't they work her sooner? She's been idle, and water-soaked, for three years, ain't she? As sure as your name's Dick Townsend, and mine's Bill Mathews, that old feller back East don't think you're goin' to say it's all right. He knows all about you! He knows you don't stand for no lies or crooked work, and are a fool for principle, like a bee that goes and sticks his stinger into somethin' even though he knows he's goin' to kill himself by doin' it."

"Bosh!"

"And how do you know he ain't figurin' it this way: 'Now I'll send Dick Townsend down there to look at it. He'll say it's no good. Then I'll buy him out and unload this Cross of Gold

hole and plant on some tenderfoot and get mine back!' You cain't make me believe in any of those Wall Street fellers! They all deal from the bottom of the deck and keep shoemaker's wax on their cuff buttons to steal the lone ace!"

As if giving the lie to his growling complaints and pessimism, he laughed with a bellowing cachinnation that prompted the burros, now rested, to look at him with long gray ears thrust forward curiously, and wonder at his noise.

Townsend appeared to comprehend that his partner was but half in earnest, and smiled good-humoredly.

"Well, Bill," he said, "if the mine's not full of water or bad air, so that we can't form any idea at all, we'll not be long in saying what we think of it. We ought to be there in an hour from now. Let's hike."

They began the slow, plodding gait of the packer again, finding it easier now that they were on the crest of a divide where the trail was less obstructed and firmer, and the yellow lines on the peak, their goal, came more plainly into view. The cross resolved itself into a peculiar slide of oxidized earth traversing two gullies, and the arm of the cross no longer appeared true to the perpendicular. The tall tamaracks began to segregate as the travelers dropped to a lower altitude; and pine and fir, fragrant with spring odor, seemed watching them. The trail at last took an abrupt turn away from the cross-marked mountain, and they came to another halt.

"This must be where they told us to turn off through the woods and down the slope, I think," said Townsend. "Doesn't it seem so to you, Bill?"

The old prospector frowned off toward the top of the peak now high above them, and then, with the peculiar farsightedness of an outdoor man of the West, looked around at the horizon as if calculating the position of the mine.

"Sure," he agreed. "It can't be any use to keep on the trail now. We'd better go to the right. They said we'd

come to a little draw, then from the top of a low divide we'd see the mine buildings. Come on, Jack," he ended, addressing the foremost burro, who patiently turned after him as he led the way through the trees.

They came to the draw, which proved shallow, climbed the opposite bank, and Bill gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Holy Moses! They had some buildings and plant there, eh, Dick?"

The other, as if remembering all that was represented in the scene below, did not answer. He was thinking of the days when his father and he had been friendly, and of how that restless, grasping, conquering dreamer had built many hopes on the Croix D'Or. It was to produce millions. It was to be one of the greater gold mines in the world. All that it needed was more development. Now, it was to have a huge mill to handle vast quantities of low-grade ore; then all it needed was cheaper power, so it must have electric equipment. Again the milling results were not good, and what it required was the cyanide process.

And so it had been, for years that he could still remember, and always it led his father on and on, deferring or promising hope, to come, at last, to this! A great, idle plant with some of its buildings falling into decay, its roadways obliterated by the brush growth that was creeping back through the clearings as Nature reconquered her own, and its huge waste dumps losing their ugliness under the green moss.

It seemed useless to think of anything more than an occasional pay chute. Yet, as he thought of it, hope revived; for there *had* been pay chutes of marvelous wealth. Why, men still talked of the Bonanza Chute that yielded eighty thousand dollars in four days' blasting before it worked out! Maybe there were others, but that was what his father and Sloan had always expected, and never found!

His meditations were cut short by a shout from below. A man appeared, small in the distance, on the flat, or "yard" of what seemed to be the blacksmith shop.

"Wonder who that can be?" speculated Bill, drawing his hat rim farther over his eyes.

"I don't know," answered Townsend, puzzled. "I never heard of their having any watchmen here. But we'll soon find out."

They started down the hillside at a faster pace, the tired animals surmising, with their curious acute instinct, that this must be the end of the journey and hastening to have it over with. As they broke through a screen of brush and came out to the edge of what had been a clearing back of a huge log bunk house, the man who had shouted came rapidly forward to meet them. There was a certain shiftless, sullen, yet authoritative air about him as he spoke.

"What do you fellers want here?" he asked. "I s'pose you know that no one's allowed on the Cross' ground, don't you?"

"We didn't know that," replied Townsend, inclined to be pacific, "but I fancy we are different from almost any one else that would come. We represent the owners."

"Can't help that," came the blustering answer. "You'll have to hit the trail. I don't take orders from no one but Presby."

A shade of annoyance was depicted on Townsend's face as he continued to ignore the watchman's arrogance, and asked: "And please tell us, who is Presby?"

"Presby? Who's Presby? What are you handin' me? You don't know Presby?"

"I don't, or I shouldn't have asked you," Townsend answered with less patience.

"Say," drawled his companion, with a calm deliberation that would have been dreaded by those who knew him, "does it hurt you much to be civil? You were asked who this man Presby is. Do you get that?"

The watchman glared at him for a moment, but there was something in the cold eyes and firm lines of the prospector's face that caused him to hesitate before venturing any further display of officiousness.

"He's the owner of the Rattler," he answered sullenly, "and I've got orders from him that nobody, not any one, is to step a foot on this ground. If you'd 'a' come by the road, you'd 'a' seen the sign."

The partners looked at each other for an instant, and the younger man, ignoring the elder's apparent wrath, said: "Well, I suppose the best thing we can do is to leave the burros here and go and see Presby, and get this man off of his called off."

"You'll leave no burros here!" asserted the watchman, recovering his combativeness.

"Why, you fool," exploded Mathews, starting toward him with his fists clenched and anger blazing from his eyes at the watchman's obstinate stupidity, "you're talking to one of the owners of this mine! This is Mr. Townsend."

For an instant the man appeared abashed, and then grumbled acridly: "Well, I can't help it. I've got orders and——"

"Oh, come on, Bill," interrupted the owner, stepping to the nearest burro's head. "We'll go on over to Presby, and get rid of this man of his. It won't hurt the burros to go a little farther."

He turned to the watchman, who was scowling and obdurate.

"Where can Presby and the Rattler be found?" he asked crisply.

"Around the turn down at the mouth of the cañon," the watchman mumbled. "It's not more than half or three-quarters of a mile from here, but you'd better go back up the hill."

As if this last suggestion was the breaking straw, the big prospector jumped forward, and caught the man's wrist with dexterous, sinewy fingers. He gave the arm a jerk that almost took the man from his feet. His eyes were hard and sharp now, and his jaw seemed to have shut tightly.

"We'll go back up no hill, you bet on that!" he asserted belligerently. "We go by the road. We're done foolin' with you, my bucko! You go ahead and show the way and be quick about

it! If you don't, you'll have trouble with me. Now git!"

He released the wrist with a shove that sent the watchman ten feet away, and cowed him to subjection. He recovered his balance, and hesitated for a minute, muttering something about "being even for that," and then, as the big, infuriated miner took a step toward him, said: "All right! Come on," and started toward a roadway that, half ruined, led off and was lost at a turn. Cursing softly and telling the burros that it was a shame they had to go farther on account of a fool, the prospector followed, and the little procession resumed its straggling march.

They passed the huge bunk house, a mess house, an assay office, what seemed to be the superintendent's quarters, and a dozen smaller structures, all of logs, and began an abrupt descent. The top of the cañon was so high that they looked down on the roof of the big, silent stamp mill with its quarter of a mile of covered tramway stretching like a huge, weather-beaten snake to the dumps of the grizzly and breakers behind it.

The road was blasted from the side of the cañon on which they were and far below, and between them and the hoisting house and the mill ran a clear, little mountain stream, undefiled for years by the silt of industry. The peak of the cross, lifting a needle point high above them, as if keeping watch over the Blue Mountains, the far-distant Idaho hills, the near-by forests of Oregon, and the puny, man-made structures at its feet, appeared to have a lofty disdain of them and the burrowings into its mammoth sides, as if all ravagers were mere parasites, mad to uncover its secrets of gold, and futile, if successful, to wreak the slightest damage on its aged heart.

CHAPTER III.

By easy stages indicating competent engineering and a lavish expenditure of money, the road led them downward to a barricade of logs, in an opening of which swung a gate barely wide enough to pass the tired burros and their packs.

"You'll find Presby over there," said their unwilling guide, pointing at a group of red-painted mining structures nestled in a flat lap in the ragged mountains.

They surmised that this must be the Rattler camp, and inspected its display of tall smokestacks, high hoists, skeleton tramways, and bleak dumps. Before they could make any reply, the gate behind them slammed shut with a vicious bang that attracted their attention. They turned to see the watchman hurrying back up the road. Fixed to the barricade was a sign, crudely lettered, but insistently distinct:

No one allowed on these premises, by order of the owners. For any business to be transacted with the Croix D'Or, apply to Thomas W. Presby.

"Curt enough, at least, isn't he?" commented Townsend, half smiling.

"Curt!" growled his companion, frowning, with his recent anger but half dissipated. "Curt as a bulldog takin' a bite out of your leg. Don't waste no time at all on words. Just says: 'It's you I'm lookin' after.' Where do you reckon we'll find this here Thomas Presby person?"

"I suppose he must have an office up there somewhere," answered Townsend, waving his arm in the direction of the scattered buildings spread in that profligacy of space which comes where space is free.

"These mules is tired. It's a shame we couldn't have left them up there," Mathews answered, looking at them and fondling the ears of the nearest one. "You go on up and get an order letting us into your mine, and I'll wait here. No use in makin' these poor devils do any more'n they have to."

Townsend assented, and followed a path which zigzagged around boulders and stumps up to the red cluster on the hillside above him. He was impatient and annoyed at the useless delays imposed upon them in this new venture, and wondered why his father's partner had not informed him of the fact that he would find the mine guarded by the owner of the adjoining property.

A camp washwoman, with clothes-

pins in her mouth, and a soggy gray shirt in her hands, paused to stare at him from beneath her row of other gray and blue shirts and coarse underwear, dripping from the lines above her head.

Two little boys, fantastically garbed in faded blue denim which had evidently been refashioned from cast-off wearing apparel of their sires, followed after him, hand in hand, as if the advent of a stranger in the Rattler grounds was an event of interest, and he found himself facing a squat, red, white-bordered, one-storied building, over whose door a white-and-black sign told the stranger, or applicant for work, that he was at the "office."

A man came to a window in a picketed wicket as he entered, and said briskly: "Well?"

"I want to see Mr. Presby," Dick answered, wasting no more words than had the other.

"Oh, well, if nobody else will do, go in through that door."

Before he had finished his speech, the bookkeeper had turned again toward the ledgers spread out on an unpainted, standing desk against the wall behind his palings, and Dick walked to the only door in sight. He opened it, and stepped inside. A white-headed, scowling man, clean shaven, and with close-shut, thin, hard lips, looked up over a pile of letters and accounts laid before him on a cheap, flat-topped desk.

Dick's eyes opened a trifle wider. He was looking at the man who had defied the mob at the road house, and at this close range studied his appearance more keenly.

There was hard, insolent mastery in his every line. His face had the sternness of granite. His hands, poised as if interrupted in their task, were firm and wrinkled as if by years of reaching; and his heavy body, short neck, and muscle-bent shoulders, all suggested the man who had relentlessly fought his way to whatever position of dominancy he might then occupy. He wore the same faded black hat planted squarely on his head, and was in his shirt sleeves. The only sign of self-

indulgence betrayed in him or his surroundings was an old crucible, serving as an ash tray, which was half filled with cigar stumps, and Dick observed, in that instant's swift appraisal, that even these were chewed as if between the teeth of a mentally restless man.

"You want to see me?" the man questioned, and then, as if the thin partition had not muffled the words of the outer office, went on: "You asked for Presby. I'm Presby. What do you want?"

For an instant, self-reliant and cool as he was, Dick was confused by the directness of his greeting.

"I should like to have you tell that watchman over at the Croix D'Or that we are to be admitted there," he replied, forgetting that he had not introduced himself.

"You should, eh? And who are you, may I ask?" came the dry, satirical response.

Dick flushed a trifle, feeling that he had begun lamely in this reception and request.

"I am Richard Townsend," he answered, recovering himself. "A son of Charles Townsend, and a half owner in the property. I've come to look the Croix D'Or over."

He was not conscious of it then, but remembered it afterward, that Presby was momentarily startled by the announcement. His eyes seemed intent on penetrating and appraising him, as he stood there without a seat having been proffered, or any courtesy shown. Then, as if thinking, Presby stared at the inkwell before him, and frowned.

"How am I to know that?" he asked. "The Cross has had enough men wanting to look it over to make an army. Maybe you're one of them. Got any letters telling me that I'm to turn it over to you?"

For an instant Dick was staggered by this obstacle.

"No," he said reluctantly, "I have not; that is, nothing directed to you. I did not know that you were in charge of the property."

He was surprised to notice that

Presby's heavy brows adjusted themselves to a scowl. He wondered why the mine owner should be antagonistic to him, when there was nothing at stake.

"Well, I am," asserted Presby. "I hired the watchman up there, and I see to it that all the stuff lying around loose isn't stolen."

"On whose authority, may I ask?" questioned Dick, without thought of giving offense, but rather as a means of explaining his position.

"Sloan's. Why, you don't think I'm watching it because I want it, do you, young man? The old watchman threw up his job. I had Sloan's address, and wrote him about it. Sloan wrote and asked me to get a man to look after it, and I did. Now, you show me that you've got a right to go on the grounds of the Cross Mine, and I'll give an order to the watchman."

There was absolute antagonism in his tone, although not in his words. Dick thought of nothing at the moment but that he had one sole proof of his ownership, the letter from Sloan himself. He unbuttoned the flap of his shirt pocket, and, taking out a bundle of letters, selected the one bearing on the situation.

"That should be sufficient," he said, throwing it, opened, before Presby.

The latter, without moving his solid body in the least, and as if his arms and hands were entirely independent of it, stolidly picked up the letter and read it. Dick could infer nothing of its reception. He could not tell whether Presby was inclined to accept it as sufficient authority, or to question it. Outside were the sounds of the Rattler's activity and production, the heavy, thunderous roar of the stamp mill, the clash of cars of ore dumped into the maws of the grizzly to be hammered into smaller fragments in their journey to the crusher, and thence downward to end their journeys over the thumping stamps, and out, in dust, across the wet and shaking tables.

It seemed, as he stood waiting, that the dust of the pulverized mountains had settled over everything in the office

save that granitelike figure that sat at the desk, rereading the letter which had changed all his life. For the first time he thought that perhaps he should not have so easily displayed that link with his past. It seemed a useless sacrifice. If the mine owner was not reading the letter, he was pondering, unmoved, over a course of action, and took his time.

Dick thought bitterly, in a flash, of all that it represented. The quarrel with his father on that day he had returned from Columbia University with a mining course proudly finished, when each, stubborn by nature, had insisted that his plan was the best; of his rebellious refusal to enter the brokerage office in Wall Street, and declaration that he intended to go into the far West and follow his profession, and of the stern old man's dismissal when he asserted, with heat:

"You've always taken the road you wanted to go since your mother died. I objected to your taking up mining engineering, but you went ahead in spite of me. I tried to get you to take an interest in the business that has been my life work, but you scorned it. You wouldn't be a broker, or a banker. You had to be a mining engineer! All right, you've had your way, so far. Now, you can keep on in the way you have selected. I'll give you five thousand dollars, but you'll never get another cent from me until you've learned what a fool you're making of yourself, and return to do what I want you to do. It won't be long! There's a vast difference between dawdling around a university learning something that is going to be useless while your father pays the bills, and turning that foolish education into dollars to stave off an empty belly. You can go now."

In those days the house of Phillip Townsend had been a great name in New York. Now this was all that was left of it. Dissolution, death, and dust, and a half-interest in an abandoned mine! The harsh voice of Bully Presby aroused him from his thoughts.

"All right," it said. "This seems sufficient, but if you've got the sense

and judgment Sloan seems to think you have, you'll come to the conclusion that there's not much use in wasting any of his good hard dollars on the Croix D'Or. It never has paid. It never will pay. I offered to buy it once, but I wouldn't give a dollar for it now, beyond what the timber above ground is worth. It owns a full section of timberland, and that's about all."

He reached for a pen and wrote a note to the watchman, telling him that the bearer, Richard Townsend, had come to look over the property and that his orders must be accepted, and signed it with his hard-driven scrawl. He handed it up to Dick without rising from his seat, and said: "That'll fix you up, I think."

As if by an afterthought, he asked: "Have you any idea of the condition of the mine?"

"No," Dick answered, as he folded the letter and put it into his pocket, together with the one from his late father's partner.

"Well, then I can tell you, it's bad," said Presby, fixing him with his cool, hard stare. "The Cross is spotted. Once in a while they had pay chutes. They never had a true ledge. There isn't one there, as far as anybody that ever worked it knows. They wasted five hundred thousand dollars trying to find it, and drove ten thousand feet of drifts and tunnels. They went down more than six hundred feet. She's under water, no one knows how deep. It might take twenty thousand to underwater the sinking shaft again, and at the bottom you'd find nothing. Take my advice. Let it alone. Good day."

Dick walked out, scarcely knowing whether to feel grateful for the churlish advice or to resume his wonted attitude of self-reliance and hold himself unprejudiced by Presby's condemnation of the Croix D'Or. He wondered if Bully Presby suspected him of having been friendly with the mob of drunken ruffians at the road house, but he had been given no chance to explain.

At the bottom of the gulch he found Bill sprawled at length on his elbows almost under the forefeet of one of

the burros which was nosing him over in a friendly caress. He called to him as he approached, and the big prospector sat up, deftly snapped the cigarette he had been smoking into the creek with his thumb and forefinger, and got to his fet.

"Do we get permission to go on the claim?" he grinned, as Townsend reached him.

"Yes, I've got an order to the watchman. The old man doesn't seem to think much of it. Says it's spotted. Had rich pay chutes, but they pinched. No regular formation. Always been a loser. Thinks we'd be foolish to do anything with it."

"Good of him, wasn't it?"

Dick looked quickly at the hard, lined face of his companion.

"That's the first thing I've heard that made me feel better," declared the prospector, as he swung one of the burro's heads back into the trail and hit the beast a friendly slap on the haunches to start it forward. "Whenever a man, like this old feller seems to be, gives me that kind of advice, I sit up and take notice!"

"Why—why, what do you know about him?" Dick asked, falling into the trail behind the pack animals that had started forward with their slow jog trot, and ears swaying backward and forward as they went.

"While you was gone," Mathews answered, "I had a long talk with a boy that came along and got friendly. You can believe boys, most of 'em. They know a heap more than men. They think out things that men don't. Kids are always friends with me; you know that. I reckon, from what I gathered, that this Presby man is about as hard and grasping an old cuss as ever worked the last ounce of gold out of a waste dump. He makes the men save the fags of the candles and the drips, so's he can melt 'em over again. He runs a company store, and if they don't buy boots and grub from him, they have to tear out mighty quick. He fired a fireman because the safety valve in the boiler house let go one day twenty minutes before the noon shaft went

back to work. If he says, 'let the Cross alone,' I think it's because he wants it."

"You couldn't guess who he is," Dick said, preparing to move.

"Why? Do I know him?"

"In a way. He's the man we saw the mob tackle, back there at the road house."

Bill gave a long whistle.

"So that's the chap, eh? Bully Presby! Well, if we ever run foul of him, we've got our work cut out for us. Things are beginnin' to get interestin'. 'I like the place,' as Daniel said when he went to sleep in the lion's den."

They opened the gate through the barricade without any formality, and were well started up the inclined road of the Croix D'Or before they encountered the watchman who had given them so much trouble. As he came toward them, frowning, they observed that he had buckled a pistol round him as if to resist any intrusion in case it should be attempted without instructions. Dick handed him Presby's order, and the man read it through in surly silence; then his entire attitude underwent a swift change. He became almost obsequiously respectful.

"I'll have to go down and have a talk with Mr. Presby," he said, and would have ventured a further remark, but was cut short by the mine owner.

"Yes, you'd better go and see him," Dick said concisely. "And when you go, take all of your dunnage you can carry, then come back and get the rest. I shall not want you on the claim an hour longer than necessary for you to get your stuff away. You're too good a man to have around here."

The fellow gave a shrug of his shoulders, an evil grin, and turned back up the road to vanish in what had evidently been the superintendent's cabin, and noisily began to whistle as he gathered his stuff together. The partners halted before the door, and Dick looked inside.

"I suppose you have the keys for everything, haven't you?" he called.

The man impudently tossed a bundle at him without a word. Apparently

his belongings were but few, which led the newcomers to believe that he had taken his meals at the Rattler, and perhaps slept there on many nights. They watched him as he rolled his blankets, and prepared to start down the trail.

"The rest of that plunder in there, the pots and lamp, belong to the mine," he said. And then, without other words, turned away.

"That may be the last of him, and maybe it won't!" growled Bill, as he began throwing the hitches off the tired burros that stood panting outside the door. "Anyway, it's the fag end of him to-night."

They were amazed at the lavish expenditure of money that had been made in the superintendent's quarters. There were a porcelain bathtub brought up into the heart of the wilderness, a mahogany desk whose edges had been burned by careless smokers, and a safe whose door swung open, exposing a litter of papers, mine drawings, and plans. The four rooms evidently included office and living quarters, and they betokened a reckless use of money for the purpose.

"Poor dad!" said Dick, looking around him. "No wonder the Cross lost money if this is a sample of the way the management spent it."

He stepped outside to where the cañon was beginning to sink into the dusk. The moon, still behind the silhouette of the eastern fringe of peaks and forests, lighted up the yellow cross mark high above, and for some reason, in the stillness of the evening, he accepted it as a sign of promise.

CHAPTER IV.

It took seven days of exploration to reveal the condition of the Cross of Gold, and each night the task appeared more hopeless. The steel pipe line, leading down for three miles of sinuous, black length, from a reservoir high up in the hills, had been broken here and there maliciously by some one who had traversed its length and with a heavy pick driven holes into it that inflicted thousands of dollars' expense.

The Pelton wheels in the power house, neglected, were rusted in their bearings, and without them and the pipe line there could be no electric power on which the mill depended. The mill had been stripped of all smaller stuff, and its dynamos had been chipped with an ax until the copper windings showed frayed and useless. The shoes of the huge stamps were worn down to a thin, uneven rim, battering on broken surfaces. The Venners rattled on their foundations, and the plates had been scarred as if by a chisel in the hands of a maniac.

The blacksmith's tunnel—the tunnel leading off from the level—was blocked by fallen timbers where a belt of line formation cut across; and fragments of wood, splintered into toothpick size, had been thrown out when the mountain settled to its place. But a short distance from the main shaft, which was a double compartment, carrying two cages up and down, in every level the air was foul down to the five-hundred foot, and below that the mine was filled with water.

Patiently Dick and the veteran explored these windings as far as they might until the guttering of their candles warned them that the air was loaded with poison, and often they retreated none too soon to scale the slippery, yielding rungs of the ladder with dizzy heads. Expert and experienced, they were puzzled by what was disclosed. Either the mine had yielded exceedingly rich streaks and had been, in mining parlance, "gophered," or else the management had been as foolish as ever handled a property.

In the assay house, where the furnaces were dust-covered, the scale case black with grime, and the floor littered with refuse crucibles, cupels, mufflers, and worn buckboards, they discovered a bundle of old tablets. Almost invariably these showed that the assays had been made from samples that would have paid to work, but this alone gave them no hope. They were candidly discouraged on that evening when they sat discussing the day's findings on the little porch in front of

the office which they had made their home.

In all that time they had seen no other human being, the Rattler men having left them as severely alone as if they had been under quarantine.

In the stillness of twilight they heard the slow, soft padding of a man's feet laboriously climbing the hill, and listened intently at the unusual sound.

"Wonder who that is," speculated Bill, leaning forward and staring at the dim trail. "Looks like a dwarf from here. Some old man of the mountain coming up to drive us off!"

"Hello," hailed a shrill, quavering voice. "Be you the bosses?"

"We are," Dick shouted, in reply. "Come on up."

The visitor came haltingly up the slope, and they discerned that he was lame and carrying a roll of blankets. He paused before them, panting, and then dropped the roll from his back, and sat down on the edge of the porch with his head turned to face them. He was white-headed and old, and seemed to have exhausted his surplus strength in his haste to reach them before darkness.

"I'm Bells Park," he said. "Bells Park, the engineer. Maybe you've heard of me? Eh? What? No? Well, I used to have the engines here at the Cross eight or ten years ago, and I've come to take 'em again. When do I go to work? They hates me around here. They drove me out once. I said I'd come back. I'm here. I'm a union man, but I tell 'em what I think of 'em, and it don't set well. When did you say I go to work?"

"I'm afraid you don't go," Dick answered regretfully.

The Cross, so far as he could conjecture, would never again ring with the sounds of throbbing engines. Already he was more than half convinced that he should write to Sloan and reject his kindly offer of backing. "We've been here but a week, but it doesn't look promising to us."

"Well, then, you're a pair of fools!" came the disrespectful and irascible retort. "They told me down in Goldpan

that some miners had come to open the Cross up again. You're not miners. I've hoofed it all the way up here for nothin'."

The partners looked at each other, and grinned at the old man's tirade. He went on without noticing them, speaking of himself in the third person:

"I can stay here to-night somewhere, can't I? Bells Park is askin' it. Bells Park that used to be chief in the Con and Virginia, and once had his own cabin here—cabin that was a home till his wife went away on the long trip. She's asleep up there under the cross mark on the hill. Bells Park as came back because he wanted to be near where she was put away! She was the best woman that ever lived. I'm lookin' for my old job back. I can sleep here, can't I?"

His querulous question was more of a challenge than a request, and Dick hastened to assure him that he could unroll his blankets in a bunk in the rambling old structure that loomed dim, silent, and ghostly, on the hill beyond where they were seated. His pity and hospitality led him farther.

"Had your supper?" he asked.

Bells Park shook his head in negation.

"Then you can share with us," Dick said, getting to his feet and entering the cabin from which in a few moments came the rattle of a fire being replenished, a coffeepot being refilled, and the crisp, frying note of sizzling bacon and eggs.

"Who might that young feller be?" asked the engineer, glowering with sudden curiosity, after his long silence, into the face of the grizzled old prospector, who, in the interim, had sat quietly.

"Him? That's Dick Townsend, half owner in the mine," Bill replied.

"Half owner? Cookin' for me? Why don't *you* do it? What right have you got sittin' here on your long haunches and lettin' a boss do the work? Hey? Who are you?"

"I'm his superintendent," grinned Bill, appreciating the joke of being su-

perintendent of a mine where no one worked.

"Oh!" said the engineer. And then, after a pause, as if readjusting all these conditions to meet his approval: "Say, he's all right, ain't he!"

"You bet your life!" they cried.

The applicant said no more until after he had gone into the cabin and eaten his fill, after which he insisted on clearing away the dishes, and then rejoined them in a less tired mood. He squatted down on the edge of the porch, where they sat staring at the shadows of the glorious night, and appeared to be thoughtful for a time, while they were silently amused.

"You're thinkin' it's no good, are you?" he suddenly asked, brandishing his pipe at Dick. "Well, I said you were a fool. Take it kindly, young feller. I'm an old man, but I know. You've been good to me. I didn't come here to butt my nose in, but I know her better than you do. Say!" He pivoted on his hips, and tapped an emphatic forefinger on the warped planks beneath in punctuation. "There never was a set of owners shell-gamed like them that had the Croix D'Or! There never was a good property so badly handled. Two superintendents are retired and livin' on the money they stole from her. One millman's bought himself a hotel in Seattle with what he got away with. There was enough ore packed off in dinner pails from the Bonanza Chute to heel half the men who tapped it. They were always lookin' for more of 'em. They passed through a lead of ore that would have paid expenses, on the six-hundred-foot level, and lagged it rather than hoist it out. I know! I've seen the cars come up out of the shaft with a man standin' on the hundred foot to sludge 'em over with muddy sump water so the gold wouldn't show until the car men could swipe the stuff and dump it out of the tram to be picked up at night. It ain't the rich streaks that pays. It's the four-foot ledge that runs profit from two bits to a couple of dollars a ton. That's what showed on the six-hundred level. Get it!"

The partners by this time were leaning eagerly forward, half inclined to believe all that had been told them, yet willing to discount the gabbling of the old man and find content. Until bedtime he went on, and they listened to him the next morning, when the slow dawn crept up, and decided to take the plunge. And so it was that Dick wrote a long statement of the findings to his backer in New York and told him that he was going to chance it and open the Croix D'Or again until he was satisfied, either that it would not pay to work, or would merit larger expenditure.

Once again the smoke belched from the hoisting house of the Cross, and the throb of the pumps came, hollow and clanking, from the shaft below. A stream of discolored water swirled into the creek from the waste pipes, and the rainbow trout, affrighted and disgusted, forsook its reaches and sought the pools of the river into which it emptied.

Slowly they gained on its depths, and each day the mark swam lower, and the newly oiled cage waited for its freshly stretched cable, one of which had happened to be coiled in the storehouse. The compressor shivered and vibrated as the pistons drove clean, sweet air through the long-disused pipes, and at last the partners knew they could reach the anticipated six-hundred-foot level and form their own conclusions.

"Well, here goes," said Bill, grinning from under his sou'wester as they entered the cage with lamps in hand. "We'll see how she looks if the air pipes aren't broken."

They saw the slimy black sides of the shaft slip past them as Bells Park dropped them into the depths, and felt the cage slow down as he saw his pointer above the drum indicate the approach of the six-hundred-foot level. They stepped out cautiously, whiffed the air, and knew that the pipes, which had been protected by the water, were intact and that they had no need to fear foul air. The rusted rails, slime-covered, beneath their rubber boots,

glowed a vivid red as they inspected the timbering above, and saw that the sparse stulls, caps, and columns were still holding their own, and that the heavy porphyritic formation would scarcely have given had the timbers rotted away. Dank, glistening walls and a tremulous waving blackness were ahead of them as they cautiously invaded the long-deserted precincts, scraping and striking here and there with their prospector's picks in search of the lost lead.

"About two hundred feet from the shaft, Bells said," Dick commented. "And this must be about the place where they cut through pay ore in search of another lobe of the Bonanza Chute. What thieves they were!"

He suddenly became aware that his companion was not with him, and whirled round. Back of him shone a tiny spark of flaring light, striving to illumine the solid blackness. He paused expectantly, and a voice came bellowing through the dark:

"Here it is. The old man's right, I think. This looks like ore to me."

Dick hastened back, and assisted while they broke away the looser pieces of green rock, glowing dully, and filled their sample sacks.

Three hours later they stood over the scales in the log assay house above, and congratulated each other.

"It'll pay!" Dick declared gleefully. "Not much, but enough to justify going on with the work. I'm glad I wrote Sloan that I should draw on him, and now we'll go ahead and hire a small gang to set the mill and the Cross in shape."

They were like boys when they crossed to the engine house and told the news to the hard-worked engineer, who chuckled softly and asserted that he had "told them so."

"Now, the best way for you to get a gang around here," he said, "is to go down to Goldpan and tell 'The Lily' you want her to pass the word, or stick a sign up in her place saying what men, and how many, you want."

"Sounds like a nice name," Mathews commented.

"The Lily?" questioned Dick, anxious as to who this camp character could be.

"Sure," the engineer rasped, as if annoyed by their ignorance. "Ain't you never heard of her? Well, her right name, so they tell, is Lily Meredith. She owns the place called the High Light. Everybody knows her. She's square, even if she does run a dance hall and rents a gamblin' joint. She don't stand for nothin' crooked, Lily don't. She pays her way, and asks no favors. Go down, and tell her you want men. They all go there, some time or another."

He stooped over to inspect the fire under the small boiler he was working, and straightened up before he went on. Through the black coating on his face, he appeared thoughtful.

"Best time to see the Lily and get action is at night. All the day-shift men hang around the camp then, and, besides that, they've got a new batch of placer ground about a mile and a half over the other side, and lots of them fellers come over. Want to go to-day?"

The partners looked at each other, as if consulting, and then Dick said: "Yes. I think the sooner the better."

Bells Park pulled the visor of his greasy little cap lower over his eyes, and stepped to the door.

"Come out here onto the yard," he said, and they followed. "Go down to the Rattler, then bear off to the right. The trail starts in back of the last shanty on the right-hand side. You see that gap up yonder? Not the big one, but the narrow one." He pointed with a grimy hand. "Well, you go right through that and drop down, and you'll see the camp below you. It's a stiff climb, but the trail's good, and it's just about two miles over there. It's so plain you can make it home by moonlight."

Without further ceremony or advice, he returned into the boiler room, and the partners, after but slight preparations, began their journey.

It was a stiff climb! The sun had set, and the long twilight was giving way to darkness when they came down

the trail into the upper end of the camp. Some embryo artist was painfully overworking an accordion, while a dog, rendered melancholy by the unmusical noise, occasionally accompanied him with prolonged howls. A belated ore trailer, with the front wagon creaking under the whine of the brakes and the chains of the six horses clanking, lurched down from a road on the far side of the long, straggling street, and passed them, the horses' heads hanging as if overwork had robbed them of all stable-going spirit of eagerness.

The steady, booming, "clumpety-clump! clumpety-clump!" of a stamp mill on a shoulder of a hill high above the camp, drowned the whir and chirp of night insects, and from a second story of a house they passed they heard the crude banging of a piano, and a woman's strident voice wailing. "She may have seen better da-a-ys," with a mighty effort to be pathetic.

"Seems right homelike! Don't it?" Bill grinned and chuckled. "That's one right nice thing about minin'. You can go from Dawson to Chiapas, and a camp's a camp! Always the same. I reckon if you went up the street far enough you'd find a Miner's Home Saloon, maybe a Northern Light or two, and you can bet on there bein' a First Class."

The High Light proved to be the most pretentious resort in Goldpan. For one thing it had plate-glass windows and a gorgeous sign painted thereon. Its double doors were wide, and at the front was a bar with a brass rail that, by its very brightness, told only too plainly that the evening's trade had not commenced. Two bartenders, one with a huge crest of hair waved back, and the other with his parted in the middle, plastered low and curled at the ends, betokened diverse taste in barbering. A Chinese was giving the last polish to a huge pile of glasses, thick and heavy.

On the other side of the room, behind a roulette wheel, a man who looked more like a country parson than a gambler sat reading a thumbled copy

of Taine's "English Literature." Three faro layouts stretched themselves in line as if watching for newcomers, and in the rear a man was lighting the coal-oil lamps of the dance hall. It was separated from the front part of the house by an iron rail, and had boxes completely around an upper tier and supported by log pillars beneath, and a tiny stage with a badly worn drop curtain.

"Is the boss here?" Bill asked, pausing in front of the man with the wave.

"Who do you mean—Lily?" was the familiar reply.

"Yes."

"I think she's over helpin' nurse the Widder Flannery's sick kids this afternoon. They've got chicken pox. Might go over there and see her if you're in a rush."

"We didn't say we wanted to borrow money," Bill retorted to the jocular latter part of the bartender's speech. "What time will she be here?"

"About ten, I guess," was the more courteous reply.

The partners walked out and past the row of buildings until they came to a general store, where they occupied themselves in making out an order for supplies and arranging for their delivery on the following day. The trader was a loquacious individual with the unmistakable "Yankee" twang and nasal whine of the man from that speck of the United States called New England.

When they again turned into the street, the long twilight had been replaced by night, and on the tops of the high peaks to the westward the light of the full moon was beginning to paint the chill white with a shining glow. The street was filled with men, most of them scorning the narrow board walks and traversing the roadway. A pandemonium of sound was robbing the night of peace through music, of assorted character, which boiled forth from open doors in discordant business rivalry, but underneath it all was the steady, dull monotone of the stamp mill, remorselessly beating the ore as if in eternal industry.

"Hardly know the place now, eh?" Bill said, as they entered the open doors of the High Light. "It certainly keeps gettin' more homelike. Camp must be makin' money, eh?"

Dick did not answer. He was staring at a woman who stood at the lower end of the bar outside, and talking to a man with a medicine case in his hand. He surmised that she must be the Lily, and was astonished. He had expected the customary brazen appearance of other camp women he had known in his years of wandering; the hard-faced, combative type produced by greed. Instead, he saw a woman of perhaps thirty years of age, or in that vague boundary between thirty and thirty-five.

She was dressed in a short skirt, wore a spotless shirt waist over an exceptionally graceful pair of shoulders, and her hair, neatly coiled in heavy bronze folds, was surmounted by a white hat of the frontier type, dented in regulation form with four hollows.

From the hat to the high tan boots, she was neat and womanly; yet it was not this that attracted him so much as her profile. From the straight brow, down over the high, fine nose and the firm lips to the firmer chin, the face was perfect.

As if sensing his inspection, she turned toward him, and met his wondering eyes. Her appraisal was calm, repressed, and cold. Her face gave him the impression that she had forgotten how to smile. Townsend advanced toward her, certain that she must be the proprietress of the High Light.

"You are Miss Meredith?" he asked.

"Mrs. Meredith," she corrected, still unbending, and looking at him a question as to his business.

A forgotten courtesy impelled him to remove his hat as he introduced himself, but Mathews did not follow it when he was introduced, and reached out and caught her competent hand with a hard grip. Dick explained his errand, feeling, all the time under that steady look, that he was being measured.

"Oh, yes, they'll be all right by to-morrow, Lily," the doctor interrupted. "Excuse me for being so abrupt, but I must go now. Good night."

"Good night," she answered, and then: "I'll be up there at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Ah, you were saying you wanted——"

She had turned to the partners again with her unfinished question leading them on to state their mission.

"Men. Here's a list," Dick answered, handing her a memorandum calling for so many millmen, so many drill runners, swampers, car handlers, and so forth; in all, a list of twenty odd.

"Who told you to come here?" She exploded the question as if it were vital.

"Park. Bells Park."

She laughed mirthlessly between lips that did not smile and regular, white teeth. But her laugh belied her lack of sympathy.

"Poor old Bells!" she said, with a touch of sadness in her voice. "Poor old fool! I tried to keep him from gambling when he had money, and he went broke, like all the other fools. But he loved his wife. He made her happy. Some one in this world *must* be happy. So he came back, did he? And is up there at the Cross? Well, he's a faithful man. I'm not an employment agency, but maybe I can help you. I would do it for Bells. I like him. Good men are scarce. The bums and loafers are always easy to get. There isn't a mine around here that isn't looking for good men, since they made that discovery over in the flat. Most of them broke to the placer ground. Wages are nothing when there's a chance for better."

She had not looked at him as she talked, but her eyes fixed on the paper, though not seeming to scan its contents. The room was crowded with men and filled with a confused volume of sound as she spoke, the click and whir of the wheel, the monotonous voice of the student—turned gambler—calling "Single O and the house wins. All down?" the sharp snap of the case

keeper's buttons before the faro layouts, the screech of the orchestra in the dance hall, and the heavy shuffling of feet; yet her words and intonations were distinct.

"We would like to get them as soon as we can," Dick answered. "We have unwatered the main shaft and——"

From the dance hall in the rear there came a shrill, high shriek, oaths, shouts, and the orchestra stopped playing. Men jumped to their feet from the faro layouts, and then, panic-stricken, the mob began to surge toward the door, while in the lead, uttering scream on scream, ran one of the dance-hall girls with her gaudy dress bursting into enveloping flame. She had the terror of a panic-stricken animal flying into the danger of the open air to die.

As if springing forward from live ground, Mathews leaped into her path, and caught her in his arms. He jammed her forward ahead of him, taking no pains to shield her body save with his bent arm, and seized the cover of the roulette wheel, which lay neatly folded on the end of the bar.

"Give me room!" he bellowed, in his heavy, thunderous voice. "Stop 'em, Dick! For God's sake, stop 'em!"

Dick leaped in among the crowd that was madly stampeding—women with faces whose terror showed through masks of rouge, shrieking, men who cursed, trampled, and elbowed their way to the outer air, and the wild-eyed musicians seeking to escape from a fire trap. Dick struck right and left, and in the little space created Bill swathed the girl in the cover, smothering the flames. And all the time he shouted:

"Don't run. What's the matter with you? Go back and put the fire out! Don't be idiots!"

As suddenly as it had commenced the panic subsided, and the tide turned the other way. Sobbing women hovered round the door, and men began to form a bucket line. In a long age of five or ten minutes the excitement was over, and the fire extinguished. The dance-hall floor was littered with pieces of scorched wood torn bodily from the

boxes, and the remnants of the lamp which had exploded and caused the havoc were being swept into the sodden, steaming heap in the center of the room.

Through the press at the sides came the Lily, who, in the turmoil, had sought refuge behind the bar. The partners, stooping over the unconscious, swaddled figure on the floor, looked up at her, and Dick saw that her face was as calm and unemotional as ever.

"Bring her to my room," she said; "I'll show you where it is. You, Tim," she called to one of the bartenders, "go as quickly as you can and get Doctor Mills."

The partners meekly followed her lead, pausing but once, when she turned to hold up an authoritative hand and tell the curious ones who formed a wake that they must go back, or at least not come ahead to make the case more difficult. Mathews carried his senseless burden as easily as if it were of no weight, and even as they turned up a hallway leading to a flight of stairs ascending to the Lily's apartments, the doctor and bartender came running to join them.

Not until they had swathed the girl in cooling bandages did any one speak. Then, as they drew the sheet tenderly over her, they became conscious of one another. As Bill looked up through blistered eyelids, exposing a cruelly scorched face, his lips broke into a painful smile.

"Doctor," the Lily said, "now you had better care for this patient."

She put her firm, white fingers out, brushed the miner's singed hair back from his brow, and said: "I've forgotten your name, but—I want to say—you're a man!"

CHAPTER V.

"It serves you right for bein' so anxious to help one of them dance-hall women; not but what I'd probably 'a' done it myself," was the croaking, querulous consolation offered by Bells Park as he sat beside the painfully suffering and heavily bandaged Bill that

night, or rather in the early hours of the morning, in the cabin on the Cross. "They ain't no good except for young fools to gallop around with over a floor."

He poured some more olive oil over the bandages, and relented enough to add: "All but the Lily, and she don't dance with none of 'em. She's all right, she is. Mighty peart looker, too. None purtier than Dorothy Presby, though."

Dick, looking up from where he sat with his tired chin resting on his tired hands and elbows, thought of the gruff Bully Presby with some interest.

"Oh, so the old Rattler owner has a daughter, eh?"

"I don't mean old skinflint Presby!" sharply corrected the engineer. "He ain't the only Presby in this whole United States, is he? He don't own the whole world and the name, even if he thinks he does. This Presby I'm talkin' about ain't no kin of his. He's too white. He owns all them saw-mills on the other side of the Cross peak, about four miles from here. Got a railroad of his own. Worth about a billion, I reckon."

Dick's momentary interest subsided, but he heard the old man babbling on:

"I worked for him once. When Dorothy was a little bit of a kid. Him and me fought, but he's a white man. She's been away to some of them fool colleges for women back East, they say, for the last four or five years. It don't do women no good to know too much. My wife couldn't read or write, and she was the best woman that ever lived, bar none."

He looked around as if delivering a challenge, and, finding that no one was paying any attention to him, subsided, fidgeted for a minute, and then said he guessed he'd "turn in so's the water wouldn't gain on the pumps in the mornin'."

On the insistent demand of his partner, Dick also retired shortly, and the cabin on the hillside was dark save for the dim light that glowed in the sufferer's room.

They began to straggle in, the men

wanted, before the partners had finished their breakfast on the following morning. Some of them were real miners, and others were nondescripts, bearing out the Lily's statement that good men were scarce, but all were hired as they came, and the Croix D'Or began to thrill with activity.

A fat cook—and no miner can explain why a camp cook is always fat—beamed from the mess-house door. A blacksmith, accepting the ready name of "Smuts," oiled the rusted wheels of his blower, and swore patiently and softly at a new helper as he assorted the drills for sharpening. Three Burley drill runners tinkered with their machines, and scraped off the verdigris and accumulated dust of storage; mill-men began to reset the tables, strip the damaged plates, and lay in new water pipes to drip ceaselessly over the powdered ore. Over all these watched Bill with his bandaged face, rumbling orders here and there, and tirelessly active. Out on the pipe line, winding by cut and trestle from the reservoir in the high hills, Dick superintended its repair, and laid plans.

Leaving his gang replacing sections near the power house, he climbed up the length of the line to discover, if possible, how far the labors of the vandal had extended. Foot by foot he had traversed it, almost to the reservoir itself, when he paused to breathe and look off at the mountains spread below and around.

The cross, in the distance, was softened again to a miracle of dim yellow laid against a field of purple, and, like a speck, a huge eagle swept in circles round its point to come to rest on its extreme summit. He turned from admiring its flight to inspect a bowlder that had tumbled down from the slope above and come to rest in a big dent; it had smashed in the top of the pipe. He picked up a piece of a storm-broken limb, used it as a lever, and sent the rock crashing across the pipe to go bounding down the hillside as it gained momentum with every leap.

There was a startled snort, a sudden threshing of the brush, and it parted to

disclose a girl astride a horse that was terrified and endeavoring his best to dismount his rider. Dick, surmising that horse and rider had suffered a narrow escape from the boulder, ran toward them remorsefully, but the girl already had the animal in control after a display of splendid horsemanship.

"Thank you," she said, as he hastened toward the horse's head, intent on seizing the snaffle. "Please don't touch him. I can quiet him down."

"I am so sorry," he apologized, with his hat in his hand. "I had no idea that any one ever rode up this way."

"Don't apologize," she answered, with a careless laugh. "No one ever does, save me. It's an old and favorite view of mine. I used to ride here, to see the cross, many years ago, before I went away to school. So I came back to see my old friend, and—well—your boulder would have struck us if my horse hadn't jumped."

She laughed again, and reached a yellow-gauntleted hand down to pat her mount's shoulder with a soothing caress. The horse stopped trembling, and looked at Dick with large, intelligent eyes.

"Ah," said Dick, remembering the garrulity of the engineer, "I believe you must be Miss Presby."

Even as she said simply: "I am, but how did you know?" I don't remember ever seeing you," he took note of her modish blue riding dress with divided skirts and patent-leather boots. There was a clean freshness about her person, a smiling candor in her eyes, and a fine, frank girlishness in her face that attracted him beyond measure. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, and was such a girl as those he had known and danced with, in those distant university days when his future seemed assured, and life a joyous conquest with all the odds in his favor. Now she was of another world, for he was, after all, but a workingman, while she, the daughter of a millionaire lumberman, would dance and associate with those other university men whose financial incomes enabled them to dawdle as they pleased through life. He had no

bitterness in this summary, but he sustained an instant's longing for a taste of that old existence, and the camaraderie of such girls as the one who sat before him on her horse.

"No," he said, looking up at her, "you never saw me before. I have been in the Blue Mountains but six weeks. I am Richard Townsend."

Her face took on a look of aroused interest, different from the casual look she had been giving him in the brief minute of their meeting.

"Oh," she said, "then you must be the Mr. Townsend of the Croix D'Or. I learned of your arrival last night after I came home. You are rehabilitating the old mine?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling. "At least we are trying to. As to the outcome—I don't know."

"You mustn't say that!" she protested. "Faith in anything is the first requisite for success. That's what it says in the copybooks, doesn't it?"

She laughed again in her clear, mezzo voice, and then with a resumption of gravity gathered her reins into a firmer grip, and, as her horse lifted his head in response to the summons, said: "Anyway, I thank you for volunteering to rescue me, Mr. Townsend, and wish you lots of good luck, but please don't start any more boulders down the hill, because if you do I shall be robbed of my most enjoyable trip each day. Good by."

"Don't be afraid," he called to her, as she started away. "There are no more boulders to roll."

He stood and watched her as she rode, masterfully seated on the black horse, around a crag that stuck out into the trail.

"Faith in anything is the first requisite for success," he repeated to himself, striving to recall whether or not it was, as she had intimated, a hackneyed proverb for the young; yet there was something bracing in it, coming from her calm, young, womanly lips. "That's it; she has it," he again said to himself. "'Faith.' That's what I need." And he resumed his tramp up the mountainside with a bet-

ter courage and more hope for the Croix D'Or. He was still vaguely troubled when he made his way back past the power house, in a sliding, scrambling descent, his boots starting tiny avalanches of shale and loose rock to go clattering down the mountainside.

The new men were proving competent under the direction of a boss pipe-man who had been made foreman, and Dick trudged away toward the mine feeling that one part of the work, at least, would be speedily accomplished.

Bill was still striding backward and forward, but devoting most of his attention to cleaning up the mill, and declared, with a wry smile, that he never felt better in his life, but never liked talking less.

When the noon whistle shrieked its high, staccato note from the engine house, they went up to the mess, and seated themselves at the head of the table. As a whole, the men were fairly satisfactory. Bill stared coldly down the table, and appeared to be mentally tabulating those who would draw but one pay check, and that when their "time" was given them, but, derelict in duty, and self-accusative of the fact, Dick's mind persisted in wandering afield to the chance encounter of the morning.

The men had finished their hasty meal, in hasty miner's fashion, silently, and tramped, with clumping feet, out of the mess house to the shade of its northern side before Bill had finished his painful meal. Whiffs of tobacco smoke and voices came to them through the open windows, where they lounged and rested on a long bench while waiting for the whistle.

"Don't you fool yourself about Bully Presby," one of them was saying. "It's true he's a hard man, and out for the dust every minute of his life, but he's got nerve, all right. He'll bulldoze and fight and growl and gouge, but he's there in other ways. I don't like him, and we quit pretty sudden, yet I saw him do somethin' once that beat me."

"Did you work on the Rattler?" another voice queried.

"No," the other went on, "I worked

for him down on the Placer Belle in California. It was under the old system, and was a small mine. Kept all the dynamite on the hundred-foot level in an old chamber. Every man went there to get it when it was time to load his holes. I was startin' for mine one evenin', whistlin' along, when I smelled smoke. Stopped and sniffed, and about weakened. Knowed it was comin' from the powder room down there. It wan't more'n twenty feet from the shaft, and there was two or three tons of it in that hole. Ran back and gave the alarm bell to the engineer, then ducked my head and went toward the smoke to see if anything could be done before she blew up the whole works. On his hands and knees, with all that was left of his coat, was Bully. He'd got the fire nearly smothered out, and we coughed and spit, and drowned the rest of the sparks from the water barrel. He'd fought it to a finish all alone, and I had to drag him out to the cage that was slidin' up and down as if the engineer was on a drunk, and every time it went up I could see the boys' faces, kind of white, and worried, and hear the alarms bangin' away like mad. But he'd put the fire out there with all that stuff around him. That took some nerve, I tell you!"

"What did he do for you?" asked another voice.

The narrator gave a heavy laugh, and chuckled.

"Do for me? When he got fresh air in him again, up in the hoist, he sat up and opened his hand. In it was a candlestick and a snipe, burned on the side till the wick looked about a foot long. 'Who owns this candlestick?' says he. No one spoke, but some of us knowed it belonged to old Deacon Wells, an absent-minded old cuss, but the deacon had a family of nigh on to ten kids. So nobody answered. 'Some fool left this here,' Bully bellowed, tearing around. 'And that's what started the fire. I'll kick the man off the works that owns the stick.' Still nobody said anything. He caught me grinnin'. 'You know who it was,' says he. 'Sure I do,' says I, 'but I'm a little

tongue-tied.' Then he told me he'd fire me if I didn't say who it was. 'Give me my time check,' says I, and he gave it. He found out afterward I was the man that dragged him out, and sent a letter up to Colusha askin' me to come back, but I didn't go. Don't s'pose he'd remember me now, and don't know as I'd want him to. Any man that works for Bully comes about as near givin' away his heart's blood as any one could, and live."

The voices went rumbling on, and Dick sat thinking of the strange, powerful man of the Rattler.

"Three of the millmen know their business," mumbled Bill, as if all the time he had been mentally appraising his force. "Two are rumdums. The chips isn't bad. He could carpenter anywhere, and if he's as smart a timberman as he is millwright, will make good. The engineer that's to relieve Bells ain't so much, but I'll leave it to Bells to cuss him into line. That goes. Two of the Burley men are all right, and I fired the third in the first hour because he didn't know which was the nut and which the wrench. Smuts is a gem. He put the pigeon-blue temper on a bunch of drills as fast as any man could have done it."

Dick did not answer, but concentrated his mind on the work ahead. The whistle blew, and he compelled Bill to submit to new bandages, following the doctor's instructions, and smiled at his steady swearing as the wrappings were removed and the blisters redressed. They walked across to the hoist, entered the cage, and felt the sinking sensation as they were dropped, rather than lowered, to the six-hundred-foot level. The celerity of the descent almost robbed him of breath, but he thought of sturdy old Bells' boast, that he had "never run a cage into the chives, nor dropped it to the sump, in forty years of steam."

Lights glowed ahead of them, and they heard hammering. The suck of fresh air under pressure, vaped like steam, whirled around them in gusts, and the water oozed and rippled beside their feet as they went forward. The

carpenter was putting in a new set of timbers, and his task was nearly finished, while beside him waited a drill man and a swamper with the cumbersome, spiderlike mechanism ready to set. The carpenter gave a few more blows to a key block, and methodically flung his hammer into his box and hurried back out through the tunnel toward the cage, intent on resuming his work at the mill.

Bill tentatively inspected the timbers, tapped the roof with a pick taken from the swamper's hands, heard the true ring of live rock, and backed away. The drill was drawn up to the green face of ore.

"About there, I should say," Dick directed, pointing an indicatory finger, and the drill runner nodded.

The swamper, who appeared to know his business, came forward with the coupling which fed compressed air to the machine, the runner gave a last inspection of his drill, turned his chuck screw, setting it against the rocky face, and signaled for the air. With a clatter like the discharge of a rapid-fire gun, the steel bit into the rock, and the Cross was really a mine again. Spattered with mud, and satisfied that the new drift was working in pay, the partners trudged back out.

They signaled for the cage, shot upward, and emerged to the yard near the blacksmith's tunnel in time to see a huge bay horse, with a woman rider, come toiling up the slope. There was something familiar about the white hat, and as she neared them they recognized the Lily. Before they could assist her to dismount, she leaped from the saddle, landing lightly on her toes, and dropped the horse's reins over his head. "Good day—never mind—he'll stand," she said, all in a breath, striding toward them with an extended hand.

Dick accepted it with a firm grip, and lifted his hat, while Bill merely shook hands and tried to smile. It was to him that she turned solicitously.

"I'm glad you are out," she remarked, without lowering her eyes which swept over the bandages on his face. "You're all right, are you?"

"Sure. But how's that girl? It don't matter much about an old cuss like me. Girls are a heap scarcer."

The owner of the High Light looked troubled for a moment, and removed her gloves before answering.

"Doctor Mills says she will live," she said quietly, "but she is terribly burned. She will be so disfigured that she can never work in a dance hall any more. It's pretty rough luck."

Dick recoiled and felt a chill at this hard, cold statement. The girl could never work in a dance hall any more! And this was accepted as a calamity! Accustomed as he was to the frontier, this matter-of-fact acceptance of a dance-hall occupation as something desirable impressed him with its cynicism. Not that he doubted the virtue of many of those forlorn ones who gayly tripped their feet over rough boards, and drank tea or ginger ale and filled their pockets with bar checks to make a living as best they might, but because the whole garish, rough, drink-laden, curse-begrimed atmosphere of a camp dance hall revolted him.

Mrs. Meredith had intuition, and read men as she read books, understandingly. She arose to the defense of her sex.

"Well," she said, facing him, as if he had voiced his sentiment, "what would you have? Women are what men make them, no better, no worse."

"I have made no criticism," he retorted.

"No, but you thought one," she asserted. "But, pshaw! I didn't come here to argue. I came up to tell you that the dance-hall girl will recover and has friends who will see that she doesn't starve, even if she no longer works in my place. Also, I came to see how Mister—what is your name, anyway?—is."

"Mathews, ma'am. William Mathews. My friends call me Bill. I don't allow the others to call me anything."

The temporary and threatening cloud was dissipated by the miner's rumbling laugh, and they sauntered across the yard, the bay horse looking after them, but standing as firmly as if the loosened

reins were tied to a post instead of resting on the ground. A swamper, carrying a bundle of drills, trudged across the yard to the blacksmith's shop, as they stood in its doorway.

"I sent you the best men I could pick up," the Lily said. "You did me a good turn, and I did my best to pay it back. That blacksmith is all right. Some of the others I know, but I don't know him. Never saw him before. You'd better watch him."

She pointed at the swamper as coolly as if he were an inanimate object, and he glared at her in return, then dropped his eyes.

"I told you I didn't run an employment agency," she went on, "but if any of these fellows get fresh, let me know, and I'll try to get you others. How does the Cross look, anyway?"

They turned away, and accompanied her over the plant above ground, and heard her greet man after man on a level of comradeship, as if she were but a man among men. Her hard self-possession and competence impressed the younger man as a peculiar study. It seemed to him, as he walked beside her thoughtfully, that every womanly trait had been ground from her in the stern mills of circumstance. He had a vague desire to probe into her mind and learn whether or not there still dwelt within it the softness of her sex, but he dared not venture. He stood beside the bandaged veteran as she rode away, a graceful, independent figure.

"Is she all tiger, or part woman?" he said, turning to Mathews, whose eyes had a singularly thoughtful look.

The latter turned to him with a quick gesture, and threw up his unbandaged hand.

"My boy," he said, "she's not a half of anything. She's all tiger, or all woman! God only knows!"

CHAPTER VI.

They were to have another opportunity to puzzle over the character of the Lily before a week passed, when, wishing to make out a new bill of supplies, they went down to the camp.

The night was fragrant with the spring of the mountains, summer elsewhere—down in the levels where other occupations than mining held rule. The camp had the same dead level of squalor in appearance, the same twisting, wriggling, reckless life in its streets.

"Fine new lot of stuff in," the trader said, pushing his goods in a brisk way. "Never been a finer lot of stuff brought into any camp than I've got here now. Canned tomatoes, canned corn, canned beans, canned meat, canned tripe, canned salmon. That's a pretty big lay-out, eh? And I reckon there never was no better dried prunes and dried apricots ever thrown across a mule's back than I got. Why, they taste as if you was eatin' 'em right off the bushes! And Mexican beans! Hey, look at these! Talk about beans and sowbelly, how would these do?"

He plunged his grimy hand into a sack, and lifted a handful of beans aloft to let them sift through his fingers, clattering, on those below. The partners agreed that he had everything in the world that any one could crave in the way of delicacies, and gave him their orders; then, that hour's task completed, sauntered out into the street.

Dick started toward the trail leading homeward, but Bill checked him, with a slow: "Hold on a minute."

The younger man turned back, and waited for him to speak.

"I'd kind of like to go down to the High Light for a while," the big man said awkwardly. "We ought to go round there and see Mrs. Meredith, and patronize her as far as a few soda pops, and such go, hadn't we? Seein' as how she's been right good to us."

Dick, nothing loath to a visit to the Lily, assented, although the High Light, with its camp garishness, was an old and familiar sight to any one who had passed seven years in outlying mining regions.

The proprietress was not in sight when they entered, but the bartenders greeted them in a more friendly way, and the Chinese, who seemed forever cleaning glasses, grinned them a welcome. They nodded to those they rec-

ognized, and walked back to the little railing.

"Lookin' for Lily?" the man with the bangs asked, trying to show his friendliness. "She ain't here now, but she'll be here soon. She's about due. Go on up and grab a box for yourselves. The house owes you fellers a drink, it seems to me. Can I send you up a bottle of Pumbry? The fizzy stuff's none too good for you, I guess."

He appeared disappointed when Dick told him to send up two lemonades, and turned back to lean across the bar and hail some new arrival. The partners went up and seated themselves in one of the cardboard stalls dignified by the name of boxes, and, leaning over the railing in front between the gilt-embroidered, red-denim curtains, looked down on the dancers. Two or three of their own men were there, grimly waltzing with girls who tried to appear cheerful and joyous.

Shrill laughter echoed now and then, and when the music changed a man with a voice like a megaphone shouted: "Gents! Git pardners for the square sets!" and the scene shifted into one of more regular pattern, where different individuals were more conspicuous. Some of the more hilarious cavorted, and tried clumsy shuffles on the corners when the raucous-voiced man howled: "Bala-a-ance all!" and others merely jiggged up and down with stiff jerks and muscle-bound limbs, gravely, and with a desperate, earnest endeavor to enjoy themselves.

A glowering, pockmarked man, evidently seeking some one with no good intent, pulled open the curtains at the back of the box, and stared at them in half-drunken gravity; then, discovering his mistake, with a clumsy "Beg pardon, gents," let them drop, and passed on down the row.

Across from them, in the opposite box, some man from the placers, with his face tanned to a copper color, was hilariously surrounding himself with all the girls he could induce to become his guests, holding a box party of his own. He was leaning his head over the rail and bellowing so loudly that his voice

could be heard above the din: "Hey, down there! You, Tim! Bring me up a bottle of the bubbly water—two bottles—five—no, send up a case. Whoop-ee! Pay on seventeen! This is where little Hank Jones celebrates! Come on up, girls. Here's where no men is wanted. It's me all by my little lonely!"

Some one threw a garland of paper flowers round his neck, which he esteemed as a high honor, and shook it out over the floor below, where all the dancers were becoming confused in an endeavor to simultaneously watch his antics, and keep their places in the dance.

"The most disgusting object in the world is a man who drinks!" came a cold voice behind them, and they turned to see the Lily standing back of them, and frowning at the scene across.

Bill turned to greet her, holding out his hand, and his broad shoulders shut out the view of Bacchanalia.

"The bartender says you drink nothing stronger than lemonade," she said, looking up at the giant, "and I am glad to hear it. It is a pleasure to meet men like you once in a while. It keeps one from losing faith in all."

She sat down in one of the chairs—a trifle wearily, Dick thought, and he noticed that there were lines under the eyebrows, melancholy, pensive, that he had not observed before in the few times they had met her. As on the occasion of their meeting at the mine, she appeared to sense his thoughts, and turned toward him as if to defend herself.

"You are asking yourself and me the question, why, if I dislike liquor, and gambling, and all this, I am owner of the High Light?" she said, reverting to her old-time hardness. "Well, it's because I want money. Does that answer you?"

"I didn't ask you a question," he retorted.

"No; but it's just like it always is with you! You looked one. I'm not sure that I like you; you look so devilish clean-minded. You always accuse me, without saying anything so that I can have a chance to answer back. It

isn't fair. I don't like to be made uncomfortable. I am what I am, and can't help it."

She turned her frowning eyes on Bill, and they softened. She relented, and for the first time in the evening her rare laugh sounded softly from between her white, even teeth.

"You see," she said, addressing him, "I can't help being angry with Mr. Townsend. I think I'm a little afraid of him. I'm a coward in some ways. You're different. You just smile kindly at me, as if you were older than Methuselah, and had all the wisdom of Solomon or Socrates, and were inclined to be tolerant when you couldn't agree."

"Go on," Bill said. "You're doin' all the talkin'."

"I have a right to exercise at least one womanly prerogative, once in a while," she laughed. And then: "But I am talking more than usual. Tell me about the mine and the men? How goes it?"

They had but little to tell her, yet she seemed to find it interesting, and her eyes had the absent look of one who listens and sees distant scenes under discussion to the exclusion of all immediate surroundings.

"Have you met Bully Presby yet?" she asked.

They smiled, and told her they had.

"He is a wonderful man," she said admiringly. "He makes his way over everything and everybody. He is ruthless in going after what he wants. He fears nothing above or below. I honestly believe that if the arch demon were to block him on the trail, Bully Presby would take a chance and try to throw him over a cliff. I don't suppose he ever had a vice or a human emotion. I believe I'd like him better if he had a little of both."

Dick laughed outright, and stared at her with renewed interest. He admitted to himself that she was one of the most fascinating women he had ever met, and wondered what vicissitude could have brought such a woman, who used classical illustrations, fluent, cultivated speech, and who was strong grace exemplified, to such a position.

She seemed master of her surroundings, and yet not of them, looking down with a hard and lofty scorn on the very men from whom she made her living. He began to believe what was commonly said of her, that her virtue, physical and ethical, was unassailable.

There was a crash and a loud guffaw of laughter. They pulled the curtains farther apart, and looked across at the man who was celebrating. He had dropped a bottle of wine to the floor below, and was beseeching some one to bring it up to him.

Bill leaned farther out of the box to look, and suddenly the drummer saw him, pointed in his direction with a drumstick, and spoke to a girl leaning near by. She, too, looked up, and then clapped her hands. —

"There he is!" she called in her high, treble voice. "Up there in number five! The man that carried Pearl out and got burned himself."

Some man near her climbed to the little stage, and pointed, took off his hat, and shouted: "A tiger for that man! Now! All together! Whooee! Whooee! Whooee! Ow!"

In the wild yell that every one joined, Bill was abashed. He shrank back into the box, flushed and embarrassed, while Dick laughed outright, with boyish enjoyment at his confusion, and the Lily watched him with a soft look in her eyes, and then stared down at the floor below.

Suddenly her figure seemed to stiffen, and the look on her face altered to one of cold anger. She peered farther over as if to assure herself of something, and Dick, following her eyes, saw they were fixed on a man who stood leaning against one of the pillars near the entrance to the dance floor. He alone, apparently, was taking no part in the demonstration in Bill's honor, but glowered sullenly toward the box. It took no long reasoning for Dick to know why. The man was the one who had been the watchman at the mine when they arrived.

The band struck up again, and another dance began, the enthusiasts forgetting Bill as quickly as they had sa-

luted him; but the ex-watchman continued to lean against the post, a picture of sullenness, and in the box the Lily stood with knitted brows, as if trying to recollect him.

"Well," she said, at last, "I must go now. Come and see me whenever you can, both of you. I like you."

They arose, and followed her out of the box, and down the flimsy stairs that led to the floor below. She paused on the bottom step, and clutched the casing with both hands, then tried to get a closer look at the ex-watchman, who had turned away until but a small part of his face was exposed. She walked onward, still looking angrily preoccupied, to the end of the bar, and the partners were on the point of bidding her good night, when she abruptly started, seemed to tense herself, and exclaimed: "Now I know him!"

The partners wondered when she made a swift clutch under the end of the bar and slipped something into the bosom of her jacket. She took five or six determined steps toward the ex-watchman and tapped him on the shoulder.

He whirled sharply as if his mind had guilty fears, and faced her defiantly.

Those immediately around, suspecting something unusual, stopped to watch them, and listened.

"So you are here in Goldpan, are you, Wolff?" she demanded, with a cold sneer in her voice.

He gave her a fierce, defiant stare, and brazenly growled: "You're off. My name's not Wolff. My name's Brown."

"You lie!" she flared back, with a hard anger in her voice. "Your name is Gus Wolff! You get out of this place, and don't you ever come in again! If you do, I'll have you thrown out like a dog."

He glowered at the crowd that was forming around him, as crowds invariably form in any controversy, and then started toward the door, but he made a grave mistake. He called back a vile epithet as he went.

"Stop!" she commanded him, with an imperious, compelling tone.

He half turned, and then shrugged his shoulders, and made as if to move on.

"Stop, I said!"

He turned again to face a pistol which she had snatched from her jacket, and now the partners, amazed, understood what that swift motion had meant. He halted irresolutely.

"You used a name toward me that I permit no man to use," she said fiercely. "So I shall explain to these men of Goldpan who you are, Gus Wolff! You were in Butte five years ago. You induced a poor, silly, little fool named Rose Sloat to leave the dance hall where she worked, and go with you. You were one of those who believe that women are made to be brutalized. But good as most of them are, and bad as some of them are, there is none, living or dead, that you are or were fit to consort with. You murdered her. Don't you dare to deny it! They found her dead outside of your cabin. They arrested you, and tried you, and should have hanged you, but they couldn't get the proof of what everybody believed, that you—you brute—had killed, then thrown her over the rocks to claim that she had fallen there in the darkness."

She paused as if the tempest of her words had left her breathless, and men glared at him savagely. It seemed as if every one had crowded forward to hear her denunciation.

"Bah!" she added scornfully. "The jury was made up of fools, and men knew it. The sheriff himself told you so when he slipped you out of the jail where he had protected you, and let you loose across the border in the night. Didn't he? And he told you that if ever you came back to Butte, he would not turn a hand to keep you from the clutches of the mob; didn't he? And now you are plain 'Mister Brown,' working somewhere back up in the hills, are you? Well, Mister Brown, you keep away from the High Light. Get out!"

Some one made a restless motion, and declared the man should be hanged,

even now, but the Lily turned her angry eyes on the speaker, and silenced him.

"Not if I can help it, or any of my friends can," she said coolly. "There'll be no mobbing anybody around here. I've said enough. Let him alone, but remember what kind of a blackguard he is. That's all!"

She turned back, and tossed the pistol behind the bar, and the crowd, as if her words and the advice of the more contained element prevailed, resumed its play. She looked up, and saw the partners waiting to bid her good night, and suddenly bit her lip, as if ashamed that they had seen her fury unmasked.

"We're going now," Bill said, reaching out his hand. She did not take it, but looked around the room with unreadable eyes.

"I'll walk with you to the beginning of your trail," she said. "I'm sick of this," and led the way out into the night.

For half the length of the long street, she strode between them, wordless, and then suddenly halted and held her arms apart appealingly.

"What must you think of me?" she said, with a note of grief in her voice. "Oh, you two don't know it all! You don't know what it takes to make a woman who tries to be decent rebellious at everything under the skies. What brutes there are walking the earth! Sometimes, lately, I begin to doubt if there is a God!"

"And that," exclaimed the quiet, steadfast young voice at her side, "is unworthy of you and your intelligence."

She halted again, as if thinking.

"And I," said the giant, in his deep, musical tones, "know there's one. It takes more than men to make me believe there ain't. I know it when I look at *them*!" He waved his hands at the starlit mountains surrounding them, and towering in serenity high up to the cloudless spaces.

"I'd be mighty ashamed to doubt when I can see *them*," he said, "and if they went away, I'd still believe it; because if I didn't, I couldn't see no use in livin' any more. It's havin' Him

lean down and whisper to you once in a while, in the night, when everything seems to be goin' wrong, 'Old boy, you did well,' that keeps it all worth while and makes a feller stiffen his back and go ahead, with his conscience clean and not carin' a cuss what anybody says or thinks, so long as he knows that the Lord knows he did the right thing."

She faltered for a moment, and Dick, staring through the darkness at her, could not decide whether it was be-

cause the woman in her was melting after the storm of anger, or whether she was merely weighing his partner's words. As abruptly as had been any of her actions in all the time they had known her, she turned and walked away from them, her soft "Good night" wafting itself back with a note of profound sadness and misery.

"I've decided what she is," Bill said, as they paused for a last look at the lights of the camp. "She's all woman, and a mighty good one, at that!"

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE, ON SALE APRIL 23RD.



A FINE YOUNG BIRTHDAY PARTY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, who knows all there is to know about country newspapers, has found many amusing examples of what men do when they try to indulge in "fine writing." Here is a sample that came from a Nebraska editor:

This most estimable young man, the deceased, first saw the light of day on June 10, 1877. He thereafter left this terrestrial sphere in ample time to celebrate his twenty-fifth birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the arching skies, leaving this earth on Saturday, June 15, 1902, at 8:15 central time.



ANOTHER ONE ON THE NEW BROOM

EVERY time an ambitious young man is given a job in the government service he immediately decides that he must do something new, make some change, to demonstrate to his superiors that he is energetic and anxious to work.

There was the case of the fellow who was made assistant secretary of the treasury. After three days of concentrated thought he decided that the best thing for him to do was to renumber the offices in the Treasury Building.

He put new and different numbers on all of the thousands of doors in the building, and for two weeks the clerks were running around like rabbits, everybody getting into the wrong office and wasting twenty minutes working time each morning. That fellow is not in Washington now.



SOLVING THE PROBLEM

THE two aged ladies sat on the same seat in a day coach. The fat lady ordered the brakeman to open the window, and the thin lady, opening up a nice line of staccato effects, forbade the raising of the window by so much as an inch. Finally the conductor was called.

"Sir," said the fat one, "I have heart trouble, and my physician says I will die if I do not have fresh air all the time. It will kill me if I sit five minutes in a closed place."

"Sir," expostulated the thin one, "I have rheumatism in its most violent form, and sitting by an open window for five minutes would ruin my cardiac muscles, thus inducing death."

The conductor looked puzzled.

"Conductor," said a man behind the two women, "open the window for five minutes and kill one of them. Then close it for five minutes and kill the other. Then we'll have peace in this car."

A Prophet Without Honor

By Peter B. Kyne

Author of "One Day's Work," "A Desert Odyssey," Etc.

A paradoxical story in which the Prophet Without Honor, while in the pursuit of his kindly offices in behalf of the Unbelievers, makes a profit with honor.

JUDGE CANNON was the Prophet. From time immemorial, the Judge had been predicting war, pestilence, Democratic landslides, et cetera, et cetera; and, like all the prophets since the time of Elijah, he was without honor in his own country. Even his title of "Judge" had been given him in irony, for, upon the three several occasions that he ran for superior judge of Farrell County, his own township had not only defeated him, but had added insult to injury by forcing upon him the title of Judge; in a way, granting him the honors of office without the emoluments thereof.

With the passage of time, the Judge became a pessimist. He grew to know the citizens of Mayfield too intimately, and thereby lost a large measure of his faith in human nature. The town averaged twelve hundred voters, and, upon the three occasions of the Judge's entrance into active politics, twelve hundred voters had wished him well, and promised to vote for him. The Judge could never forget that three times Mayfield had cast between seven and eight hundred votes against him. In view of which, the Judge could say, with a reasonable amount of truth, that there were between seven and eight hundred liars in Mayfield.

Judge Cannon's duties as an attorney-at-law were not so exacting but that he was enabled to spend at least six hours out of the twenty-four wearing out the

hind legs of a comfortable chair on the veranda of the Hampton House, where, at length, he became the oracle of Mayfield.

For twenty-two years he had not failed to ride to the railroad station each day with Hen Weatherby, who drove the Hampton House bus and was the town gossip. Seeing the five-o'clock train come in and go out was the big event in Mayfield, and the Judge and Hen Weatherby were always on hand to see that the operation was accomplished successfully.

Upon a certain day, however, the arrival of the train held such an interest for the Judge and Hen Weatherby that neither of them saw it depart. As the Judge observed at the time to Mr. Weatherby, it was the first occasion, in twenty-two years, that the five o'clock had deposited but one passenger at this, the largest town on the branch line. But if this announcement was of interest from a statistical point of view, the personality of the lone passenger tended to make the event a doubly memorable one.

For the lone passenger was a Turk—the first Turk, according to Judge Cannon, to set foot in Mayfield. He was a short, stout young man, as swarthy as the usual run of Turks, and slightly bow-legged. He was dressed in shiny black, of an old-fashioned cut, his Prince Albert reaching a few inches lower than that of the local undertaker.

His linen was spotless, and his dark head was crowned with a scarlet fez, from which a black silk tassel drooped over his right ear. There was a plain gold ring in this ear. Also, the Turk wore gold spectacles, and, as he gave orders for the removal of half a dozen great leather trunks to the Hampton House, the Judge remarked that his English savored slightly of Boston.

The new arrival rode uptown in the Hampton House bus, accompanied by as many of the local loungers as could climb into the bus and enjoy a free ride back to their neglected chairs on the hotel porch. On the way up, the Judge endeavored to draw the stranger into conversation, but without success. Accordingly, he gave it out half an hour later to the group on the veranda that, in his opinion, the new arrival was not a Turk, but the grand organizer of the Mystic Shriners. Hen Weatherby contradicted this statement, and clinched his argument with irrefutable evidence. The stranger had registered as Mohammed El Bakkra, from Constantinople.

An hour later, while the Judge was still digesting this information and striving to formulate a new and correct prophecy of the Turkish visitor's business in Mayfield, Hen Weatherby brought word from Tillie Smart, the queen of the Hampton House dining room, who, in turn, had received her information from the cook, that Mohammed El Bakkra had declined to partake of the supper prepared by the cook. Instead, he had sent out for a live chicken, which he had killed and prepared for the pot himself with diabolical rites. He had stood in the kitchen and cooked his own chicken, explaining to the chef that his religious beliefs precluded his partaking of food prepared by an unbeliever. However, Hen reported, he had tipped the chef two dollars, and that functionary had no kick coming. Indeed, he had expressed the wish to Tillie Smart that Turkish gentlemen were more frequent visitors at the Hampton House.

"That's carrying things a wee mite too far," observed Judge Cannon

promptly. "You take my word for it, that Turk's a faker?"

For which act of *lèse-majesté* the worthy Prophet was scoffed into silence by the unanimous vote of all present.

That night, just before retiring, Mohammed El Bakkra was seen by the housekeeper, two chambermaids, and a traveling man from St. Louis, making his orisons to Allah. He went out on the back porch, spread a small, green rug on the floor, got down on his knees, and remained for five minutes, with his arms outstretched toward the east. He was seen to do the same thing at sunrise next morning.

During the day he wandered about Mayfield, and was observed by Judge Cannon entering the office of the Mayfield *Enterprise*. When he came out, the Judge went in to ascertain what the Turk had been up to. Having found out, he tracked Mohammed El Bakkra to the editorial sanctum of the Farrell County *Searchlight*.

After accumulating all the information possible in the *Searchlight* office, the Judge returned to the veranda of the Hampton House, and was seen meditatively stroking his goatee for two hours. From that day until the departure of Mohammed El Bakkra from Mayfield, Judge Cannon appeared to have lost interest in the movements of the Oriental visitor.

Along about dusk an event occurred which should have elicited some comment from the Judge. Nevertheless, it did not. Mohammed El Bakkra came out on the veranda of the Hampton House with a large sofa cushion and something that resembled a library reading lamp with a gas-fixture attachment. The expectant citizens, having seen "The Sultan's Daughter" in the local moving-picture shows, knew immediately that this strange instrument was a Turkish pipe, or hookah. Mohammed El Bakkra curled himself, tailor fashion, on the cushion, lit his hookah, and smoked peaceably until bedtime.

On the third day after the arrival of the mysterious Turk, the reason for his presence was given to the public. The *Enterprise* and the *Searchlight* both

came out with a column "reader" on the front page, first column, and a half-page display ad on the back page.

The public was informed that the Honorable Mohammed El Bakkra, late secretary to the Turkish ambassador at Washington, was a guest at the Hampton House, where he would remain for one week. The cultured Oriental gentleman was a graduate of Yale, and after leaving college had been appointed secretary to the Turkish embassy, which position he had resigned recently at the request of his father, Sukey Bey, a wealthy rug manufacturer of Constantinople.

To quote both papers:

"The universal demand throughout the cultured sections of the United States for Oriental rugs," said Mohammed El Bakkra, in an interview with a staff representative yesterday, "and the eagerness of people of means to secure only the finest rugs obtainable, has, for a number of years past, been taken advantage of by unscrupulous dealers, who have not hesitated, knowing the universal ignorance of the average purchaser in regard to these costly rugs, to palm off the cheapest kind of counterfeits. As a result of this wholesale jobbery, the manufacturers in Constantinople have been forced, at enormous expense, to undertake a campaign of education among the people, with a dual object in view. First, to increase the sales of our own legitimate output, and secondly, to protect the public from fakes and frauds."

For the reasons given above, Mr. Mohammed El Bakkra, who is a graduate of Yale and thoroughly conversant with the American language and customs, has been selected by the firm of which his father, Sukey Bey, is the principal, to undertake a three-year tour of the United States with six trunks filled with samples of the most beautiful and expensive Oriental rugs ever manufactured. He is not selling rugs at all. In fact, he is strictly forbidden to take orders. His purpose is merely to display his samples and lecture to the ladies of Mayfield who may visit his bazaar at I. O. O. F. Hall. Now is the opportunity to learn how to discover the difference between a clever imitation and a genuine Kashan, Ispahan, Kermanshah, Sarouk, or Bokhara rug. The hall will be open from ten o'clock to four each day. Refreshments will be served free.

By mail next morning every member of the Mayfield Ladies' Literary Society, the Dorcas Society, the Woman's Suffrage League, and the Heliotrope Club received an invitation to visit the showrooms of Mr. Mohammed El

Bakkra. There was a small card inclosed, which was to be presented to the attendant at the door. This card did the trick. It hinted of exclusiveness, and singled out its recipient as one of those exalted souls which nature has equipped with an instinctive horror of body Brussels carpet at \$1.35 per yard—laid.

The ladies responded nobly. The smiling Mohammed El Bakkra met each lady or group of ladies at the door, and escorted them into the hall. He proved himself an exceedingly gracious host. Up on the stage, the walls of which were hung with his largest and most expensive rugs, he had installed several well-appointed tables from the Hampton House; also a large alcohol stove, where, between lectures, he brewed them real Turkish coffee, a local lady of color having been engaged to serve it. The coffee was heavy, bitter stuff, with the grounds in it; and, while not one of the ladies liked it, they were unanimous in declaring that it was delicious and so delightful and—er—bohemian of Mohammed El Bakkra to make it himself!

The Turk combined the reserve of the Oriental with that easy air of good breeding noticeable in many of the old and cultured families of Mayfield; and, in spite of a slight prejudice because of his color and religious belief, Mohammed El Bakkra's Oriental rug display was well attended.

Mrs. Anson Peters, wife of the president of the Mayfield National, had traveled through Egypt and the Holy Land on her honeymoon, and pronounced the rugs positively the most beautiful she had ever seen; whereat Mohammed El Bakkra complimented her on her judgment.

The Turk had nearly a hundred rugs, of varying sizes and designs, and he handled them with the loving touch of a connoisseur. Inasmuch as the labor packing the rugs back into the trunks each night would involve time and expense, the constable and his deputy were engaged to guard the rugs in the hall at night.

There was a deal of Oriental rug information distributed gratis in Mayfield

that week. There were no price tags on Mohammed El Bakkra's rugs, and he took pains to announce that he was out on an advertising and educational campaign only.

Nevertheless, while very few of the ladies attending the rug exhibit could have afforded the extravagance of even a very small rug, it would have been difficult to find one of these estimable souls who did not itch with the desire for possession. After two minutes of ecstatic raving on the part of the Turk over his treasures, not one of them could forbear asking: "At about what price should a rug like this one be purchased?" Thus interrogated, after consulting a small morocco memorandum book and figuring the probable cost of freight, Mohammed El Bakkra would name an approximate price.

There were housewives in Mayfield who commenced to dream of Oriental rugs for the front parlor, and there were easy-going husbands in Mayfield who wished devoutly that Mohammed El Bakkra had selected some other center of culture for his advertising and educational campaign. Several of them talked over the matter with Judge Cannon, who branded the Turk a fraud and a faker. In fact, it was speedily remarked that such was the antipathy of the Judge for the Turk that, when Mohammed El Bakkra appeared on the hotel veranda each evening with his sofa cushion and hookah, the Judge would glare at him, swear softly, and go home. The Judge announced that he did this to prevent the administration of a hearty kick to the Turk's person, in case he, the Judge, stayed and lost his temper looking at the thieving slave.

However, if the Judge disliked Mohammed El Bakkra, the Turk proved to be an object of keen interest to the townspeople. It became quite the thing for the young ladies of the town to walk down past the Hampton House of an evening, in pairs, for a coy glance at the rich young Turk smoking his hookah on the hotel veranda. With his dark, handsome, solemn face, his red fez, and his remarkable pipe, he was quite a splotch of color on the landscape.

Mohammed El Bakkra was seated thus upon the sixth evening of his visit in Mayfield when Hen Weatherby and Judge Cannon drove up from the station with the passengers from the five-o'clock train. The last passenger had no sooner alighted than things began to happen.

The last passenger to alight, by the way, was a young man. He was a fine, dapper-looking young man, arrayed in loud clothes of extreme varsity cut. He wore bulldog shoes, smoked a short bulldog pipe, and at the end of a new, plaited leather leash he led a particularly villainous-looking specimen of that breed of canine. He wore yellow buckskin gloves, and carried a forty-dollar Gladstone bag, with a large gold Y displayed prominently at one end, together with the owner's initials.

"Here you go, old top," he called pleasantly to Hen Weatherby, and flipped him a dollar. He surrendered his Gladstone bag to old man Hampton, with a loud-voiced request to fix him up with the best room in the house, and to be sure to include a bath.

"Beastly filthy job this, traveling," he remarked affably to Judge Cannon. "Nice little town you've got here. Came down to visit an old aunt of mine who lives somewhere in this section. Haven't seen the old girl——"

At this moment, the glance of the rah-rah young man rested upon Mohammed El Bakkra, enjoying his postprandial smoke on the hotel veranda. Instantly the sunny smile disappeared from the face of the young college man. He frowned, doubled his fists, and strode up to the inoffensive Turk.

"Hello, Mr. Mohammed El Bakkra! You're the last man on earth I expected to meet in Mayfield; but I'm real glad to see you—particularly in this State. I've been holding your promissory note for quite a while now, and I'm getting tired of the job. Suppose you come through right now with a check or a draft on the old boy in Constantinople, just to get the thing off your chest."

Mohammed El Bakkra scrambled quickly to his feet, in his haste upsetting his large Turkish pipe. He stared at his

interlocutor in frank disgust, fear, and anger.

"Come to my room, please," he replied, in a rather husky voice. "I do not wish to discuss my private affairs before strangers. But what can one expect," he added, his anger seemingly overmastering his discretion, "from one of no breeding. Pig!"

"No, we will not go to your room," the college youth retorted threateningly. "We'll settle this matter here and now, and I warn you not to get promiscuous with your language. I want my money. Do I get it?"

"The note is outlawed," sneered Mohammed El Bakkra.

"Oh, no, it isn't. Not by a long shot. The day it fell due, you had left Yale and forgot to leave your address, so I just naturally protected myself to the extent of protesting your note. Then I sued you and got a judgment by default. The note may be dead, but I have a live judgment. I suppose you wouldn't have ventured back into this State if you had known that."

"I have no money," growled the Turk.

"Well, you've got a thousand or two in diamonds and jewelry about you. I'll attach that."

The Turk laughed.

"You're a fool," he said. "I'll have them selflessly disposed of before you can swear to an attachment."

"Then," replied the college man grimly, "I'm going to take my judgment out on your black hide;" and, without further ado, the new arrival struck Mohammed El Bakkra a heavy blow on the chest. Almost instantly he shot a terrific blow with his left, aimed at the Turk's jaw.

The Oriental ducked, and the varsity lad's arm went around the Turk's neck. They clinched, the American playing a rapid tattoo with his free arm on the Turk's kidneys. Finding the infighting likely to go hard with him, Mohammed El Bakkra broke from the clinch, stepped quickly back, and pulled a long, Oriental dagger. There was the gleam of murder in his smoky eyes as he rushed at his opponent, but old man Hampton stuck out his foot and tripped

him up. Instantly Hen Weatherby and half a dozen loungers fell on the Turk, and disarmed him after a minute's struggle.

"You unspeakable Turk!" panted the American. "I'll get you for pulling that dirk on me, you dirty dead beat." He turned to the crowd. "I don't know what that fellow is up to here, but whatever it is, I warn you that he isn't honest. He owes me eight thousand dollars since we were in Yale together."

"It was a gambling debt," protested Mohammed El Bakkra. "And Allah is my witness that I would have paid the note if this swine had not been expelled from his fraternity for cheating at cards. I was swindled into giving the note."

A favorable opportunity presenting itself at this moment, the American whipped a long arm around Hen Weatherby, and "hung" a nice one on the Turk's jaw. Mohammed El Bakkra wilted at once. The angry young man from Yale grinned, picked up his bag where old man Hampton had dropped it, and marched into the hotel office, where he registered as Harrison P. Flink, of New York. He was then shown to his room, from which he descended half an hour later, clad in a different suit and looking tubbed and scrubbed to the minute. Shortly thereafter, in conversation with the proprietor, he made inquiries for a Miss Rebecca Langrebe, a maiden aunt of his whom, he had reason to believe, resided in Mayfield. He explained that he had not seen his aunt since early boyhood, and had taken a sudden notion to run down and visit her without previously announcing his coming.

Old man Hampton looked his guest over sadly.

"Miss Langrebe died close on to a year ago," he replied.

Mr. Harrison P. Flink, of New York, was flabbergasted. Very much subdued, he gleaned from Hampton the details of his aunt's illness and demise. He was deeply moved, and, declaring that the shock of this news had deprived him of his appetite, he walked outside and sat down beside Judge Cannon;

whereupon the Prophet favored him with a glance of ill-concealed disgust, got up, and wended his way home.

Presently, in the gathering dusk, Hen Weatherby came up the street. Since, as has already been stated, Hen was the town gossip, he knew the slightest move of every inhabitant, and could never rest until he had assigned a legitimate reason for said move. It was part of Hen's guileless nature to spill his gossip where it would do the most harm; hence, with a grateful remembrance of the dollar which Mr. Harrison P. Flink had given him, and thirsting for definite and exact details of the feud between Mr. Flink and the Oriental rug demonstrator, Hen seated himself beside Mr. Flink, and remarked that it was a pleasant evening.

"Have you seen that cutthroat Turk around since I pasted him?" inquired Mr. Flink, ignoring Hen's observation on the weather.

Hen Weatherby laughed knowingly. Mr. Flink looked at him sharply.

"You've got something up your sleeve," he charged.

"Oh, well," retorted Hen weakly, "it ain't none of my business, but——"

"But what——"

"I guess this here Turk is dead scared of you, all right, Mr. Flink."

"What makes you think so? He'd have killed me if you boys hadn't interfered. I knew he always carried a dirk, but I was so angry with the fellow that I forgot about the steel. All I could think of was that I wanted to hit him. He owes me eight thousand dollars since——"

"Ye got a judgment agin' him, ain't ye?" insinuated Hen.

"Yes; but what's the use of the judgment? I can't collect on it. If he had any property, I could——"

"He's down at I. O. O. F. Hall right now packin' up his rugs. I seen him there as I come up the street, and he ordered me to have the team ready at seven o'clock to-morrow morning to drive him over to the station. Guess he aims to ketch the seven-fifty-one outer town. He's tryin' to get away with his rugs before you attach them."

◀7A

Harrison P. Flink jumped excitedly to his feet and seized Hen Weatherby by the arm.

"Is that straight goods, or are you kidding me?" he demanded.

"Honor bright," responded Hen.

"Has he got a small, green rug that he uses to pray on?" demanded Harrison P. Flink breathlessly.

Hen nodded.

"That's a prayer rug nearly three hundred years old," said Mr. Flink hoarsely. "He had it at Yale with him, and I remember him telling me that it was an heirloom and worth ten thousand dollars alone. Do you know if he had a large, brownish rug with small, golden crescents in it?"

"Yes; I seen that one, too," replied Hen.

"Then, by the gods of war, I've got him where I want him, and I'll collect on that judgment yet. I couldn't touch the rest of his rugs, because he would make an affidavit that they belonged to his father's firm in Constantinople; but those two rugs I mention are his personal property, and I can prove it by a dozen witnesses. Mr. Weatherby, old scout, put it there! By Jupiter, your information's saved the day!"

Hen "put it there," and, when he withdrew it, he found a five-dollar bill sticking to his fingers.

"Tell me all about that chap's doings in this town, Mr. Weatherby," said Mr. Flink, drawing Hen aside. "You help me land that thieving Oriental, and I'll see that you're well paid for your trouble."

Thus adjured, Hen proceeded to tell everything he knew, and considerable that he only guessed, and at the end of fifteen minutes Mr. Flink smiled, slipped Hen another five-dollar bill, and declared that he had entirely recovered his appetite, and would go into dinner.

"I'll have an attachment out against those two rugs by seven o'clock to-morrow morning," he announced, "and we'll have the sheriff roosting on his trunks before you unload them at the depot."

"But you can't get an attachment to-

morrow," Hen reminded him sadly. "To-morrow's Sunday."

"Well, I'll round up the justice of the peace and the sheriff to-night, then——"

"Can't," protested Hen. "The City Hall is closed, and the sheriff's gone over to Acton. And Judge Quimby allers goes fishin' on Sunday."

"Stung!" fumed Mr. Flink, and swore horribly. Suddenly, however, his glance brightened.

"What time does the next train come through Mayfield?" he asked.

"Nine-ten."

"Good! I'll take the nine-ten over to Acton, and you can manage to let this El Bakkra person know that I have left town. Tell him I came down here to visit my aunt, Miss Rebecca Langrebe, but find that she died nearly a year ago, and that I took the next train back to New York. If he thinks I'm gone, he may stay over until Monday, and we'll get him. However, if he persists in getting out, watch to see where his trunks are checked to, and wire me collect at—what's the best hotel in Acton?"

"The Oakdale," advised Hen promptly.

"Well, you wire me, and then I will decide what to do. He'll very probably stop off at some other town in this State; and, if he does, he's my meat."

"I'll let you know," Hen promised him eagerly. "You leave it to me."

About nine o'clock Sunday morning, Mr. Harrison P. Flink received a wire from Hen Weatherby at the Oakdale Hotel in Acton. It contained but one word—"Heberville"—and was not signed.

Mr. Flink smiled pleurably. "Heberville—twelve miles from Mayfield. We'll land very neatly, indeed, or I miss my guess."

At two o'clock, Judge Cannon closed his office and called it a day, after which he proceeded uptown to the Hampton House and his favorite rendezvous on the front veranda. About a dozen of the "regulars" were already there, including Hen Weatherby, who was reading to the crowd an article from the *Heberville Daily Clarion*.

"Well, Judge, I see our friend, the

Turk, is in trouble over to Heberville," announced old man Hampton as the Judge settled into his chair.

Judge Cannon grunted scornfully, but made no further comment. Later, when Hen Weatherby had finished with his copy of the *Heberville Daily Clarion*, the Judge picked it up and read:

RUG MERCHANT IN TROUBLE.

Oriental's Stock in Trade Attached by Sheriff.

His Turkish Highness Mohammed El Bakkra, who brightened our sister city of Mayfield with his presence and his sample rugs last week, is in Heberville, struggling in the toils of the law.

According to Harrison P. Flink, of New York, Mohammed El Bakkra borrowed eight thousand dollars from Flink while they were both students at Yale, giving therefor his note at six per cent. The note falling due and Mohammed El Bakkra not being on hand to meet it, Flink sued and was awarded a judgment by default. This was more than four years ago. Last Saturday Flink visited Mayfield, and came across his debtor, who is touring the United States, exhibiting samples of valuable Oriental rugs manufactured by his father's firm in Constantinople.

According to advices from Mayfield, blows were exchanged at the meeting, and Mohammed El Bakkra folded his tent, after the fashion of his kind, and faded away to Heberville. It appears, however, that Flink had not abandoned his efforts to collect, for yesterday Sheriff Grabber came over from the county seat and levied an attachment on two small, but exceedingly rare and valuable rugs, which Flink says he is prepared to prove are the personal property of Mohammed El Bakkra and therefore subject to attachment, in order to satisfy his judgment.

The six trunks of sample rugs which the Turk has in his possession are said to approximate in value close to fifteen thousand dollars, and were supposed by Flink to be not subject to attachment, as they were not the property of Mohammed El Bakkra. The threatened loss of the two smaller rugs, however, threw the Turk into a panic, and sooner than lose his priceless heirlooms, he confessed that he had succeeded to his father's business in Constantinople and that all of the rugs were his. By stipulation between Flink and the Turk, the former has agreed to lift the attachment on the two smaller rugs and to levy upon the line of samples.

Mohammed El Bakkra left last night for New York, ostensibly for the purpose of raising sufficient funds to meet the amount of the attachment, together with costs. According to law, if the attachment is not lifted at the end of thirty days, the rugs will

be sold by the sheriff, at public auction, and the proceeds applied on Flink's judgment against the Turk.

Judge Cannon swore eloquently, and forgot all about the matter for thirty days.

The story in the *Heberville Daily Clarion* was copied in the *Mayfield Enterprise* and the *Farrell County Searchlight*, and every woman in Mayfield was made acquainted with the history of the case. And when, at the end of thirty days, an inconspicuous paragraph appeared in the "Legal Notices" in both papers, announcing the sale by the sheriff, at public auction, of an itemized list of Oriental rugs in order to satisfy the judgment held by one Harrison P. Flink, the hegira of Mayfield ladies to Heberville the day of the auction was so great that Judge Cannon, who was also bound for Heberville the same day, was forced to walk down to the station, a prospective rug purchaser having usurped his favorite seat beside Hen Weatherby.

The bidding at the auction was brisk. Mrs. Anson Peters led the Mayfield forces against a determined onslaught by the Heberville ladies, and, by virtue of her husband's lengthy bank roll, bid in fully a third of the rugs at approximately half their value. The love of a bargain was not to be resisted, and in Farrell County women are just as human as elsewhere.

Regardless of whether she could afford it or not, every woman who attended that sale bid on at least one rug, with the result that within three hours Harrison P. Flink's judgment, together with all costs, and interest on the note, was paid in full, and less than a dozen of the smaller and less expensive rugs remained for Mohammed El Bakkra should he return to claim them.

The ladies from Mayfield noticed that Judge Cannon attended the sale, but made no bids. It was assumed that he was secretly acting as the attorney for the Turk, inasmuch as he received from the sheriff a detailed report of each sale, and the name and address of the purchaser. The Prophet smiled grimly as he noted that at least two-thirds of the

rugs had found their way back to Mayfield, and that Mrs. Anson Peters was "in" nearly four thousand dollars.

It was nearly dusk. At a flag station two miles out of Heberville, Mr. Harrison P. Flink alighted from an automobile, with his forty-dollar Gladstone bag clasped tightly in his hand. He dismissed the auto, and walked over to the little station platform, where he was accosted by a short, stout, bow-legged man of swarthy complexion. Mr. Flink smiled brightly as he approached.

"Coast's clear," said the dark-complexioned man, "and the train will be along in a few minutes. Everything go all right at the sale?"

"Like shooting fish, Mohammed. That Mayfield contingent broke themselves scrambling for the bargains. We're about six thousand to the good after deducting all expenses."

"I'm glad it's over," was the reply. "This job of playing Turk is beginning to get on my nerves. My digestion's ruined. It's me for little old New York, Flink, my boy, and some civilized eats. This job of cooking one's own grub isn't what it's cracked up to be. Got the tickets?"

If Harrison P. Flink replied to this latter question, it is not of record, for at that precise moment six inches of blue steel with a hole in it appeared from around the corner of the station, and covered Mr. Harrison P. Flink and his dyspeptic friend. Behind the revolver appeared no less a personage than the Prophet of Mayfield.

"Good evening, gentlemen," began the Judge pleasantly. "Hands up, if you please. A little higher, Mr. Flink, if you don't mind. As for you, Mohammed El Bakkra, I'd thank you to look a trifle more pleasant. Permit me to introduce myself. My name's Cannon. They call me the Prophet of Mayfield. I've been predicting a good many things that never come to pass; but when I predicted that our Turkish friend was up to some skullduggery, I was right for once, even if the folks in our town wouldn't believe me. As a matter of fact"—here the Prophet

smiled reminiscently—"it was your Uncle Fuller who invented this Oriental rug swindle. I worked it very successfully out in Indiana thirty years ago. Better try Indiana next time, boys. They grow real Hoosiers out there.

"And, in the meantime, if you don't mind, Mr. Flink, I'll just help myself to that Gladstone bag of yours. Let me see. The wives of some thirty-two of the best citizens and most influential voters in Mayfield have been swindled out of just five thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars on imitation Oriental rugs. Owing to the fact that I have turned square—I have a past, I admit, but I've been on the level for twenty-five years—I am compelled to ask you gentlemen to count me out just five thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars from the proceeds of your job.

"I intend to buy the rugs back for you with this money, and—Mohammed, if you don't keep your hands up, I'll shoot off your index finger—if you will kindly leave me your address, it will be my very great pleasure to forward the rugs to you collect as soon as I have received them from my disillusioned friends in Mayfield. Count out the money, please. I hear the train whistling for Heberville. Of course, if you prefer to dispute with me, you can accompany me back to town and fight for your rights—ah, I thought you'd see it my way. Tar and feathers would look very unlovely on you, Mohammed."

"This is a holdup," sputtered Harrison P. Flink.

"You bet it is," chuckled the Prophet. "Don't make any mistake counting out the change, Brother Flink. Pile it right up on the station platform, and I'll gather it in after you're aboard the train."

The Prophet chatted pleasantly with his helpless victims until the train whistled for the flag station. The engineer had seen the little group on the platform, and, as the train came to a halt, the Prophet placed his revolver in his outside overcoat pocket without, however, relinquishing his hold upon it.

"Good-by, boys. You left your ad-

dress, didn't you? Very well, I'll send the rugs, or return the money. And remember! Next time take Horace Greeley's advice and go West—Indiana, say."

At ten o'clock next morning, Judge Cannon entered the office of Anson Peters, president of the Mayfield National.

"Well, Prophet," said Peters pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

"Swing this spineless lot of lying voters in Mayfield into line for me next election. I'm going to run again for superior judge. I'm promised the nomination, and I can win if you throw the Mayfield vote to me solid."

"Can't be done, Prophet, for a number of reasons," snapped Peters.

"You attended that rug sale at Heberville yesterday," retorted the Prophet pointedly. "You were there with your wife, and blew yourself for about four thousand dollars' worth of rugs."

"Well, what have Oriental rugs to do with politics?" demanded the banker.

"A whole lot. Anson Peters, you were swindled, and I can prove it. You and your wife, and the wives of thirty other prominent men in this town, have fallen over yourselves to buy in a lot of imitation rugs worth, at the most, fifteen dollars per rug. There's a bully good story in that for the newspapers. You'll feel pretty fine about it, won't you? Why, they'll laugh you out of town."

And then the Prophet proceeded to tell his story. At its conclusion, Anson Peters grinned at the Judge.

"And you held the swindlers up and made them give back their rug money?" he inquired sarcastically. "And if I don't swing into line, you'll give the story to the newspapers, eh? Well, let me tell you something, Judge. There isn't a newspaper in the county that would dare to run the story. I hold mortgages on the plants of all five, and I own them, body and soul. Moreover, there isn't a soul in town who would believe that this entire rug deal was a frame-up. I believe it, now that you explain it to me, but I'll never admit it

to another soul. But I do not believe that you held the swindlers up. And, besides, five thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars isn't enough. Other men will pay more to be elected. I guess that's about all. Good day."

Judge Cannon stared at the banker stupidly. It took nearly a minute for the exact situation to dawn upon him.

"I'll hire an expert to prove those rugs are bogus," he threatened.

"And I'll hire a better expert to prove they're genuine."

The Prophet left the bank disgustedly. He walked back to his office, gathered up a bundle of greenbacks, and counted them carefully. Five thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars! The Prophet gazed at it long and sadly.

"Well, I'm square," he muttered presently. "I suppose I ought to keep this wad of currency, but—damme, I've been on the level for twenty-five years, and I can't change. I've got the habit."

He stuffed the money in his pocket,

walked down to the express office, and sent the entire sum to Harrison P. Flink and Mohammed El Bakkra, at the address in New York City which Mr. Flink had given him. Next he continued on to the telegraph office, where he dispatched this message to the erstwhile rug merchants:

Returning cash by express to-day. The suckers wouldn't believe me. Which goes to show that a Prophet is without honor in his own country.
CANNON.

Next evening, as the Prophet sat on the veranda of the Hampton House, Hen Weatherby strolled up and handed him a telegram. He opened it, and read:

A Prophet may be without honor, but Honor never fails to annex a profit. Mailing you five hundred to-day as retaining fee in case we should ever need your services in a legal way. The Lord certainly loves an honest man, and so do

FLINK AND MOHAMMED.

And the Prophet smiled and stroked his goatee.

Mr. Kyne has other good yarns coming. You will get them in future issues of the POPULAR.



BRETHREN IN THE SENATE

There are now two earnest Christian Scientists in the United States Senate, Clapp, of Minnesota, and Works, of California.



ECONOMICAL IN HIS LANGUAGE

John C. Spooner was once introduced to an audience in the West by the German mayor of a small town. This was the speech of introduction:

"Ladies und Shentlemens: I have been ask to introdooce you to the Honorable Spooner, who to you vill make a speech. I haf now did so, und he vill now do so."



HOW BELASCO GOT HIS START

David Belasco made the first money of his career by selling political badges when Grant was a candidate for the presidency. This venture netted him \$110, part of which he spent in buying a pair of tights and a red wig, because he thought he was cut out for a comedian. His next attempt was the acting of tragedy. It *was* a tragedy. After that he went into the business of producing plays, and never again got the idea that he was an actor.

The Female of the Species

By Arthur M. Eichorn

This has nothing to do with the species that Kipling wrote about. It is a story of the deadly mosquito—a narrative of a wonderful exhibition of grit, told by an old warrior. Not on the field of battle, with the clamor of the guns and the roll of the drums to stir the blood, is this deed of courage done; but in the dead quiet of the laboratory and the commonplace surroundings of the billiard room. Mr. Eichorn makes his first appearance in the **POPULAR** with a strong and unusual story.

AS Silkworth and Hunt entered from the billiard hall, and joined the group seated before the log fire in the Long Room, Senator Courtenay paused in his scholarly analysis of the Supreme Court's most recent decision, and joined the others in bidding the newcomers welcome. There followed a readjustment of leather-upholstered chairs, and a revision of the obsequious attendant's most recent order.

"What of the game, Ben?" asked the senator, of Hunt. "Or is the subject of billiards distasteful to you this evening?"

"It is, senator," replied the younger man. "Silkworth has trimmed me with such consistent regularity that it is fast becoming monotonous. Nor can I now, as had been my unsportsmanlike custom, attribute my defeats to the inferior quality of chalk provided by our steward. But you just wait, doctor," he added, addressing his late opponent. "I intend inducing the major, here, to teach me how to *massé*, after which I'm not sure that I shall care to speak to any of you."

They all laughed in good-humored fashion.

"At any rate," said Hoyt, "you should extract some consolation from Herbert Spencer's philosophy upon being defeated at billiards."

Senator Courtenay and the major chuckled appreciatively.

"And what," inquired Hunt, "had the late Mr. Spencer to say that might mitigate my disappointment in being unable to occasionally win a game?"

"It seems," replied Hoyt, "that the great philosopher, at one of his London clubs, asked a younger man, a stranger, to join him at a game of billiards. The younger man assented; they 'banked' for the opening shot; the younger man won the 'bank,' and proceeded to run out the game without a miss. Spencer laid down his cue, and said: 'Young man, moderate proficiency at a game of skill denotes refinement, but such unusual aptitude as you have displayed bespeaks a wasted youth. I bid you good night, sir!'"

"Crushed!" exclaimed Silkworth, joining in the general laugh.

The attendant's arrangements, just then, of glasses and decanters, was watched by all, in silence.

"Speaking of billiards and wasted youth," observed the usually taciturn Major Beaufort, as, with eyes narrowed to slits, he contemplated the burning log through the contents of his glass, "recalls to me, with distinctness fairly sunlit, what was perhaps the weirdest and most extraordinary exhibition of indomitable courage that ever I witnessed; in or out of the service. Inci-

dentally, fate so manipulated the strings that I, myself, was elected to play an exceedingly minor rôle in that tragic drama. But the story is a long one, gentlemen; perhaps——"

"Go on! Go on!" they protested unanimously, to the accompaniment of scraping chairs and flaming matches.

The major gravely nodded his fine old head, in acknowledgment of the compliment. Putting fire to his own cigar, he puffed for a few moments, in silent reminiscence. Softened by the reflection of the blazing log in the fireplace, the old warrior's face was, in itself, a story worth the reading. Indelibly bronzed by the burning sun glare and sands of the tropics, his strong, leonine countenance, with its crowning mass of white hair, seemed now as tender in its expression as a woman's. Truly, the major's grim-visaged vocation had "smoothed his ruffled brow," and one could readily imagine him being the type of man selected by an old hound for the Santa Claus of his fire-side dreams.

After a preliminary puff or two he began his story.

It happened at the time of the Spanish-American War; or, to be more exact, during the rather prosaic period of reconstruction directly following the cessation of hostilities. Prior to the surrender of Santiago by General Toral, our forces, under Shafter, had so effectually surrounded the city as to completely cut off the Spanish army from every possible avenue of escape. General Garcia, in command of our Cuban allies, had rendered us valiant assistance in the campaign around Santiago, and had, on the third of July, forwarded us the encouraging report that he held the railroad from Santiago to San Luis.

It was on the day of the arrival of that report from Garcia that the surrender of Santiago was formally demanded, and refused. Bombardment of the city would have begun at once but for the intervention of the foreign consuls in Santiago, who united in beseeching that the impending bombard-

ment be postponed for a period of five days, during which time foreign subjects could leave the city and find shelter on board the British and Austrian war vessels then in Santiago Harbor. This request was granted.

As it afterward developed, during the suspension of hostilities much pressure was brought to bear upon General Toral by the foreign consuls and the citizens of Santiago, urging that the terms of surrender be accepted; but to no purpose. To those farseeing foreign diplomats the Spanish situation appeared next to hopeless; particularly in view of the recent destruction of Cervera's fleet, and of the brilliant campaign of our Asiatic squadron, under Dewey.

During the temporary suspension of hostilities, the citizens of Santiago, most of whom were in sympathy with the American cause, literally swarmed out of the city, making their way across the surrounding hills into our camps, where their supplications for food were pitiable. This relief we could but ill afford; nevertheless, with the assistance of the Red Cross Society, we did what we could toward bringing out the sunshine for the poor devils.

Now, this exodus of half-starved Santiagoans—and we failed to discover the fact until too late—was shrewdly encouraged by General Toral, who not only thus obtained more much-needed room and provisions for his hard-put troops, but also succeeded in introducing into our ranks that most devastating and damnable scourge of modern times—yellow fever.

Passing through our lines, these Santiago refugees straggled on, in great numbers, to the neighboring towns of El Caney and Siboney; where the miserable houses, the utter lack of sanitary knowledge or precaution, combined with the rapidly increasing congestion, made veritable incubators or hot beds for the propagation and spread of the then undiscovered source of the yellow pestilence.

On the day following the breaking out of the fever in Siboney, General Miles ordered the destruction of that

town by fire; which destruction was accomplished at once. Finally, and at about that time, General Toral surrendered. Back into Santiago, and almost coincident with the hauling up of our flag in that city, trooped thousands of these refugees.

It was then, gentlemen, and, as you will recall, that our *real* fight began. A fight for our very existence, against an unseen and unknown foe. In spite of every precaution and prevention known to our efficient medical corps, including the adoption of heroic methods of quarantine and sanitation, the saffron epidemic tightened its grip.

Under American military rule, the better element among the citizens of Santiago—those who had previously known no government but one of thievery and despotism—coöperated with us in our efforts to prepare for the then impending rainy season. During the weeks that followed, much work was to be done, including the embarkation of the Spanish troops by means of transports, and the removal of mines and torpedoes from the harbor by our naval vessels.

One evening, in the forepart of August, a mysterious conference took place in the east room of the fine old Spanish mansion which served as a clubhouse and meeting place for naval and army officers, engineers, and members of the medical reserve corps. Among the latter was a young surgeon named Livingston—a particularly prepossessing sort of chap whom I had met the year previous in the States, and whom I was genuinely glad to meet again. Livingston, I knew, had performed in a creditable manner, some especial work in connection with bacteriological research, and had been ordered to proceed to Santiago, whither he had arrived but the week before.

As a result of the mysterious meeting that night, there was drawn up and forwarded to Washington a round robin, signed by, among others, three major generals and four brigadiers, and stating, in effect, that nothing but removal to a Northern climate could save the army from destruction by the yel-

low fever that was fast devastating its ranks. Although technically a breach of discipline, because of its antagonism to the views of the war department, the round robin was abundantly justified by existing conditions. Accompanying the petition, there was sent to Washington an accurately prepared report of the progress being made by and against the fever's spread.

Gentlemen, this report was appalling! Only half the truth was later given to the press. One evening, several days after that now memorable meeting at our clubhouse, and while all who understood what had been done were anxiously awaiting the action of the war department, I chanced to meet young Livingston again. It was, as in the case of our previous meeting, at the club, directly after dinner. I had just declined, with thanks, an opportunity to referee a match game of billiards between a visiting flag officer and a young engineer with a future—*not* at billiards.

Dropping into one of the few unoccupied chairs commanding a view of the game, I was joined by my old friend, Colonel Jackson, of the signal corps. A man of parts, Jackson, and a cosmopolite in every sense of the word. In different parts of the world, and under varying conditions, had I run across this big, hard-fisted, two-handed old fighter. But never yet had I seen him appearing other than the sartorial symphony that one usually associates with the gray-headed army hero of modern musical comedy.

Stern-featured and unsmiling, a diletante in the arts and sciences, Jackson was as clean and immaculate on the inside as he was externally. And to look at him, one would suppose that he never allowed himself to be further removed than a half day's travel from a remarkably competent valet. But such, of course, was not the case. No, there was nothing of the fop, but everything of the man, about Jackson. Looking the part of a well-groomed *matinée* idol was merely a way he had.

Finding more of interest in our exchange of recent experiences than in further watching the billiard match, we

repaired presently to the adjoining, improvised tap room. Passing through the narrow doorway separating the two rooms, Jackson, who was slightly in advance, bowed his acknowledgment of the stepping aside of a young officer, with whom he had almost collided. It was Livingston, the young surgeon. As the colonel was about to pass him, a flash of joyful recognition swept the look of preoccupation from Livingston's face. He had not yet noticed my presence in the rear.

"Pardon me, sir; Colonel Jackson, I believe?" said he.

Jackson wheeled sharply, his brow slightly contracted. Stepping backward a full pace, his eyes met the other man's searchingly.

"Livingston!" he exclaimed, grasping the younger man's hand in both of his. "What, for the love of the board of health, are you doing in Cuba? Where have you been, man? When did you arrive? What will you have?"

Then, turning to me, and addressing Livingston, he asked: "Do you know Major Beaufort, Livingston?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," responded that young man, extending to me his hand. "Major Beaufort and I are almost old friends, having met upon several occasions, you know, not only here, but in the States as well. In fact, the major has more than once listened to a recital of my troubles, and given me the benefit of his excellent advice."

"Good!" commented Jackson, drawing up a third chair to a vacant table. "The major's advice on most subjects, particularly on billiards, you will find dependable."

After having questioned Livingston at length regarding his actions since last they met, the colonel beckoned to the linen-clad waiter, duplicated the last order, and asked of me: "How badly has Livingston been beating you at billiards, major?"

"Beating me at billiards?" I asked, somewhat surprised. "Why, I had no idea that he either played or cared for the game. How about this, Livingston? Been keeping something from me?"

Livingston, I thought, appeared rather

diffident, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. But the colonel wouldn't have it.

"Great Scott, man!" said he, to the then extremely red-faced young surgeon. "Do you mean to tell me that you, the champion amateur billiardist of your college and State, are not entered in the coming big tournament?"

"To what coming big tournament do you refer?" inquired Livingston, regaining something of his composure. "I might explain, colonel, that in the stress of more important things to do, I have not been inside a billiard room since setting foot on Cuban soil. No, not even here in this club. Hence, perhaps, my ignorance of what is going on. Tell me about this tournament."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exploded Jackson, with an expression of utter incredulity. "To think that 'Reckless Hal' Livingston, who carried off the amateur State championship with a 'grand average' of fourteen, and who used to neglect going to bed because of his devotion to the game—that he should not have heard of our impending army and navy billiard tourney! I shall enter your name to-night, sir; we need you badly."

"No, colonel," protested Livingston. "You shall do nothing of the sort. I appreciate your kind intentions, and all of that, but really I must decline the honor. You see, I've cut out the game entirely. Fact is, I used to rather carry it to an extreme—up most of the night, you know; high-noon breakfasts, consisting of a cigarette and a high ball, and that sort of thing. Had entirely lost my appetite for better things, and was fast losing my nerves. To be more truthful than modest, colonel, I played that game a bit better than was good for me."

Livingston paused, apparently interested in Jackson's futile efforts to extinguish the career of a mosquito that had been bothering him. He then resumed:

"Finally, and it may strike you as carrying one's reformation to an extreme, it was arranged between Marguerite and myself, before we were

married, that I should cut out the game entirely. I'm standing pat on that," he added simply.

The colonel looked his admiration, but voiced his disappointment.

"And to think, major, that with the barely possible exception of Fitzpatrick, there is not an army man available who stands a ghost of a show with Holbrook, of the *Maricetta*, when it comes to the finals. You see," explained Jackson, addressing Livingston, "there's no end of interest and partisan feeling being displayed in this affair. Lord knows that during our idle time we've little enough to do or to think about, by way of relieving the deadly monotony of worrying over the fever situation. Was mighty glad to know, Beaufort, that you had consented to preside as referee during the three nights' play."

Just then an orderly entered, saluted, and handed the colonel a written message. As Jackson, with a deepening frown, scanned the paper, I happened to notice that Livingston was intently watching a mosquito that had alighted upon the back of his left hand, which rested upon the table's edge. With a stealthy movement of his other hand, the young surgeon struck the insect a quick but exceedingly gentle tap. He then leaned forward, and closely inspected the remains of the deceased pest, after which inspection he whiffed the speck into space, and wiped the back of his hand with a handkerchief.

"Very good," said the colonel, addressing the waiting orderly. "Tell Smith I shall attend to the matter at once."

The messenger saluted and departed.

"One of my best men is in trouble again. In fact, is under arrest," explained Jackson. "Been full of rum, vim, and animosity ever since he landed in Cuba. If you gentlemen will excuse me, I'll see what can be done for him." The colonel emptied his glass, and bade us good night.

As it was not yet late, and having something to attend to at the armory, I suggested to Livingston a stroll, to which he assented. Half an hour later, as we emerged from the old Spanish

armory, we turned our steps eastward, through what had been the city's most aristocratic section. We had been discussing Santiago's principal topic. Livingston had informed me that over four thousand cases of fever had been reported that week, among the troops alone.

"What progress," I asked, "if any, has been made toward discovering the real source, the primary means of transmission, of the fever infection?"

"No definite progress—as yet," answered Livingston gravely. "I say *as yet*, major," he added, with awakening enthusiasm, "because it is my honest conviction that we are directly upon the edge of a discovery that will save more lives, particularly in time of war, than would result from the efforts of ten of the Hague peace conferences.

"Here's my little bungalow," said Livingston, as we reached the front gate of an antiquated picket fence, which surrounded a small, dimly outlined house, set back some distance from the highway.

"Won't you step in for a little 'something' and a smoke, major?" Livingston swung wide the gate, and held it invitingly. "Perhaps," he added, "as you are so deeply interested in the subject, I may be able to enlighten you further regarding the 'discovery' of which I spoke."

I expressed my appreciation, and we entered. The house, as I've said, was a small one. One story in height, it was apparently surrounded by a wide, screen-inclosed veranda. Within, as Livingston made some lights, I found myself in the main living room—which room, my companion explained, he had left undisturbed, pending the return of the old Spanish family of whom he had secured the house.

The furnishings and simple decorations bespoke comfort and refinement. In one corner stood an upright piano. Opening off the living room was a small bedroom, furnished, as I noted at a glance, with that spartan simplicity characteristic of the soldier. Livingston, shielding with his hand a lighted match, led the way through a swinging

door into what had formerly been the dining room.

Here, as he lighted a powerful acetylene center lamp, a rather curious sight met my eyes.

Carefully arranged on a series of tables, which extended halfway round the room, were scores of porcelain-lined pans, glass jars, and divers other vessels. Many of these, I noted, as Livingston busied himself at an ice box in a corner of the room, contained water, in which was immersed what appeared to be seaweed, marsh grass, and other vegetation.

Directly facing one of the two windows stood a long worktable, upon which were piled stacks of shallow glass disks, bearing labels. Also, there were several complex and apparently powerful microscopes, and two or three glass cases filled with pin-impaled insects. On still another table was a stack of impressive-looking books, with paper markers protruding from between their pages. Under this table I noticed three or four small wooden crates, from behind the wire-screened fronts of which diminutive guinea pigs blinked their pink eyes at the light's glare. In fact, the room presented the appearance of a complete, bacteriological laboratory.

Livingston offered me the room's single chair and a glass, both of which I accepted. Seating himself upon the edge of his worktable, he began:

"Some time next week there will arrive here, from Washington, an army board of five eminent scientists, culled from the marine hospital service, and commissioned by the surgeon-general, to determine, if possible, the *exact* cause of the fever's spread. To digress a moment, major, permit me to remind you that yellow fever has prevailed epidemically throughout the West Indies and in certain regions of the Spanish Main virtually since the discovery of America, culminating in the present epidemic. Physicians have been theorizing about the cause of this disease ever since they began to treat it. It is thought by many that the infection is carried in the air; by others, that it is conveyed by contact with a yellow-fever

patient. *Both these theories I have discovered to be wrong.* Firmly convinced of the agency of micro-organisms in the causation of the disease, I have, by an ordinary process of elimination, sought to discover the true source of inoculation."

Livingston paused, crossed the room, and returned, bearing a large slab of cork, upon which were impaled, by means of pins, innumerable insects.

"Briefly," he continued, "I have discovered that yellow fever is spread *solely* through the medium of the bite of *Culex*, or mosquito. Since arriving at that conclusion some time ago, I have endeavored to determine exactly what variety or varieties of mosquito were responsible for this frightful havoc. This, major"—he extended to me the insect-studded slab of cork—"is the answer; the solution of the whole problem. You have there some fifty or sixty specimens of *Stegomyia Calopus*—or 'yellow-fever' mosquito. Do you notice the marked difference in size and appearance between these three"—he indicated with a finger three slightly isolated specimens—"and the rest?"

"Indeed," I responded, "they are more than twice the size of the others, and appear to have particularly long and red 'beaks,' or boring apparatus."

"Correct!" Livingston exclaimed enthusiastically. "The larger ones are the female of the species, and I am convinced, except for the merest shadow of a doubt, that they alone are deadly. My hypothesis is that the smaller male—which fortunately outnumbers the female by ten thousand to one—subsists entirely upon vegetable matter; while the female is the bloodsucking member of the family. At any rate, I shall have either proved or disproved this theory within the next forty-eight hours; after which all that shall remain to be done is to exterminate this cursed pest forever by means of a few shiploads of petroleum."

As the full import of Livingston's history-making discovery dawned upon me, my enthusiasm grew apace. Far into the night we discussed the boundless, life-saving possibilities of the won-

derful revelation. The square-jawed young surgeon described to me, with painstaking care, the many readily discernible points of dissimilarity between the exceptionally large "yellow-fever" mosquito and all other varieties of *Culex*. The first, faint light of dawn had appeared in the east as I prepared to take my leave.

After asking that I refrain from making any informal announcement of what he had disclosed, pending the delivery of his report to the proper authorities, Livingston handed me a long and bulky sealed envelope, saying: "In the highly improbable event, you know, of anything happening to me within the next few days, I wish you would open this, and see that the two inclosures are delivered as per their respective addresses—one to my wife, the other to Washington." He then accompanied me to the little gate in the picket fence.

"Good morning, major," said he. "I shall probably see you at the club to-morrow evening."

Four days had passed since my memorable night in Livingston's laboratory. I had neither seen, heard of, nor heard from the young surgeon. Excitement ran high at the club. The big billiard tournament was in progress, and the interest being shown in the games was astonishing. The younger army and navy officers, in their natural exuberance of youthful spirits, had wagered heavily upon the ultimate outcome. The honors, thus far, had been evenly distributed, the score standing a tie—six games won by the army men, six won by the sailors. The final game was to be played that evening between Holbrook, the navy crack, and Fitzpatrick, for the army.

After an early dinner I had dropped in at the reading room to look over the *Army and Navy Register*, when I was accosted by Colonel Jackson.

"Whatever has become of Livingston?" he demanded. "I've rather expected to see him around here every evening since the games began; and, besides, there's some mail waiting for him at the desk. It's been there several days."

"Can't imagine," I replied. "I haven't seen him since the night we three were together. You say there is some mail for him? Possibly it is something of importance from Washington. At any rate, I've nothing better to do, so I shall just kill off an hour by walking out to his bungalow and back."

Jackson accompanied me to the desk, where I inquired for and was given a letter addressed to Livingston. The inscription, I noticed, was in a woman's handwriting, the envelope being postmarked "New York."

"Don't fail to be back by eight—in time to call the game," cautioned the colonel, "and if Livingston isn't too busy with his bugs, bring him with you. It will do him good."

Twilight was stealing into dusk as I paused upon the veranda of Livingston's quarters. From within, through the open Spanish window, came distinctly the sound of a piano. Indescribably well, but haltingly, some one was softly playing an old, familiar air—a composition of such simple sweetness that I never shall forget it.

The major paused in his narrative, and asked, of Senator Courtenay:

"What is this, senator?" Softly and correctly, the old gentleman hummed a few bars of music.

"That," said the senator, "is Beethoven's 'Farewell to the Piano.'"

"'Farewell to the Piano,'" repeated the major absently. "Yes, I understand—now."

Lighting a fresh cigar, he went on with his story.

As the music ceased, I stepped across the veranda, and rapped gently on the jamb of the wide-open door. There was no response. Entering the doorway, I saw Livingston, with his back toward me, seated at the piano. His elbows were resting upon the keys, and his bended head lay in the palms of his hands, as though he were asleep. I spoke to him. With a faintly perceptible start, he raised his head, and slowly turned toward me. Even in the dim light of an old, bronze Florentine lamp,

his face appeared strangely haggard and drawn.

"Why, Livingston!" I exclaimed. "What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

The young surgeon stared at me a moment blankly.

"Pardon me, major," he said, slowly rising. "I—I hardly recognized you at first. This light is very poor. No," he added, speaking slowly, "I am not ill. Fact is, I was merely waiting——" He paused, then smiling wistfully. "Waiting for you to come." I did not realize at the time that he was lying—lying like a soldier who has sufficient reason for not telling the truth.

"By the way," he continued, pulling himself together, "do you happen to have with you that envelope I gave you? I must add something to my Washington report."

I did happen to have the envelope in my pocket, and gave it to him.

"Oh, yes," said I. "Here is a letter for you. It's been lying at the club for several days. Thought it might be important."

Livingston thanked me as he lighted an acetylene lamp, which flooded the room with its brilliancy. Seating himself at a leather-topped library table, upon which I noticed a recently installed telephone, he tremblingly tore open the smaller envelope.

"You'll excuse me a moment, major?" he asked. Then, and as though correcting an oversight, he opened a drawer, and offered me cigars and matches.

The young surgeon read with almost boyish eagerness, and I watched intently the constantly changing expression of his mobile countenance. It was a lengthy letter. Livingston finally reached the end, his face lighted by a smile of mingled pride and tenderness. After having read the last page a second time, he looked up, tapped the sheet with his forefinger, and exclaimed fervently:

"Gad, major, there is the finest, most loyal, and unselfish little woman that ever man was blessed with. Listen to this." And he read:

"When Donald returned from kindergarten yesterday, I read to him your story of the 'Sheep that wouldn't say Baa,' and the little man fairly wiggled his toes in an ecstasy of suppressed excitement. He could hardly wait until I had finished, before opening with his battery of appalling questions.

"By the way, dear, I almost neglected to mention that Mr. Jenkins telephoned yesterday from his office, and suggested that I remind you that your life-insurance policy will lapse unless a premium of four hundred dollars is paid by the tenth of the month. Mr. Jenkins also said that the full loan value, whatever that is, had been borrowed on your policy—else he himself would take care of the matter.

"Hal, dear, I know that you cannot afford to pay out this tremendous sum just now. And, besides, this old insurance affair is the only remaining reminder of your old-time extravagances. Won't you please, for our sake, write Mr. Jenkins to let the whole matter drop? Drop it, dear, as you long ago dropped the game that was harming you—for the sake of Donald boy, and your

"MARGUERITE."

As Livingston finished reading, the smile seemed to suddenly fade from his face, leaving him even more haggard than he had been before. I spoke to him, by way of attempting to express my admiration for the noble unselfishness of her whose letter he held—but he apparently did not hear me. Staring blankly into space, he sat motionless, for a full half minute; then his tightly closed fingers crushed spasmodically the letter they held. He swallowed with a visible effort, and was about to speak, when, with startling suddenness, the telephone rang. Springing to my feet, and with every nerve now on edge, I picked up the instrument and answered.

Colonel Jackson was on the other side of the wire. At first I had some difficulty in recognizing his voice, owing probably to my unstrung condition. Finally I made out that the colonel was asking for Livingston.

"Yes," I remember saying, "he's here, but he is very busy, and cannot possibly speak with you now. Can't you call him up——"

Livingston, for no reason that I could understand, had wrested the instrument from my hand.

"Hello," said he; "yes, this is Livingston." Though laboring under a high tension, his voice was remarkably well

controlled. "What! You say that Fitzpatrick cannot play? You are speaking too fast. Say that again, please, and say it slowly. One hour in which to secure a substitute. Yes, I see."

There followed a longer pause. Whatever the colonel was saying, it had an almost electrical effect upon Livingston. His eyes shone brilliantly, with a new, strange light, while the muscles of his jaw and neck twitched most peculiarly. Nodding his head, as though in assent, he exclaimed excitedly:

"Yes, I understand. Hold the wire a moment. I wish to think it over."

Turning to me, his face strangely flushed, Livingston spoke rapidly:

"Jackson says that Fitzpatrick cannot play, and that he must substitute some one else, at once!" He stopped short, and picking up the last sheet of his wife's letter, reread it, with feverish haste. "Four hundred dollars—four hundred," he murmured, "and a lot of navy money still uncovered!"

Seizing a lead pencil, he hastily made a few figures on the back of the paper he held.

Not until he was again speaking to the colonel did the terrible truth, like a flash, dawn upon me! Livingston, from his first strange actions of the evening, to his present nervous and staccato manner of speech, had been displaying the early, but unmistakable, symptoms of that dread disease which he himself had conquered!

Benumbed with horror, I grasped the arms of my chair as Livingston finished speaking.

"Stop!" I must have fairly shouted; but the young surgeon had already hung up the receiver.

"What have you done, man?" I demanded. "Don't you know that you are sick? I tell you, you are sick! Why didn't you let me know this before?"

Livingston had reeled slightly, but he waved me back as I sprang to his side.

"Don't, major," said he hoarsely. "I can take care of myself; yes—of myself. You are right, dear friend. I am sick—but not too sick to play that game to-night. *Do you understand? Not too sick to play the game!*"

In the intensity of their unnatural glow, the poor fellow's eyes fairly burned into my soul. With the vaguely formed intention of calling up Jackson, and explaining something of the situation, I stepped toward the telephone. Livingston anticipated my purpose, however, and hastily interposed himself between me and the table.

"Don't do that, major!" he commanded, and he seemed to have himself more under control. "You mean, with the best intent, to interfere with the arrangement I have just made, don't you? Sit down, please, for a moment. Let me explain why you shall do nothing of the kind."

For some reason, I obeyed.

"In the first place," continued my companion, speaking evenly, "there is probably no one in the entire world—at least, no one here and available, who better understands the nature of my—my trouble, than do I myself. For any one else to be endangered through contact with me is utterly impossible. In fact," and again he smiled wistfully, "that portion of my theory which had to do with the manner of inoculation has now been proven conclusively. Major, one *must* be actually bitten by *Stegomyia Calopus*, and by the *female* of the species, as I myself have been, in order to contract this—this thing!"

With a visible effort, Livingston pulled himself together. "Now, I am going to play that game to-night, and you are *not* going to interfere. I have already given Colonel Jackson my word in the matter, and if you try to stop me—understand, if you try to stop me—this report of mine will never see either Washington or the light of another day."

The full impotency of my position struck me with staggering force. That Livingston was in deadly earnest in his grim determination to play that game there was no gainsaying. Equally apparent was the fact that I could not prevent the rash act. Said he:

"And now that I have made the situation plain, major, I wish to ask of you a favor. Colonel Jackson mentioned the fact, over the phone, that a considerable

quantity of navy money was still going begging, to be wagered on to-night's game; and he asked me to state what portion of it, if any, I wished to cover, that he might attend to the matter for me. I have arranged with the colonel to take four hundred dollars of it, and I shall give him my I O U's for that amount when we reach the club. In the possible event of my winning the game, and the four hundred, will you please see that a draft for that amount is mailed, in my name, on to-morrow's boat, to this address?" He wrote upon a card, and handed me the New York address of a life-insurance company's agent.

Understanding full well the use to which he hoped to put the money, I attempted, with what tact I could command, to induce him to allow me the honor of temporarily assuming the obligation in question, but to no purpose.

Again the telephone rang. Livingston, who answered, assured the colonel that I was with him, and that we were just about to leave for the club.

Our appearance in the billiard room a half hour later was the signal for a lull in the hum of many voices. Flanked on three of its four sides by hastily constructed tiers of banked seats, the playing table stood out in bold relief under its shaded nimbus of electric lights.

Leaving Livingston in conference with Colonel Jackson, I procured from the office desk the set of new, ivory balls with which our tournament games had all been played. After a brief consultation with those in charge of the arrangements, I announced to the assembled spectators that, because of Lieutenant Fitzpatrick's enforced absence, there had been substituted, with the approval of all concerned, Surgeon Livingston, for the army. The game would be for three hundred points, "straight rail."

Holbrook, playing with the black ball, won the bank, and made the opening shot with cool precision. This he rapidly followed with a cluster of twelve more, before he missed, by a hair's breadth, on a difficult "spread draw." "Thirteen for the black," I announced, as Holbrook withdrew. Livingston ad-

vanced to the table. The absolute silence seemed intensified by a slate-pencil-like squeak, as the white-lipped young surgeon chalked his cue. Any doubts that may have been entertained as to his ability to play the game were quickly dispelled. His very first shot was a long and brilliant draw, as the result of which the three balls were beautifully collected near an upper corner of the table.

A ripple of applause greeted this opening effort. Playing with bewildering speed, Livingston delicately nursed the balls for a total of twelve before he missed what should have been for him an absurdly easy shot. Having reason to expect of the young surgeon a degree of proficiency suspected by but few in the audience, I, of course, was not greatly surprised at his brilliancy of attack. Inwardly, however, and in spite of my calm, external neutrality, I greatly feared that even though my friend succeeded in holding himself together, his lack of recent practice would seriously handicap his play. It did. At the end of the twentieth inning, the score stood: Holbrook, 210; Livingston, 192. This, in spite of the plainly apparent, though paradoxical, fact that Livingston was much the better player.

Then that which I most feared came to pass. Slowly but surely the lion-hearted young surgeon was losing his wonderful grip upon an already shattered nervous system. Slowly but surely his steadier opponent widened the gap between their scores. Holbrook, as imperturbable as an iceberg, was improving in his work with every succeeding inning, while Livingston, though infinitely and obviously the better player, was rapidly going to pieces. In spite of his heroic efforts to pull himself together, the poor fellow's nervous condition was becoming apparent to all.

Never have I witnessed anything more pathetic than Livingston's expression as he sat there watching his cool, calculating adversary, literally running away with the game which he himself so badly needed. Better than any one could I divine the mental anguish he must have suffered, as with each suc-

ceeding inning he would take up the work where Holbrook had left off. Playing with that desperation born of despair, Livingston executed shots that I never have seen equaled for their brilliancy, only to "fall down" upon those simpler situations that required a steadiness of hand and eye which he could not command.

At the end of the twenty-fifth inning, the score stood: Holbrook, 270; Livingston, 213. As the young surgeon rose and slowly advanced to the table, he turned his eyes toward me, with an expression of piteous appeal, not unlike that which I have seen in the eyes of an unjustly punished dog. I spoke to him softly, reassuringly. But he did not hear. With a slight, nervous toss of his head, as though he were trying to shake off that which was holding him back, he attempted to negotiate the opening shot, a "half follow," and failed.

"Nothing for the white," I announced, and it was with difficulty that I kept my voice from breaking.

Holbrook had just started in upon what proved to be his longest run of the evening, when I noticed that Livingston had crossed the room, on that side where there were no seats, and was apparently drawing a glass of water from the drinking tank.

Changing my position to one at that end of the table nearest the water cooler, I again glanced covertly toward Livingston, just in time to see him return a small "hypodermic" to his vest pocket; then roll down his sleeve.

As Livingston resumed his seat, Holbrook successfully executed a difficult, three-cushion shot, which ordinarily would have won a round of applause. There was not a sound. Evidently, in the generosity of their natures, even the most enthusiastic navy adherents disliked seeing so obviously a crack player as the army man working under such a mysteriously indefinable handicap.

With what to me seemed maddening monotony, Holbrook continued to slowly and deliberately reel off point after point, until, at 296, and with but four more to go, he missed. A slight burst of applause rewarded his high run.

Livingston consumed an unusual amount of time in chalking his cue for what would, in all probability, be his last opportunity. Playing with much greater deliberation than he had displayed before, he, with his first effort, made one of the most remarkable shots of the evening. Then, with consummate skill, he "nursed" the balls along the rail for eighteen more points before they became separated.

With two dazzling, around-the-table shots, he again corralled the ivory spheres near the upper end of the table. But the balls were now in an extremely awkward position. Either a difficult *massé* or another dangerous round-the-table shot was required.

Livingston's expression was worried as he scrutinized the position of the balls—first from one side of the table, then the other. Impatiently he brushed away from before his eyes an insect that had been hovering around the brilliant light above the table.

Finally he chose the more difficult *massé* shot. It, were he successful, would at least leave the balls close together. With infinite care and precision, his cue descended upon the white ball. A veritable explosion of applause followed. Not only had he made the shot, but he had, with marvelous judgment of distance and speed, driven the two object balls in such a manner that they were left touching one another; wedged into the corner of the table. Never had I seen the balls "anchored," or "jawed," from so awkward a position.

Realizing the tremendous advantage of keeping the two object balls in their position of contact with one another, Livingston carefully chalked his cue, and, with a delicacy of touch worthy of any professional player, began reeling off his much-needed points.

Back and forth, back and forth, gently rolled his cue ball, frequently covering a distance not exceeding an inch, but always daintily "kissing" the two object balls, as it passed them. In my capacity of referee, it was necessary, of course, that I stand where I could lean directly over the table, in order to de-

termine whether or not each shot was properly executed.

Gentlemen, Livingston's finesse was perfect. The contact of his cue and ball was seemingly as delicate as the playful touch of a kitten's paw. So delicate, in fact, that the two "frozen" object balls never more than barely trembled under their zephyr-like contact with the third ball. It was as though the two ivory spheres were held together by some faint, magnetic force.

With each succeeding point scored, I announced the count. Livingston had just passed the 280 mark, when, with alarm, I noticed unmistakable signs of his beginning to break under the strain. Barely perceptible at first, his artificially sustained nerves rapidly asserted their outraged capacity. Less steady now was his still-marvelous control of the cue. More slowly and labored, his manipulation of the balls.

As the poor fellow stopped a moment to chalk his cue, I could not but notice that his hand was slightly trembling, and that his expression was even more haggard and worn than before. Evidently fearful of a miscue, he now nervously rechalked his cue following each shot. At 290, and with but ten points to go, he swayed slightly, steadied himself, as I quickly stepped forward, and continued.

Slowly and carefully, he gauged the position of the balls before attempting the shot. Then, with even greater delicacy of touch than he intended, or than was safe, his cue end met its ball. A great gasp of dismay, tintured slightly with relief, broke from the crowd. It must have appeared to the spectators as though he had missed.

Livingston raised an anxious face to mine, awaiting my decision. "Two ninety-one," I announced, motioning to the young surgeon to proceed. This time the sound from the crowd was unmistakably one of relief. At two-ninety-five, his cue ball touched the other two balls with a trifle more force than was necessary, but not sufficiently hard to separate them. His next shot, if made, would tie his opponent's score. As the now white-lipped and trembling soldier

negotiated this shot, a ripple of applause encircled the room, to be almost instantly suppressed by many emphatic sounds of "Sh! sh!" Plainly, the army man's exhibition of gameness, combined with his all too manifest physical condition, excited the admiration of every one present.

As Livingston pulled himself together for the next effort, he steadied himself for a moment by grasping tightly the rail of the table. He then turned toward me, as though he were about to speak. But his lips moved in silence.

From the perplexed, far-away expression in his eyes, it was quite apparent that the man's mind was elsewhere, just then.

Watching him closely, as he leaned forward over the table, I noticed that Livingston was softly speaking to himself. I could not distinguish the words. His eyes, which were now intently fixed upon the white cue ball, seemed to soften in the intensity of their feverish glow. As though he saw reflected in the immaculate contour of the ivory sphere something more than the mere high lights and color values of the room, the young surgeon's face had lighted up with the most wistfully pathetic smile that I have ever seen. Distinctly now I heard him murmur the name "Marguerite." He was addressing that which he alone saw reflected upon the ball. Then, and after a barely perceptible nod of his head, the smile vanished, and Livingston continued the game.

"Two-ninety-seven," I announced. "Two-ninety-eight — two-ninety-nine — three hundred, and *white wins!*"

As the floodgates of pent-up excitement and enthusiasm broke loose in a storm of applause, Livingston turned to me and held out his hand. I damn near choked. A moment later my friend was swept away from my side by a crush of laughing, shouting men.

After having very nearly blown a hole through my handkerchief, I turned my attention to the billiard balls. Picking up the two that were still touching one another, I noticed upon the side of one, directly where it had been in contact

with the other, a small, dark object of most peculiar appearance.

The major paused, and drew out his handkerchief.

"What was the small, dark object, major?" impatiently asked Hunt.

"There," continued the major, "crushed upon the side of the ball in such a manner as to cause the two ivories to slightly adhere to one another, was a particularly well-developed specimen, red beak and all, of *Stegomyia Calopus*, or 'yellow-fever' mosquito."

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD has written a remarkable novel, called "**The Blue Wall.**" It is a mystery story quite out of the ordinary. It will appear serially in the Twice-a-Month POPULAR, beginning with the next issue, May Month-end, out April 23rd



A FLOOD OF TEA

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, having made his fortune out of tea, tells some good stories about the beverage. One of them, illustrating the "canniness" of the Scotch, is as follows:

An old farmer, of Dumfriesshire, was the guest of a fine lady in that country. When the afternoon tea was served, the hostess observed that the old man gulped down his before she could serve the other guests. Again and again the farmer passed his cup to be refilled. At the ninth cup the lady, becoming uneasy as to the supply on hand, ventured to ask:

"How many cups of tea do you take, John?"

"How many do ye gie?" asked John warily.



AN ABSOLUTELY CORRECT ANSWER

SENATOR BAILEY, of Texas, was once chairman of a committee to examine candidates for admission to the bar in Dallas County, and, after the examination, he reported to the presiding judge that one of the aspirants had not qualified, having answered correctly only one of the questions put to him.

"Only one?" asked the judge. "What was that one?"

"I asked him what a freehold estate is," replied Bailey.

"An important question," remarked the judge, "and what was his reply?"

"He replied without the least hesitation," answered Bailey. "That fact is, of course, in his favor."

"Well, what did he say?" insisted the judge.

"He said," replied Bailey, "that he didn't know."



BRYAN IN SCIENTIFIC CIRCLES

WHEN Mr. Bryan was on the ocean trip which resulted in his boat going ashore near Cuba, he made the acquaintance of an English scientist, who told him some fascinating stories about the difficulties of discovering unknown islands in the sea. The scientist mentioned one island which was always reported in a different place, and his theory was that the island did not move, but that it had some peculiar magnetic quality which affected the ship's instruments and resulted in erroneous records.

"It's astonishing," the learned man remarked, "that an island as large as that can be utterly lost in seas as much traversed as those."

"How large is it?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"About two miles across."

"Well, I don't call that so remarkable," Bryan said, with a slight smile. "The fact is I myself have lost areas a great deal larger than that."

Things that Count

By Robert V. Carr

Author of "Love Lyrics of a Ranch Girl"

What are they—these things that count? Well, there's taffy for one thing, as any live-stock-commission man will tell you. Even Johnny Reeves didn't doubt it when he set out to reach a client by way of a dance. But Johnny was later to discover that while taffy is all right in its place there are other things that count more.

FOR an A-number-one time and no mistake about it, give me a stock meetin' on the Yellowstone. What! Don't you know what a stock meetin' is? I'm sure surprised, but I'll wise you up a bit. A stock meetin' is the gatherin' of the stock-growers' association to elect officers, fix up the round-up program, and do what other business may come before 'em, and then cut in and have a good time. And you don't have to go before a notary public to swear that they have a bunch of fun. Believe me, they sure hop to it.

Where do I come in? As the representative of the Dayton Live Stock Commission Company, of Chicago, I drop down alongside the Yellowstone with a trunk full of souvenirs, buttons, and badges. What are they for? To give away to shippers, their wives, and kiddies. Is it good business? Sure. Is it good business to take a box of candy along when you go to see your best girl? I guess yes.

Then I opens up headquarters in the swellest hotel in town, and by permission of the city fathers throws a sign across Main Street with letters thereon three feet high or more, which say:

SHIP TO THE DAYTON LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION COMPANY AT
CHICAGO—THE FIRM THAT
GETS RESULTS.

'Tain't long before the shippers and their wives and children begin pourin' into my room, lookin' for souvenirs. I've got hatpins for the ladies, pocket-books for the men, and maybe toy umbrellas for the kids, with the words, "Get in out of the wet and ship to the Dayton Live Stock Commission Company at Chicago!" on them. In fact, we has our advertisin' on everything, and there was class to them souvenirs, too. Nothin' cheap about Billy Dayton. When he did anything, it was done right, and you could bet your last piece of money on it.

Of course, I'm busy givin' away souvenirs and takin' down names of shippers and sayin' "Howdy do?" and grabbin' what information I can. Sure, I pass a little taffy. It's all in the game. You're a dead one on the road if you don't know how to hand out the jolly. What is jolly? It's something you don't believe is so, but would rather think it was, and everybody likes to hear it. It hurts no one if they can read the label. I like it myself. But you've got to know your people. Some folks takes their flattery different from others. Some want it wholesale and others retail. Some want it in a sugar-coated pill, and some want it raw. A good solicitor knows how to spread all kinds of salve. If he don't, he can get ready to kiss his job good-by the first season.

You ask what is doin' on the streets at the stock meetin' on the Yellowstone. Plenty, you can gamble. Crowds of girls and women in white dresses, and heaps of healthy-lookin' kids, a little wriggly in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. Here and there is some white-headed, wrinkled old-timer, dreamin' of the days gone by. Cow-punchers in colored shirts of all descriptions, ridin' up and down the street, elbows up; angora chaps, high-crowned hats, and their best spurs, and handkerchiefs of every color of the rainbow; and some of them prairie dudes are wearin' sleeve holders with little imitation aces of hearts or diamonds on them—for it's stock-meetin' time, and everybody's in their best.

They're all there—cowmen, sheepmen, and nesters, from over a county as big as some Eastern States. Up and down the street they go—everybody free and easy; friends shakin' hands and introducin' strangers, commission men grabbin' shippers and coverin' 'em with badges, cow-punchers on foot—for a wonder—and walkin' with their best girl slow and bendin' to listen to what she's got to say, and headed for some place to get an ice-cream soda. Everybody happy and everybody glad. And over it all the blue Montana sky, with the smell of the sagebrush ticklin' your nose till you could bound in the air and yell—you feel so good.

Up in the Commercial Club they've a big free feed, and it hain't no slouch: great platters of all kinds of meat and every old brand of a pickle or salad you ever heard of. And you'll find men there worth half a million and upward, with a glass of beer in one hand and a sandwich in the other, and goin' to it like they was starved to death. Take it from me, they do things right in Montana.

Then at night everybody goes to the dance, and I want to tell you right now, they whoop it up, and yours truly; Johnny Reeves, never missed a dance—that is, at stock meetin'. When it came to poundin' the pine, I was some foot carpenter, if I do say it myself.

Now to get down to business. I want

to say I was playin' in luck. The Gailmores were at this particular stock meetin' I am talking of, as well as the first-night dance. What! Didn't you ever hear of old Bill Gailmore? Man, man, man—where you been? Bill Gailmore's business was worth more hard money to a commission firm than most any cowman's in Montana. But he shipped to Omaha, which hurt the feelin's of me, Johnny Reeves, reppin' for the Dayton Live Stock Commission Company, of Chicago. You see, Billy Dayton had no Omaha or Sioux City branches, and it was up to me to get 'em east of the river to take the count.

I'd been up against Gailmore, but absolutely nothin' doin'. He always referred me to his superintendent, and when I'd tackle his super, that foxy old boy referred me back to Gailmore. There was simply nothin' but a heavy frost for Johnny Reeves on the Gailmore range. I'd almost given the proposition up, until I saw Gailmore and his wife at the dance that night. Then I got an idea, and right followin' it, an introduction to Mrs. Gailmore.

Mrs. Gailmore was a big, fine-lookin' woman, twenty-five years younger than her husband. Gailmore was one of them chunky, soft-talkin' cowmen, red-faced and bald-headed. He looked more like some nice, tight little country banker than the first-class cowman he was. There were only two things in the world—so 'twas said in Montana—that Gailmore cared about—his wife and money. And he only wanted the money to spend on her.

They had traveled everywhere, but I guess she found it more fun to show her diamonds along the Yellowstone, where everybody wasn't wearin' 'em, instead of down East some place where even the poodle dogs have sparks on their collars.

As I've said, Mrs. Gailmore was a beautiful woman—dark eyes and fine features, and one of them dreamy smiles—but she *could not* dance.

Believe me, it hain't always the pretty women who are the swell dancers. Many's the plain little wallflower I have met who could drift like an au-

tumn leaf. Some pick the pretty ones for good dancers, but I don't make that an iron-clad rule. You can't tell by a girl's face what she can do with her feet.

Well, the orchestra starts a dreamy, and I cuts Mrs. Gailmore out. She weighed about a hundred and seventy, and when I tried to turn her, she'd bog down like she'd struck a stretch of gumbo. I'd dance easy until she could make the turn, and once more we'd drag on. But the woman paid no attention to the music. She didn't care whether they were playin' a waltz or a war dance. Once in a while she'd stop complete, and I'd have to dance around her until she got ready to bump on.

Now I like to dance, and Mrs. Gailmore was not my kind. She looked all right, but you had to signal her when you come to a crossin'. It was not dancin'—it was manual labor. She sure was a load. It was the hardest work I ever done in my life, and I've put in many a day at a stretch in the brandin' pen in July. She was nearly as tall as me, and with a big, cold, smooth white hand. By the size of her hand, I figgered her foot pinched in a number seven. But all the time I was thinkin' of them trainloads of Gailmore cattle Billy Dayton wasn't gettin', and then I'd take a new holt and haul her around some more.

'Bout halfway through that first waltz, she says to me, lookin' right into my eyes with her big, dark ones: "Do you know, I so enjoy dancin' with you?"

"Not half so much as I do with you," I says, gatherin' myself so she wouldn't see how hard I was workin'. "You're so light I scarcely know I have a partner."

Now there's a fair sample of hot air to hand to a woman who shudders every time she sees a pair of hay scales.

She laughs one of them creamy, alto-voiced laughs, and I began to see sunshine ahead, but—

Well, never mind, I'll get to it after a while.

After a century or two, I finished that waltz with Mrs. Gailmore. On the

way back to her chair, I told her that life wouldn't be worth livin' unless she saved me at least three dances. She laughs her rich laugh again, and says I might have as many as I pleased. So I fixed it up for the second two-step, and went away lookin' for a place to lay down. I felt like a man who had been diggin' post holes straight for a week without stoppin'. A man didn't need music to waltz with Mrs. Gailmore. What he really needed was a block and tackle.

While I was restin', an Omaha gobbler came out to where I was. He was weak and totterin'. He had just finished a waltz with Mrs. Gailmore. The last I saw of him, he was staggerin' out the door, lookin' for a bar, I bet, where he could revive himself. He was a weak sister, and had no business tacklin' something he couldn't get away with. He never did come back.

When I gets to Mrs. Gailmore for the two-step, she was just sayin' good night to her husband. Seems he couldn't, or didn't care, to dance, and was goin' over to the hotel to hit the hay.

"Hello, Reeves!" he says to me, pleasant enough. "Enjoyin' yourself?"

"You bet I am," I told him.

And then he turns to his wife. "Come when you get ready," he says to her, mighty gentle.

No; they didn't have any children.

"Trot along, dear," she tells him.

"It's only a step across to the hotel, and our party——"

About that time I woke up. "If Mrs. Gailmore would permit me, I would be glad to see her to the hotel," I says, and that's a way I learned on the road, although I might come natural by it a little. I can cut in with society, or go it strong with the roughnecks, and I'm there with both feet on either deal. You've got to be, or you don't last on the road.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Reeves," she says.

Then Gailmore spoke up. "Sure, bring her over, Reeves. Have a good time, girlie. I've got a lot of business to-morrow, and must get some sleep. By-by——" He called her some pet

name I did not catch. "Good night, Reeves," and he was gone.

I could see that old Bill Gailmore loved his young wife. But old Bill couldn't dance. Too bad! But again, he was playin' in luck—he might have had to dance with his wife. *Help!*

That two-step was awful. I worked with that woman till I thought the music would never quit. But I told her it was heavenly, for all the time I was thinkin' of them Gailmore steers Billy Dayton wasn't gettin'. I asks her if I could have two more dances.

"No, sir," she says, in that kittenish way big women sometimes put on. "You can only have one more."

I tried to look like my heart was broke, but all the time I was wonderin' if I'd last through that two-step. Still, a man will do most anything for a dozen trainloads of steers. Somehow I pulled through.

Along about midnight, Mrs. Gailmore said she was ready to go to the hotel, and I was the original Johnny-on-the-spot.

When we got over to the chuck foun-dry, we found Gailmore had changed his mind about goin' to bed, and was settin' in the lobby, talkin' to some old-timers.

So I thought it was up to me to make a little proposition. I asked them to go out with me and get a bite to eat.

"Really, Reeves," objects Gailmore, "I must turn in, and Mrs. Gailmore must be——"

"I don't feel the least bit tired," interrupted his wife, cooin' like a turtle-dove.

"Well, then, all right," says Gailmore, and I could see that what she even whispered went with him to the limit. So we goes over to a café and has something to eat and drink.

Mrs. Gailmore, in a kind of kiddish way, tells him how she enjoyed dancin' with me. He acted pleased, and said that he was glad she'd had a good time. I could see that he worshiped her. I don't know what she really thought of him. I suppose she loved him.

We parted mighty friendly, and Gail-

more shook hands with me and she the same. Everything looked bright to me, but——

Well, I suppose I'll have to let the cat out of the bag.

The fact is, I was raised on the range, and had an idea in my noddle that a real man had no business mixin' women with his work. On the range we kept away from the house. If we had anything to say, we said it to the man. We ate the woman's cookin', chopped her wood, carried her water, and even helped with the dishes, but when it came to business, we talked to the man. We'd no more think of bein' extra nice to a woman to get a favor from her husband than we'd think of flyin' with our backs broke. And that range idea sort of made me disgusted with the Gailmore deal. I'd had to do a lot of that sort of thing on the road, and down in my heart it made me sick and tired.

But you can't discount the fact that women have a big drag to-day. And the man hustlin' shipments, no matter how he was raised, has got to keep on the good side of the wives, mothers, and daughters. He's not only got to be polite and friendly, but he's got to entertain 'em and do it right. If he don't, he'll be lost in the shuffle. But it always made me feel like a lap dog to hang around and jolly a bunch of women.

The next day, the Gailmores invited me to dinner. And if ever I sprained my mind bein' entertainin', I did it at that feed. I called myself "Johnny" so much that first thing they knew they were doin' it, too. Gailmore warmed up to me. When you make a man laugh, he's got to like you, and I made Gailmore laugh. Still, there was a funny look in his eyes—a look that made me uneasy.

Mrs. Gailmore? Let me tell you a secret of the road. There's a difference in bein' fresh and just entertainin'. If a woman smiles at you, don't imagine you're a lady-killer. Smile back at her, but in a way you would smile at the sunshine or anything good. And that was the way I smiled at Mrs. Gailmore

—friendly, full of fun, yes—but keepin' my place.

Let a woman like Mrs. Gailmore have all the fun she wants, but don't you notice it. If she acts like she thinks you're all right, don't puff up and get forward. Smile at her, jolly her, wait on her, but do it all natural. If she gets a little sentimental, don't get rattled. Stay tied, like a good horse. Don't preach, nor don't get gay. Then, after the moonshine is over and she sees you in daylight, she'll think a lot more of you; for, believe me, there's such a thing as friendship between men and women—that is, *if they don't live in the same town.*

You understand, I didn't hand Mrs. Gailmore any imitation stuff. I give her the best I had on the ranch. Of course, I had a purpose. Anything that hasn't a purpose is no good. I treated Mrs. Gailmore the best I knew how, because I wanted her influence with her husband, knowin' that her slightest wish with him was law. Gailmore treated her the best he knew how, because he wanted her love. She treated him as near right as she could, because she wanted his love—maybe, and his protection, and the soft, easy life he could give her. She treated me fine, because I made her believe she was a fairy on her feet, because I was young, and because I amused her. So you see, we all had a purpose.

As for Gailmore himself, I tried to get it to him, not by words, but by my way, that the one thing I most admired about Mrs. Gailmore was the shinin' fact that she was his wife.

And durin' the whole deal, I never once peeped about business. I danced every night with Mrs. Gailmore, and entertained them naturally whenever I got a chance. But not a cheep about shippin'—that is, until we were havin' the last after-the-dance lunch together.

Then, easy and quiet, I steered the talk around to the Chicago market.

"Your cattle certainly lead in Montana," I said to Gailmore. "I have often wondered why you didn't throw a train-load or two of them heavy steers onto the Chicago market. Billy Dayton sold

the Raymond cattle, right near you, 'way above the river markets. Surely the freight and shrinkage from the river to Chicago wouldn't eat up all the profits on them big, hard, heavy steers of yours. You're losin' good money by stoppin' at the river."

"There may be something in that, Johnny," said Gailmore, like he was halfway interested. "But you know I don't pay much attention to those matters. I leave them to my superintendent."

"Mr. Gailmore," I says, leanin' a little toward him and talkin' earnest, "you're considered the best cowman in Montana, and I know that there hain't one of your steers shipped that you don't know what he costs and where he's headed for. You've graded up your herds, and they have the weight and quality that entitle them to go onto a heavy cattle market. Why do you stop at the river—feeder markets?"

Now there's times when one word to a shipper will either make you or break you. I had said all I dared and done all I thought possible. To say or do any more might spoil it all.

Mrs. Gailmore had been listenin' and lookin' at me while I talked. You understand, I had been dancin' with her every night, and not once had I wabbed so that she would know what I had to suffer. So far as she knew, we had glided through three nights of perfectly smooth dancin'. Why wouldn't she like me? Of course, I had talked to her and got her friendship or regard or whatever you may call it. And it was perfectly natural that when I concentrated at the finish, she should say them few words that *I wanted her to say*—the few words *I thought* would do the business.

"Why, yes, dearie; why don't you give Mr. Reeves some of your business? I am sure it would be——"

Gailmore reached over, and pinched his wife's cheek. "Listen to the little business woman," he says, babyin' her. She patted his hand, and cooed something I did not hear.

Then he turns to me: "Goin' to be in town long?"

That question *did* settle it. Gailmore had changed the subject, and when a shipper of his class changes the subject, the solicitor with the sense of a ground owl will leave it changed.

There was no use switchin' back on the shippin' question. I felt I had lost the Gailmore cattle. There's the danger of tryin' to land business through a woman. You may queer yourself with her old man. Sometimes you don't, but you always take that chance. I made up my mind to never ring in the lady feature on a business proposition again.

But I didn't let 'em see by word or look how I liked my job of holdin' the sack. Mrs. Gailmore, as that kind of woman often does, seemed to have forgotten all about the business, and was jollyin' and kittenin' her old man. I was stung.

"Yes," I replied to Gailmore's question, and rememberin' that a real go-getter never gives up, "I'm going to be in town for a spell. Yet I was thinkin' something of makin' a drive out north. We've got a lot of friends out there, and naturally we want to make some new ones. There's a lot that didn't come into stock meetin' that I want to see."

You see, I was just talkin' to be sayin' something.

"Better come with me to-morrow," speaks up Gailmore, patten' his wife's big, white hand; "I'm goin' out to the home ranch." He spoke in the same tone he would ask anybody to ride with him.

I began thinkin' fast. "All right," I says careless like. "Suppose I'd better take a rig from here?"

"No need of it," says Gailmore. "I'm goin' to drive my car"—the big cowmen all had autos—"and we have plenty of rigs at the ranch you can use. One of the boys at the ranch can drive you back to town any time you say. Mrs. Gailmore does not feel like makin' the trip, and I dislike travelin' alone. Glad to have you come along. Is it a go?" He looked at me curiously. Seems Bill Gailmore's eyes were the kind you couldn't see back of. He would have made a good poker player.

I told him I would be glad to go out with him.

But just the samie, I felt a little uneasy as we strolled back to the hotel. Maybe old Bill was onto the fact that I had been dancin' for business. I felt sneakin'.

"I'll start at six o'clock," Gailmore tells me, "here in front of the hotel."

Then Mrs. Gailmore says "Good-by" to me, for she would be takin' her beauty sleep when we started, and so I left them.

In my room I says: "Johnny Reeves, you've lost out. Never again do you play the queen to win."

Still, I had some hope left. A man on the road never calls for an undertaker until he's D-E-A-D, dead. I hits the hay realizin' there was another day comin' to-morrow.

In the mornin' I was on deck bright and early. Gailmore was there in his machine—a big, low-built, canoe-shaped affair—at six o'clock to the dot. He pulls a lever or two, and we slid out of town at a good clip.

"We're gettin' a good start," says he, "and will reach the ranch in plenty of time for an early supper."

We went siftin' right along, although in places the road was a little heavy. Neither one of us said much. Both of us had been over the country, and both of us had rode the range. Besides, cattle people don't talk much on the trail. Also, the farther we gets out in the range country, the more disgusted I feel over the ways a man has to use to get business. I was tired of flatterin' women, tired of spreadin' the salve, tired of lyin' myself black in the face for a few loads of cattle. At that time, had it not been I had a wife to support, I would have said to Gailmore: "Give me a job punchin' cows; I want to get back where nothin' but real man counts. I want a good string of bronks, a roughin', cussin' pard, and I don't want to ever hear of flattery, make believe, grab, and the double cross again. Give me a man's job."

But cow-punchin' only paid forty

bucks a month, and I was payin' that for a flat in Chicago about the size of a dog house. So it was up to me to stick.

But I didn't talk. Sometimes it's a luxury to not say anything. I kept still, and enjoyed it.

We finally pulls in at a road ranch, takes on grub, lights cigars, and goes rockin' along once more. Soon as I could, I ditches the cigar, and rolls a cigarette. Seems the sage and gumbo was sayin' to me: "You hain't no high-collared, gabby, commission-house solicitor; you're just an ordinary cow-puncher with a cow-puncher's ways."

'Long about three o'clock we skirts the bank of a crick with just enough water in it to make it soft and muddy.

Now, there's some fellers who could put in half a day tellin' how a bronk throwed him. But I can't. All I could say in a thousand years would be: "The horse dumped me." I hain't no imagination that way. Some have, but I haven't.

So all I can say is, that there automobile hit a bad washout in the road as we turned the bend, Gailmore loses control, and, *ker-souse!* we goes over the bank and into the crick!

Believe me, I jumped the best I could, and lit away from the machine. When I comes to, I finds I'm wet and muddy, but unhurt. But old Bill has both legs under the machine, and he's strugglin' in about six inches of water. It was probably the steerin' wheel that had barred old Bill from makin' a get-away. The machine had turned over and sunk down in the mud, and Gailmore was fast. Lucky we lit in the mud, and luckier still for old Bill's legs that the sides of the seat were cushioned. If we'd lit on solid ground, both of us would have probably gone the long trail.

I waded to Gailmore, and helps him to set up. But there was no hope; he could only move the upper parts of his body. Then I flew at the machine—it had no top or wind shield—and tried to lift it. No use. It was settlin' down like a big, steel hog in the soft mud, and

I might as well tried to lift a freight car.

"Get a piece of drift, and pry it up," says Gailmore, quiet enough. "I think both legs are broken."

I wallows up the crick lookin' for a piece of driftwood. But I was crazy to think of findin' anything along the stream where nothin' but a few little willers grew. Of course I found nothin', not even a rock, for it was in a soft gumbo, slaty country, where the cricks run between crumbly banks.

I come back on a heavy lope, and once more in a locoed way tried to lift the machine.

"No use," says Gailmore. "It's a good ten miles to the nearest ranch. Perhaps you'd better go." He was as calm and cool as could be.

Just then I looked up at the sky. The wind had come up, and there was a bad-lookin' mess of clouds gatherin'. And as I spoke, there came a growl of thunder.

"No," I says, "I dassent go. I don't like the looks of them clouds. Maybe some one will come along."

Gailmore didn't say anything. He knew them Western streams. He knew, as I did, that in the evenin', after a hard rain, they run bank full, and in the mornin' a cat can ford 'em.

Them clouds looked like they held enough water to drown the world, and they were gettin' blacker and meaner-lookin' all the time. In a little while there come rain in big drops, and it began gettin' dark. We was up against one of them sudden Western storms that might mean anything from a cloudburst to a cyclone.

Gailmore, sufferin' everything, but still in good control of himself, and lookin' up in my face as I holds him, says: "Johnny, you'd better leave me. The crick will be comin' up, and you'd better take care of yourself. You've done all you can. Tell Mrs. Gailmore when——"

He stopped to grit his teeth against the pain. Believe me, old Bill Gailmore was game—game to the marrow!

"Old-timer," I says, "cut that foolish talk——"

But right here, let me say, I was scared. I knew the crick was risin' already and that, if a cloud busted, a wall of water would come down on us like a railroad train. Gailmore was fast; it was a cinch I could no nothin' for him but go to the nearest ranch for help. Even at that, I wasn't so well posted on the country but what I would lose a lot of time. Yet why not leave him and try? It would be better than to stay and be drowned like a rat. I had a wife; why shouldn't I think of myself? To go for help would show I tried to do right and at the same time give me a show to live. I was tryin' to fix it up so I could make a decent get-away.

Gailmore seemed to read my thoughts, for, durin' a lull, he gasps: "Go for help, Johnny. It's all you can do—save yourself."

Right then I comes into the finest feelin' ever known on God's earth. Thinks I: "Johnny Reeves, you're a white man; you can only die once, and it's up to you to stop hemmin' and hawin' and take a tumble to yourself. Face the music like a man with your head up. If the water comes, it may lift the machine and maybe give you a chance to save Gailmore. The thing for you to figger on is Gailmore, not yourself. Stay! Stay!"

"No," I yells, as the lightnin' runs hell's brand on the sky, "*I'll stay!*"

Gailmore didn't say nothin'. Just felt for my hand and held onto it as a girl does when she trusts and loves you. So I knelt there in the mud on one knee, with old Bill restin' against the other, awaitin' the end.

A century before I was dancin' in a crowded room. There was music and lights and fun, and I was flatterin' some woman, whose name I could not now remember, on her dancin'. Could it be that it was only last night?

Then it seemed to me that the water was happy in crawlin' up around us. It seemed the storm took a delight in sayin': "Suffer, I don't care. Live or die, I don't care. What's a man or two, or a thousand, to me? Nothin', nothin', nothin'."

I want to say in the little while I was there—it seemed years—I became another man. Lost all my foolishness and conceit. For the first time in my life, I got acquainted with the real Johnny Reeves—and, by all that's good and fine, I was glad to meet him, for he wasn't afraid. He was a man who had nothin' to do with small things. Money, appearances, lies, business, what were they? Just words he had forgotten the meanin' of. He was a man's man, a stayer who looked across the Great Divide and said: "*I'm a-comin', but a-comin' clean!*"

Then my life slipped before me like a movin' picture, but none of it so fine as the last scene. I could see my wife smilin', feel her first sweetheart kiss upon my lips, hear mother say: "Johnny boy," see all the faces of my friends and those who had loved me. Still, the storm scene was best.

The storm seemed to gather itself and to howl again: "I do not care; live or die, I do not care. I don't hate you nor love you, I just don't care!"

Gailmore stirred a little, and I felt his pain by his hand clutchin' mine. But never a groan from him, never a whimper; he was goin' out like a man.

Once more he said: "Go," and then he sagged down, and I knew he'd fainted. I was alone, and up, up, up, the crick was comin'.

About that time I began hearin' voices. Thinks I: "You've gone crazy with the strain, and are hearin' things." So, more to relieve my mind than anything else, I begins to yell. I knew it wouldn't do any good, but it was a relief to holler, and I kept it up.

No, I wasn't yellin' for mercy. I was just yellin' for to keep myself company.

All of a sudden I heard the voices more distinct, and then shapes loom up on the bank. I was so paralyzed with joy, I lost my power of speech.

"What's up down there?" yells a real human voice. Then the lightnin' shows me riders on the bank, and then the fix we're in better than I could tell it.

"Help, help, help!" I finally manages to yell. And right after that a half dozen riders—they were a bunch of L X boys comin' back from town—had their ropes on that machine, and Gailmore out on the bank in the shake of a lamb's tail.

We sends a rider to the nearest ranch for a wagon and one back to town for a doctor.

Gailmore lost his right leg, and was laid up for nearly a year. But he is all

hunkadory now with a cork leg. Limps a little, but gets around in fair shape.

Huh, I forgot about the business. Of course, Gailmore has never said anything to me, but the first order he give, after the accident, was: "Consign everything to Dayton at Chicago."

"And say to Johnny Reeves," his superintendent tells me he said, "'that while dancin' is a nice accomplishment, there's *other things that count* more with me.'"

Johnny Reeves didn't confine his attentions to the cattlemen. In the next POPULAR you will hear of his experiences in the sheep country. May Month-end number, on sale April 23rd.



OBSERVING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS

AT one time, when J. Pierpont Morgan was uneasy about his health, his physician ordered him to quit smoking cigars. Three or four days later, his secretary, on entering the private office, was surprised to see the financier puffing on a voluminous-looking thing in his mouth and blowing out thick clouds of smoke.

"Why," exclaimed the secretary, "I thought—I thought the doctor said——"

"I'm not using tobacco!" said Morgan testily. "This is merely a cigar that Tom Ryan gave me."



DISAPPOINTED BUT DIPLOMATIC

UP in Vermont the hotel business is real business, and the man who takes a room and eats a meal at one of the hostleries is expected to pay for it without fail. If you don't believe it, take a run up to Vermont and try to beat the house bill. In one of the little towns of the State there is a hotel proprietor called Jolly Jones.

One morning after breakfast a guest was about to depart without paying his bill. Jolly walked slowly to the door with him, and, in a deadly tone, said:

"Mister, if you should happen to lose your bank roll between here and Randolph, you can remember that I didn't get any of it."



MAKING HIMSELF SOLID WITH STONE

WHEN L. C. Probert went to Washington as a newspaper correspondent for the Associated Press, he asked a friend to show him over the Senate and give him a proper introduction to all the senators. Finally they went into the office of "Gum-shoe" Bill Stone, of Missouri. Stone was exceedingly polite and made Probert feel at home.

"I used to be in St. Louis myself," vouchsafed Probert. "I was a witness in the suit which the St. Louis *Star* brought against the Associated Press for being a trust."

"Yes," remarked Stone, "I remember that case very well."

"I was on the Associated Press at that time," continued Probert, with great enthusiasm, "and I tell you our lawyers made the fellow on the other side look like an idiot."

"I suppose so," said Stone dryly. "I was the fellow on the other side."

Songs of the Out-o'-doors

By Berton Braley

I.—BASEBALL

IF you've never sat in the blazing sun and
prayed the gods for another run,
If you're not clean daft till the season's
done and the talk of the game is
through,

If you've never joined in the bleachers' roar
at a double play or a daring score,
Don't listen to this a minute more, this
ballad is not for you!

But if the sound of the ball that's hit or the
thump of a strike in the catcher's mitt,
And the umpire's voice and the coacher's
wit are spells that hold you sure,
If you're one of the faithful, cheering throng
that follows the fate of the team along
Maybe you'll join in the swinging song, the
song of the baseball lure!

Chuck-full of glamour,
Tumult and clamor,
Sparkling with vigor and zipping with zest.
Gingery, tangy,
Flippant, and slangy,
Brimful of action and banter and jest.
Sport of the multitude—held by its joys
again,
Staidest of people are nothing but boys
again!

In every city or country spot, in every corner
or vacant lot,
In any old weather, cool or hot, from
earliest spring to fall,
The young and lively, the old and gray are
there to join or watch the play,
The game that wields its royal sway and
keeps the land in thrall.

And if you're watching the players sweat,
down on the field where the scene is
set,
You feel its magic and you forget your age
and your sense as well,

For the game—it turns your face to tan, it
makes a boy of the oldest man,
It turns the sane to a crazy fan with noth-
ing to do but yell!

Calling for muscle,
Hurry, and hustle,
Baseball's a tussle that's vivid with vim,
Heated but happy,
Peaceful but scrappy,
Evermore snappy and nevermore grim!
Sport of the multitude—every one's wild
again,
Every true fan is as young as a child again.

Oh, the silence tense and the hush of doubt
with the bases full and two men out,
And the clean, sharp hit, and the rooters'
shout as the runners cross the plate,
Or the long-drawn "Ah!" as the ball soars
high and the fielder shields his sun-
dazed eye
And waits and gathers the falling fly as
certain and sure as fate,

Oh, the jeers, the cheers, and the throbbing
thrill, the batter's might and the pitch-
er's skill,
The crowd that never is wholly still but
shouting its joy or woe,
These are the things that fan the flame, that
lend their wonder to the game,
That make it glorious in its fame, the king
of all games we know!

Free of the grafter,
Lighted with laughter,
Full of the spirit of never say die!
Action is in it
Every sharp minute,
Something is doing to capture the eye!
Then—and the reason can never be hid
again—
Best of it is—that it makes you a kid again!

In the May Month-end POPULAR, out two weeks hence, you will get another Song of the Out-o'-doors, the second in the series. It is called "The Sprinter."

The Sunken Submarine

By Captain Danrit

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Through his friendship with the inventor of an oxylic machine, a captain in the French army has the apparatus installed in the biggest submarine built for the French navy. It is called the *Dragon Fly*, and is commanded by an old schoolmate of the army officer, Commandant D'Elbee. As a return for his efforts he insists that the commandant shall take him down on the trial trip. They submerge at Tunis and are to run under the Mediterranean to Bizerta, but as they are dropping down to a safe distance beneath the surface for the under-water trip there is a tremendous crash and the submarine stands on end. Yvonnec, the Breton quartermaster, is explaining the working of the big torpedoes to the army officer, and rushes to the emergency bulkhead, slams the door, and bolts it. As he finishes they notice a tiny stream of water creeping in and realize that the submarine has filled and sunk to the bottom of the sea. The torpedo tube suggests itself as an avenue of escape, and Yvonnec nobly offers to stay behind and face certain death in order to shoot the officer through the tube to safety. As the captain is about to crawl into it the quartermaster discovers that there is no powder in the ammunition locker, and so this method of escape is denied them. Hope revives when the landsman finds the trapdoor covering the diver's sluice beneath the bottom of the boat. They open it and go down into the well, where they turn on the compressed air in an effort to equalize the pressure on the outer trap, which must be opened to permit them to leave the submarine. They are unable to stand the tremendous pressure, and before they can open the cover they are overcome. Yvonnec has just strength enough left to turn off the air. When they have recovered they return to the torpedo room and realize that they are both hungry and thirsty. Driven to despair of any hope of rescue, the captain decides on suicide. While the other sleeps he goes to the door of the engine room and throws it open so that the water may rush in and engulf them. But the water has receded into another apartment and they find the engines unharmed. In a chest they discover a diver's dress. Wearing this the captain believes that he can venture into the submerged parts of the boat, the water from these sections being kept out of the engine room because of the high air pressure. With the help of the quartermaster the captain puts on the rubber suit and helmet and climbs up through the water to the conning tower. There he discovers the body of his friend, the lieutenant, who has died while trying to keep the submarine from plunging to the bottom of the ocean.

X.

WE BEGIN TO MOVE.

BE sure and make no sudden movement," begged Yvonnec again through the tube. "The end here is on the water's edge."

"I can't reach the switch," I answered. "I must shift the commander's body."

The effort would have been a trivial one in the water, where the corpse weighed so little, if Jacques had not been riveted to his table. Following the direction of his arm, I found his two hands grasping a wheel like that of a motor car.

The conning-tower table was an oval, the two focuses of which were occupied by the rough-ground glass disks on which were reproduced the images of

the periscope. A vertical ledge about eighteen inches high bordered this table on one side only, and in the center of the upright portion my hand came across several instruments, a straight lever, two dials, and the receiver of a telephone.

The wheel on which the commander of the *Dragon Fly* had spent his last effort was at one of the ends of the upright. The switches I was seeking were on the table itself, but on the opposite side, and consequently under the corpse of my friend, which was wedged in between the tubes of the periscope and the edge of the controlling switchboard. In order to raise the body, it was first necessary to loosen its grip of the wheel.

In the Cimmerian darkness, I was some time in finding all this out. More-

(Copyright, 1911, by LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY.)

This story began in the March Month-end POPULAR. Back numbers can be obtained from any news dealer.

over, my action was a good deal limited, for at each of my movements I felt myself checked by Yvonnec, who continued his questions and recommendations. With great difficulty I succeeded in loosening my unfortunate friend's fingers. There had been the same difficulty in loosening those of the engineer from the handles of the trap-door.

It would seem as though drowning people put forth in a supreme effort all the muscular energy contained in their bodies, and thus produce extraordinary effects. To-day I know that I broke two of Jacques' fingers in attaining my object. Never had I had need of greater will power. I was obliged to keep telling myself that the means of our deliverance were there within reach, and that the ghastly work I was performing was one impossible to shirk.

Stiffening myself in my rigid garment, I pronounced, I remember, the word "Forgive" several times, as if I had been committing a sacrilege in snatching the commander of the submarine from the post in which death had fixed him. On one of his fingers I felt a ring, which could only be his wedding ring. I drew it off and slipped it under the gutta-percha bracelet that was round my wrist.

"If I am saved," I murmured, "I promise you, Jacques, to take it myself to her who gave it to you, and I will love your children as if they were my own."

At last I was able to draw my friend's body forward and to have the table free. When I had laid the corpse at my feet, I groped for the vulcanite cap covering the knobs that allowed communication with the safety leads. I found it at once. It was raised. No other than Jacques could have done this, for usually the cap was maintained in its place by a spring sunk in the vulcanite, and incapable of being affected by any accidental blow. The commander of the *Dragon Fly* therefore had already attempted to save the boat by the means I had come to try myself.

And when, in a terrible agitation, I put my hand on the central knob, I was

sure, even before pressing, that my last hope was gone. Since the weights had not been cast off at Jacques' bidding, there was no reason why they should be at mine. The contrivance had failed at the critical moment. It would not succeed now. I pressed the button. It did not yield, being already pressed down as far as it would go, the arrangement being for the one pressure to be final.

I pressed on the four other knobs. They were down also. Everything had been essayed. For a moment I waited, holding my breath, counting on a miracle, as people in desperation will. No stir of our living tomb was perceptible.

The ascensional thrust, which should have been effected and have brought about in the boat a displacement of equilibrium appreciable by the survivors and unmistakable, did not occur. And during a few instants, I stood, as it were, annihilated by this last blow.

"Well?" questioned Yvonnec anxiously through the tube.

In a series of short, hoarse sentences, I explained what I had discovered, and, echoing my disappointment, there came the ejaculation:

"My God! My God!"

The system for casting off the leads in the *Dragon Fly* had refused to act, just as in the *Lutin*. There, rust was the cause. In our case it appeared, from the inquiry afterward made, that the commander had attempted to cast off the leads just when the boat was in a vertical position, plunging toward the bottom. This change of position wedged the lead crowns and prevented their unloosing. What evidently is required is a system which will work in any position of the boat.

Now, I lost my power to react any further, and had death come upon me, I should not have struggled one jot against it. I forgot even that, within the reach of my hand, was a switch that would unfasten and send to the surface the buoy with the telephone attached to it. Yet Jacques had told me it was the first switch to be thought of in case of an accident occurring. Later,

I learned that he had thought of it, but that the plunging of the boat had also prevented the buoy from mounting. Perhaps, if I had remembered the existence of the buoy switch and pressed on the knob communicating with it, I might have had better success than with the safety leads, the boat being now in a nearly horizontal position. But my forgetfulness was comprehensible. I was altogether incapable of further reflection.

Indeed, at this moment, I must have made some imprudent movement. What it was I have no recollection. But suddenly I felt myself dragged back by the gutta-percha tubing and gliding through the water toward the opening of the conning tower. I felt my helmet bump against the steps of the ladder, then touch the floor of the instrument room. A few instants after I passed through the lower door and fell head-first into the arms of Yvonnec, who was standing on the topmost rungs of the lower ladder. Dazzled by the electric light that streamed in through the eye-holes of my head covering, my eyes closed, my head swam, and I sank into a state of half consciousness.

When Yvonnec managed to free me from the helmet, which had become intolerable to my shoulders, I was unable to rise, and lay helpless and almost lifeless. I was aware that my companion began to rub me energetically with some of the alcohol used for the engine. Then he tried to take my tongue, no doubt to practice the rhythmic tractions employed with the apparently drowned. I opened my eyes at this, and his cry of joy I shall never forget:

"Heavens, how frightened I was!"

As soon as he saw I was in a condition to listen to him, he related to me that the end of the tubing had suddenly slipped from his grasp, and had disappeared in the water. By himself plunging upward into the instrument room, he had been able to catch hold of it again; but, believing my helmet to be full of water already, he had dragged me hastily through the water just as a drowning person is dragged to land. He was very much astonished to find

no water in the helmet when he took it off me.

On my side I was scarcely recovered enough to explain to him that the air in the tube and water-tight garment sufficed to keep the water back, and had continued to be breathable for two or three minutes. In return, I related to him what I had discovered in the conning tower, and what I had done. He listened, seated on the frame of the engine, looking with his kindly eyes into mine.

"Poor commander!" he exclaimed. "He was a good captain."

At the end of my narrative, he rose with the appearance of a man who had come to some decision.

"It's now my turn to go up there," he said. "Will you help me?"

"What is the use, Yvonnec?" I replied. "You won't do any better than I did. The knobs are pressed home."

"I might say it was just to bid farewell to the commander," returned my companion. "But I can't deceive you. I have another idea in my head."

"What else is there to be hoped?" I asked dejectedly.

"I don't quite know, friend; or, rather, I know, but I don't want to raise your hopes uselessly. Let me have my way."

I had no reason for opposing the quartermaster's wish, and I aided him to put on the diving dress. Remembering the inconvenience caused me by the absence of my leaden soles, I fixed them on his feet. Then I recommended him to avoid the loss of tubing I had incurred through going to the right of the table instead of to the left, and a few instants later he disappeared in the trap.

Being so cast down, I made no guesses as to what project might have suggested itself to him. His functions did not often require his presence in the conning tower, and Jacques' explanations to me had given me a much better notion of the various appliances for guiding the boat than Yvonnec could possibly have. I was gazing forlornly at the gutta-percha tubing as it entered farther and farther into the

viscous-looking liquid, when I heard my companion's voice calling me:

"Friend, friend!"

I replied, and then he continued:

"Will you just give a glance at the board on the wall, on the side of the flywheel?"

"There are several," I answered.

"It's the round board with a copper lever handle."

"I've found it. There are some numbers on a circle—two hundred, three hundred, four hundred——"

"No; that board is for the revolutions of the engine. I mean the other one, with the words 'FORWARD,' 'BACKWARD,'"

"Yes, now I see. 'FORWARD,' 'BACKWARD,' and 'STOP' in the middle."

"Where is the lever handle now?"

"On the 'STOP.'"

"Well," said Yvonnec, "will you alter it to 'BACKWARD'?"

I pushed the handle to the left, as if I had been performing some tedious action. I was too tired altogether, and this double atmospheric pressure in which we had been living for the last twenty-four hours had become a burden.

"It is done," I called back into the tube.

A few more minutes passed; then, I heard Yvonnec shout:

"Now pay attention!"

Attention to what? With my eyes fixed on the lever and the board, I stepped back, and listlessly I leaned against the flywheel of the engine. All at once I was hurled toward the ladder. The heavy iron wheel had begun to move. And when, staggering like a drunken man, I turned round to seek an explanation, the whole engine appeared to be vibrating and alive, as I had remarked and admired it on first descending into the engine room.

It was not, as in the case of huge steamers, a to and fro of pistons, a zig-zag of rods, a whirl of regulators. Of the work that was being done inside the twin groups of cylinders, where the motor explosions succeeded each other in quadruple time, nothing was perceptible outside except the numberless short

jerks of the escape valve rods, and the almost invisible rotation, so rapid was it, of the wheel that stored up the living force.

All the parts that vibrated, revolved, and fitted into each other, were hermetically inclosed in an envelope of steel beneath the cylinders. They moved there in oil, and, since the dampers for deadening the noise of the motor explosions had their outlets under the keel, and conducted into the water nothing but soluble gases, which the sea at once absorbed, the marvelous machine worked with scarcely any noise, and with the minimum of apparent movement.

But it progressed, or, rather, regressed; and, while itself remaining silent in the setting of its massive frame, it communicated to all the boat, along its driving shaft, the characteristic vibration that caused the floor beneath my feet to tremble. It seemed to me as though life had come back to this tomb in which we had been stifled for more than five days. And such was my amazement and delight that I found nothing to say to Yvonnec through the tube.

The engine was working. I beheld it working, yet could not believe my eyes. And not only was it working, but we were moving. For, in less than a minute after the change of the lever, I felt the metal floor oscillate and start beneath my feet.

And this movement, which in previous voyages I had never much enjoyed because it upset my inside, appeared now to be the most agreeable and lulling that could be imagined. Just as my thoughts were on him whose act of reflection had produced aloft this result of such capital importance, I saw two leaden soles successively descend through the liquid vault of the trapdoor, and the Breton almost tumbled down the ladder. In my turn, I caught him in my arms; and I remember this detail, comic if we had not been actors in a tragedy; to wit, that I pressed and hugged him in my arms, in spite of his diving dress, such was my gratitude.

When at last he had taken off his

dress, and his radiant face and bright eyes could be seen, he said, as he seized my two hands:

"Well, friend, you see we are moving. We shall get out of this hole."

Standing together, we watched the engine—the dead monster buried in the depths of the Mediterranean, which he had galvanized to life again. Now it ran, and glided rapidly along the bottom of the sea; and, in our fancy, the idea seemed certain that we were returning to the light of the upper air. It would carry us out of the black depths; it would go toward the shore; and there it would strand, like a strayed whale, and some one would come and let us out. We refused to suppose that, after the *Dragon Fly's* almost miraculous start, following on nearly a week's immobility, this vision of deliverance should end in another disappointment.

A few minutes thus passed, and then we tried to understand better what had occurred, and also what was likely to occur. Our progress, indeed, was strange enough, manifesting itself by a rise of the floor, with succeeding slight shocks about every minute. Each time the shock was produced, we were pitched forward and the inclination of our flooring was increased, while the water which had accumulated in a corner of our compartment then formed a small wave that dashed against the bulkhead. The boat seemed to be moving by a series of jumps, and one might have thought it was forced every minute to leap over an invisible obstacle.

"Have you guessed, friend, why I got you to shift the lever to that position?" asked Yvonnec, pointing to the dial of the reversing gear.

"For us to move backward, certainly. But why backward?"

"For two reasons, friend, though one would suffice. If we had started forward, we shouldn't have moved at all, since our prow being stuck in the ground, the screws would have driven the boat farther into the bottom, and we should have remained there till eternity."

"I understand. And now, with our stern inclined upward, we are moving

and dragging our prow along the ground."

"That's so. But there is another reason, friend. By traveling backward, we are retracing our course, and are moving toward the coast, toward the west, from where we came."

I shook my head with disquietude.

"That is true only," I said, "if the rudder has kept straight."

"It must be straight. Why shouldn't it be?"

"I don't know. If the accident happened when the commander was steering toward Bizerta, the rudder will be turned."

"No, for I heard the second lieutenant, in the room above, repeat: 'North, eighty-five degrees east,' just when you came down to join me."

"You are right. I remember my friend had given up at that moment his plan of trying a deep dive. He did not suspect that we should dive all the same, poor fellow. He said to me: 'I should like to start from Cape Raz-al-Fortas; we will catch up a few miles in the east.'"

"So, by moving backward, we are moving westward?"

"That is toward the coast we hugged when setting out; and, unless we are going toward Bizerta, it needs such a tiny, angular difference in the boat's position, or that of the rudder, to make us miss the coast."

I tried to remember what I had seen on the chart, the half circle formed by the shores of the gulf, the capes—Carthage to the west, Raz-Durdas to the east. Beyond Cape Carthage there was Cape Kamart. If we missed the coast of Carthage, we might run onto that of La Marsa, lying between the two capes, always supposing that Jacques had not altered the direction of the rudder.

"Listen, friend," said Yvonnec. "This is what must have happened, as far as we can gather. When the commander felt the shock, his first thought was to stop the boat, and he gave the order. So Renaut put the lever where you saw it, and the engine came to a standstill. Then the commander must

have pressed on the safety-lead knobs, and, as he saw they didn't act, he tried to set the engine going again. Perhaps he placed the two horizontal rudders in the mounting position; but he had no reason for touching the direction rudder."

"You are right."

"While doing this, the water surprised him," continued Yvonnec. "He had no time to reflect that the lower starting lever was at stop, and he turned his wheel full on for the forward movement. Nothing, of course, budged. He kept on trying until he was drowned, and that's why you found him clutching the wheel and making the efforts of a drowning man."

"Then he must have perished almost directly?"

"That's sure. How could he have lived even a few minutes?"

"In the pocket of air formed above in the conning tower."

Yvonnec shook his head. He had not had experimental proof, as I had, of this pocket of air.

"The commander did all he could," answered my companion; "and he must have been drowned directly, while trying to set the boat going again."

The idea that my friend had not suffered the long agony I had at first supposed was a relief to my mind. Yvonnec prowled about in the machinery. From the bench table he took a metal box containing nuts and bolts, emptied it, and, bending under the case of the engine motor, turned the tap emptying the radiator.

"Here," he said, holding me the box full of water, "make haste and drink as much as you can; in a few minutes the water will be boiling."

He was right. It was already pretty warm, and the temperature of the engine room itself was rising.

"Ah!" cried the quartermaster, as he continued his inspection. "And our dynamo?"

He geared on a strap by means of a lever in the axis of the cylinders; and, in the middle of the fluted wheel bearing the induction electromagnets, the bobbin of the dynamo began to revolve.

"Our accumulators will get charged afresh," he observed, "and we no longer risk being without light. That was my chief fear."

"Mine, too, Yvonnec. But just now I have another. Where are we going?"

"Where Providence wills, friend?" my companion replied.

He crossed his arms, and, standing with his legs apart, went on:

"Just imagine. We have here the only machine capable of working like that with closed circuit. Renault explained it to me one day. It receives the carburation air direct from the compressed air tubes of the hold, and exhausts the burned gases into the water without borrowing anything from the compartment we are in. Such a machine would work if submerged."

"That's true. Only, at the depth at which we are, part of its force must be employed in thrusting the spent gases into the sea."

"No doubt; but enough remains to carry us on."

Carry us on where? Toward what shore? This was the great question. For the second time I asked: "Where are we going?"

"That," said Yvonnec, "we cannot tell."

"If the *Dragon Fly* was being steered with its stern toward Sardinia when it stopped, we must be now moving toward one of the deepest portions of the Mediterranean," I suggested.

The quartermaster's brow contracted.

"There must be a depth of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms there," he said anxiously.

"You are far from the truth, my poor Yvonnec. When I saw I was about to embark on the *Dragon Fly*, I had the curiosity to consult a sea chart, and found that to the west of Sardinia there is a depression of more than one thousand six hundred fathoms, and, off the coast of Crete, another of two thousand fathoms—real abysses!"

Yvonnec looked pensively at me with his chin resting on his hand, an attitude unusual with him.

"A depth of two and a half miles!"

he exclaimed. "If we should be going there——"

He did not finish his sentence, but his look was eloquent.

"Anyway," I added, "we should be crushed, smashed, before reaching a depth of fifty fathoms. The *Dragon Fly's* hull cannot be made to support a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch."

"Then we shall be warned by the invasion of the water," said Yvonnec. "Meanwhile we had better close the trap."

"What's the use?"

He was about to mount the ladder to close the lid, all the same, when a shock made him lurch toward the table bench.

It seemed at certain moments that the *Dragon Fly* was bumping on rocks or wreckage, and this impression recalled my night dream. The fore part of the submarine must be delving in the sand the furrow which my fever had shown me as phosphorescent in the darkness of untrodden depths. This fantastic backward progress of the boat would cease only with the exhaustion of the alcohol, since its screw, remaining several yards above the ground, would escape the seaweed and other plants with trailing leaves that grow on certain bottoms.

Several yards! How high, then, was the stern raised above the prow? This question tormented me just as, a while before, that of the volume of our compartment had done. I drew my notebook from my pocket. The Breton bent toward me.

"Are you going to calculate again, friend? Let Providence see to that."

"Listen, Yvonnec," I replied. "Do you know the length of the *Dragon Fly*?"

"Of course; one hundred and seventy-seven feet."

I drew on the white page a line that I divided into five equal portions; and I subdivided one of the latter into ten, which I called yards. Prolonging the entire line of four divisions equal to these last, I had therefore represented, on a scale that mattered but little, the total length of the boat. What was its inclination with the bottom? Such was

the problem I set myself. I had before my eyes the means of graphically figuring this inclination.

Tearing another sheet of paper, I knelt down beside the pool of water in the fore part of our cabin. Slipping the sheet vertically into the water, while keeping one of its edges in contact with the floor, I profited by a moment's pause in the leaps of the boat to trace with a pencil the water level on the sheet. I thus had the angle formed by the water's surface with our flooring, and consequently the angle formed by the boat with the plane of the bottom supposed parallel to the level of the sea.

This angle I transferred below my line of one hundred and seventy-seven feet, and, on the new, undetermined line, I let drop from the one hundred and seventy-seven foot extremity a perpendicular whose length I measured. It intercepted about fifteen of my divisions. Therefore our screw was more than fifteen yards below the level of the sea. I announced the result to my companion.

"I understand," he replied quickly. "If we should come into depths of fifteen yards, the stern of the *Dragon Fly* would emerge from the water."

"And we should be saved," I added; "for, as such shallow depths are only met with in the gulf, our whereabouts would soon be discovered."

"And discovered by others, perhaps, before being discovered by ourselves, friend; for the stern might emerge without our knowing."

This thought of our possible proximity to the surface within a short time made our hearts beat so violently that we were unable to speak for a minute or two, and could only watch the engine continuing its regular vibration. Putting back the notebook into my pocket, I felt something I did not recognize. I drew it out. It was the mariner's compass found in the master mechanician's coat. I had forgotten all about it.

"Perhaps with this," I said, "we might calculate our bearings."

And at once, bending over the dial on which the needle oscillated and trembled, we waited and gazed. The oscil-

lations did not last long. The needle's blue point pointed in the same direction as that of our movement. It made with the boat's axis a slight angle toward the left, and this angle, nearly equal to the magnetic inclination, might be regarded as compensating it.

We were going straight toward the north.

To the north! That meant toward the region of deep bottoms, the abyss of Sardinia, toward annihilation!

XI.

THE RACE TOWARD THE ABYSS.

The moment after our discovery was a horrible one. It was some time, how long I cannot say, before we were able to speak or even think.

When at last Yvonnec broke the silence, it was to propose putting on the diving dress, and going into the conning tower for the purpose of stopping the engine. So agitated was he that he forgot we had only to raise the lever before us in order to produce this result. No sooner had I made the remark to him than he stepped forward to cut off the light feeding the explosion motor. I checked him.

"Never mind, Yvonnec," I said. "Let it go on. We will trust to Providence, as you put the matter just now."

To tell the truth, I preferred the noise of the engine, even with the risk we were running, to the sepulchral calm which had hitherto weighed our spirits down. I no longer had force enough to quarrel with destiny. All my fighting instinct, my hope and desire to live, had been quenched. Destiny was the stronger. I abandoned myself to its will. At least, there would be one alleviation of our condition; we should have no longer to fear starvation, with its horrors; and the exhaustion of our provisions at present close at hand would be anticipated by the other event.

I watched the engine room continually; and, as we went on, it seemed to me the sides began to contract. Yet I did not trouble. I was in the state of a man who, feeling his end approaching, should analyze his vital manifestations

with tranquillity. Yet, in spite of myself, my thoughts returned to the question of the atmospheric pressure. Since it must be increasing as we moved, why did not the water in the instrument room overwhelm us?

Was it possible that the *Dragon Fly* could be moving along a horizontal plane, and would only, on reaching the end of it, descend suddenly into the one thousand six hundred fathom depth? Such might be the case, and still I was puzzled to conceive how the inside pressure of relatively feeble density, since we were able to live in it, continued to balance the outside pressure of the sea. This outside pressure must, however, be constantly making itself felt through the breach in front. And, if we were at more than twenty-four fathoms depth, as had been indicated by the experiment of the sluice, we ought to have been overwhelmed long since.

Unable to suspect the truth with regard to this matter, I grew tired of thinking of it at last, and turned my mind, in what seemed to be my final moments, toward the dear ones of whom I had often had visions during my suffering and despair.

Nine days had gone by since I had left them, promising to be absent not longer than ten or twelve days. They must have already wondered why no telegram had arrived to tell them of my whereabouts, and when I should return; and more than one childish voice would have asked:

"When will papa be back?"

"He won't come back at all, poor little ones," I said sadly to myself, "and you will never know where he is buried."

The tears ran down my cheeks while the engine went on working, lulling me with its hollow, monotonous throb, hypnotizing me with its jerking valve springs and the glinting of its blue-polished wheel. In the palm of my hand I still held the compass which had so brutally announced to us our fate. I looked at it again, taking care to keep it as horizontal as possible. More implacable than the first time, it oscillated for hardly a second, and the

needle's point repeated: To the north! To the north!

I dropped it, flung it, rather, on the floor, in a last fit of exasperation, and it rolled toward my companion.

Yvonnec had been praying again, and had then squatted down near me with his elbows on his knees and his hands under his chin, as was usual with him. He picked up the instrument, looked at the needle himself, shook his head, and, holding out his hand, said:

"Friend, shall we bid each other good-by?"

We gripped hands. What a consolation it was to me to have had the society of this humbler mind, yet better tempered to endure trial than mine! If I had been alone, I should have succumbed in my weak despair.

Yvonnec rose, and, urged by the irresistible need of movement, began to stagger rather than walk round our compartment, pausing from time to time to look at the engine, and starting again on his restless course. Meanwhile I was sunk in my dreamy reflections, and paid but listless attention to his doings. But suddenly he aroused me by a cry. I turned my eyes, and saw him steadying himself with one hand that clutched the ladder. In his other hand he held the compass, and was gazing at it with a look of amazement.

"Come and see, friend," he said. "The needle has turned; we are running toward the south—the south."

The word electrified me. The south was Tunis, the gulf, the coast. In one stride I was at the quartermaster's side. It was true; the needle's blue point, the north point, was now pointing in the direction of the boat's prow. And, as we were running backward, we were going toward the south. I tapped on the glass of the compass to oblige the needle to turn freely. There was, however, no mistake. It kept its direction. We were undoubtedly running south.

"The rudder isn't straight," exclaimed Yvonnec brusquely. "We are acting like a snail, and turning round and round."

Such might be the explanation. If so, strange adventures were in store.

Suddenly the truth broke in upon me. I took the compass, and carried it successively into the other two corners of the compartment. In these two places it turned constantly toward one point, and this point was the dynamo.

Under any other circumstances Yvonnec and I should have at once thought of the influence the dynamo must exercise on the compass, which was now no use to us as far as telling us the direction of the boat was concerned. Even if we were to ungear the dynamo, the magnetic influence created in the room was too great to allow of any calculation being effected. The only thing we could say was that we were not necessarily traveling north, and we could, therefore, still hope.

Just at this moment, when we had made the discovery which again left our future uncertain, a shock occurred that stopped our under-sea wanderings. So violent was it that the boat cracked and groaned, and I thought the hull had given way. Both of the lamps were extinguished; and, as for me, I was flung against the door of the engine room, where I fell on Yvonnec, whom the shock had treated similarly. The floor on which I came down had just been tilted considerably, and an avalanche of water deluged us from head to foot.

I believed that the sea had forced its entrance, and that we had arrived at the end of our troubles. I heard my companion gasp out a name and a portion of a prayer; then he lay very still.

Darkness enveloped us thickly; a second, then a third shock, less violent than the first, occurred at a few seconds' interval; and these were followed by fresh avalanches of water, while the floor of the compartment tilted up more.

Next a strange, shrill noise mingled with the dull buzzing of the engine, which continued to work; and, quivering and cowering, with wide-open eyes, I clung to Yvonnec's body. It was limp and inert. Apparently he had been killed by the impact.

I found myself alone in the Stygian darkness, awaiting my own doom.

I tried at length to speak, to cry out, but my tongue refused its office. I shook Yvonnec, but he did not respond. And the strange noise, something like that of a siren, went on, with what seemed to be a more rapid movement of the engine. In our compartment the pistons worked at double speed, as though the motor had gone mad. I wondered whether the driving shaft had broken, and was thus responsible for the din.

"Yvonnec! Yvonnec!" I succeeded in calling at last.

No answer came. I felt convinced he was dead, and gropingly I passed my hand over his face. My fingers touched something warm and liquid. It was blood!

Again I called to him repeatedly; and, after about five minutes or so, which seemed to me centuries, a moan came from his throat, while a faint pressure of his hand replied to that of mine. Once more I spoke to him, and another pressure of his hand told me that he understood what I said, though he could not utter anything.

My prayer went up that he might live, and that, if deliverance were near for me, he might also share in it; but that, if death were near for both of us, I might not long survive him.

My own injuries were slight; a few bruises only. And as my brain grew clearer I endeavored to imagine what could have happened. My first thought was that we had struck on a fringe of rocks situated on the eastern coast of the gulf. This granite wall, with summits of from six hundred to twelve hundred feet, descends sheer down twenty-five to thirty feet in the sea.

The *Dragon Fly* had probably dashed against this wall in a slanting direction, which accounted for its not being smashed; but the two screws were no doubt broken, and now, with the prow fixed in the sea bottom, the hull was buttressed against the rock, checked for good and all in its vagabond course.

One thing was certain—we no longer advanced. We felt neither the pitching nor the swinging that had previously shaken us. I was just wondering

whether this place we had reached was more likely to be visited by those sent in search of us than the place in which the accident had occurred, when Yvonnec recovered fuller consciousness, and his power to speak.

"Friend," he said.

"Are you much hurt?" I asked.

Instead of satisfying my anxiety, he raised himself up as if an electric current had passed through him. His hand again pressed mine, but this time as if it had been a vise. And his voice, harsh and spasmodic, asked:

"Do you hear the screws? Listen!"

"Yes," I said. "But keep quiet until I have washed your wound. Have you any matches?"

"Just listen to me," he answered impatiently, almost imperiously. "My wound does not matter."

"Anyway, it is bleeding a good deal."

"It's nothing, friend, I tell you, since I have heard and have understood. Can't you hear?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you understand that the noise—is—is the noise of the screws revolving in the upper air?"

I was on my feet in an instant. And I listened, panting—listened as I had not listened before, trying in vain to quiet the beatings of my heart. The outside whizzing appeared to me then to be the sweetest, most divine music, for now I recognized its significance. In many a rough voyage between Marseilles and Tunis I had heard the same whizzing of sinister sound during a tempest. When the ship dipped her prow beneath the waves, the stern rose out of the water, the screw revolved for a few seconds madly in the air, and a plaintive moan like that of a siren with one note only accompanied its whirl in the air. The noise was similar now.

But, if the screws were out of the water, the *Dragon Fly* must have reached the surface, must be close to the coast, and our deliverance must be near also. My resignation had quitted me. I wanted again to live. A mad, surging joy invaded me. I hugged Yvonnec in my arms, transported with an irresist-

ible desire to shout my exultation to the four winds.

There was something, too, we had not thought of yet. The screws must be attracting attention by the noise they were making; and, even supposing we were on the rocky coast of the east, where colonists were not numerous, and the natives lived in douars far from the shore, such a noise could not fail to be heard by some one. Everybody would have heard of the accident to the submarine, Arabs as well as Europeans. The gulf was frequented by fishermeh; boats from Malta sailed near the coast; customhouse officers were on the watch at the summits of the cliffs. It was not possible for our plight to remain undiscovered. These thoughts produced in me emotions I cannot translate into words. After despairing so long of deliverance, the almost certainty of it was bliss.

Now the essential thing was to hold on until some one came; and especially we must take care to do nothing that might lead to our sinking and sliding back into the depths.

"Have you any matches, Yvonnec?" I asked.

He handed me his box in silence. Joy had deprived him of his speech once more. The box had just two matches left in it, and luckily they were not wet. With infinite precaution I lighted one of them, and for a few instants our compartment became dimly visible.

My first look was directed to my poor companion. His head was covered with blood, and a broad gash showed above his left temple. Next I glanced around us. The water, which was formerly a puddle only, covering the bottom end of the room, toward the front, hid at present nearly all the base of the engine and the lowest rung of the ladder. Part of the contents of the guardroom had been forced down upon us under the influence of the shock.

The sight of the water suggested to me the thought of washing Yvonnec's wound; but I reflected that the liquid, being dirty, might do more harm than good. This I told him.

"Yes," he replied; "let us wait. I

feel better, and the bleeding has stopped."

We began to talk, forming one hypothesis after another. Was it likely that, after six days' useless search and fathoming, the engineers would have ceased looking for us? If so we should have to trust to chance. We wondered how much of the stern was out of the water, whether it were the screws only, or the compartment also in which we were originally confined. If the latter supposition was correct, the outside aperture of the torpedo-launching apparatus must be also out of the water, and escape through it would be possible.

Nothing but the difference of pressure prevented us from penetrating into our late dungeon. However, we could equalize these pressures by allowing the high-pressure oxygen in the other compartment to come into our own. We had already bored a hole through which this could be effected, and had made use of it twice. Still, if we were to permit the oxygenated atmosphere to prevail where we were, we should have to get out of it quickly. Indeed, being so near to deliverance, we doubted whether we should be wise, in our weak state, to risk the experiment. To one or two of my last remarks Yvonnec made hardly any reply.

"Are you suffering, friend?" I asked, adopting the appellation which he used in speaking to me, since I wished to manifest my affection toward this valiant companion of my misfortunes.

"No," he answered. "I had forgotten my hurt. Just look there!"

"How can I look in this darkness, Yvonnec?"

"Perhaps it is my eyes, then," he continued. "But I seem to see a faint light over there by the ladder."

I rubbed my own eyes. He might be right. If the stern was out of the water, the conning tower could not be more than a few feet beneath the surface; and the light of the upper air entering through the windows could find its way through the instrument room, causing the water there to have a semitransparent appearance. But we had no idea whether it was night or day above

us. I gazed and gazed, and ultimately I fancied there was some sort of light visible through the trapdoor.

Immediately I was seized with the desire to return to the conning tower, and to test whether it was the sun's light which was there—the light celebrated by poets of antiquity, the light over which the gentle Iphigenia wept at the hour of her sacrifice.

But in order to go I must put on the diver's dress. And I forthwith began groping around to find it. The hum of the dynamo, which I almost touched as I passed it by, warned me that I might get a finger or an arm torn off if I were caught in the machinery. I therefore struck our last match, and was able thus to put my hand on the various portions of the dress, which were lying scattered where we had thrown them down in our joy on discovering that the boat was moving. Standing by the foot of the ladder, with water halfway up our legs, we gathered the pieces up; and Yvonnec aided me to get into the dress, after an expenditure of much patience and effort.

"In case the hood of the turret should be out of the water," he said, as he screwed on the helmet.

"Oh, that's impossible, Yvonnec."

"Who knows? Anyway, if it should be, could you open it?"

On my reply in the negative he explained to me what I must do. There were four hand screws to unfasten, and a lever to be raised. More than an hour was taken up before I had the dress on all right. The expectation of seeing daylight made me nervous.

"Be quick, Yvonnec," I said. "It seems as though you would never finish."

"Commit no imprudence, friend; you would pay for it too dearly. Think of those you are going to see again," was his answer.

The leaden soles appeared light to my feet. My weakness had vanished. I felt as if I had wings. We were near the coast. I could fancy I heard knockings on the turret, and voices! Perhaps the telephone would call me when I got up there.

"Quick, friend!" I said once more.

"I will follow you," exclaimed Yvonnec, "and will plunge my head in the water. Up yonder it is clean. A funny way, all the same, to wash one's self."

This was his first joke. We neither of us remembered at the moment the three dead men above us. Everything is relative.

Now I was ready. I climbed the ladder and thrust my hand into the soup-like liquid before immersing my helmet. The surface of the water appeared to be more concave. Soon I was in the ward-room—to me, at present, the antechamber of daylight, the blessed light toward which I aspired with all the force of my being. Yet I had patience to wait until I had made sure that the water did not enter through my diver's dress.

Before me, on the ceiling, I could discern through the glass of the helmet a white, gleaming circle, something milky and soft, a translucency in the darkness of our tomb. It was like a huge opal fallen upon us from the ethereal vault, a bit of heaven reappearing to my ravished eyes.

I stretched out my arms at the sight; I stumbled over corpses; I knocked against the table, the ladder. I hurried forward, I slipped along, still in ecstasy, my hands assuming a bluish tint, as if tinged by the moon's rays.

At length I reached the conning tower. There an ineffable happiness took possession of me. The light, iridescent and so soft that no painter's brush could render it, was penetrating through the four windows with differing intensities. We had undoubtedly issued from the mysterious depths of eternal night; and, after six days' torment, I saw again daylight and its sweet radiance to which I had bidden adieu.

From the height of the profoundly blue sky the sun's fiery disk darted its rays into the waves, and through the thin layer of water that separated us from the surface these same rays reached into our dungeon, like the caresses of a recovered friend.

Delirious with joy, I gazed around me. Jacques' switchboard loomed out vaguely with its lever handles, its dials,

and knobs. I saw the places where I had pressed in vain, trying to cast off the safety leads. There were the tubes of the two periscopes with their different diameters. They seemed to me to zigzag toward the top of the turret through the water, which my movements agitated.

I walked toward the window that received most light, the one facing the surface. I touched the glass. A miracle! there was no water on it. The three others, on the contrary, were still covered. That was the effect of the general inclination of the submarine, and also of the invasion of our engine room by a certain quantity of water. This water, coming from the instrument room, and also from the conning tower, had been replaced by air, and the gaseous mass occupying the top part of the turret was consequently increased.

But I did not stay long at this best-lighted window. Certain weird-looking forms, long in shape, called my attention on the right. I peered out from the glass of my helmet. I stared. At first I failed to understand. Soon, however, my eyes, sharpened by their experience of some hours' darkness, made out details in the receding, slender objects, apparently arranged in parallel lines and gradually fading away in the watery distance. I guessed it must be a colonnade. Indeed, quite near me rose a huge pillar; whether in stone or marble I could not tell, as it was covered with madrepores, actiniæ, infusoria, and petrified gorgons. Nevertheless, the shape was preserved, and I was able to distinguish its lotus-leaf capital bulging at the base.

Tremendously big masses of seaweed hung round it like a head of hair rising from the depths. Their supple filaments waved idly with eellike wriggings beneath the action of invisible currents. Rapid shapes flitted through them, sported in and out of the colonnade, disappeared, came back again, glided by the window—fishes with barbed backs, hippocampi that clung to an oscillating stem with their tails, and quitted it for another, like birds that hop from branch to branch, tunnies shooting up from the

somber depths, and diving down again immediately after.

My attention was more especially drawn to the remains of the entablature that overhung the lotus-leaf capital, and projected toward my window. Its truncated extremity was hardly more than a yard away from me. In its upper portion particolored coral and Polypi, flabeliform *Oculina*, calcareous millepores were incrustated and stood up with the appearance of a nosegay. In reality they were sea flowers set in an antique vase; but no museum would ever know their precious wealth.

The vertical wall of the entablature had been respected by the sea vegetation; and in the substance of the stone I could make out a series of engraved letters. There was an inscription carved by the chisel of a Punic workman, dictated perhaps by a suffetes, and dedicated to a divinity contemporary with Belial or Moloch.

A few years ago I saw the inscription of the Reaper brought from the ruins of a town in the ancient kingdom of Bocchus by my companion Letaille, an indefatigable investigator. The characters composing it have the cuneiform appearance of those I now looked upon. To interpret this inscription, revealed for the first time since its burial, would require the science of some one like Father Delattre, the celebrated archpriest of the cathedral of Byrsa, and superior of the White Fathers.

But my eyes sought to penetrate further, right into the mass of seaweed and débris whence rose the mutilated portico. For there, beside the base of the Punic pillars, I seemed to see truncated masts, prows lifted up in the shape of conches, hulks of triremes covered with a mosaic of shells.

Was it a hallucination of my brain, fevered by the hope of approaching deliverance, and idly lingering over these visions of the abyss, like the Alpinist who cannot tear his gaze from the precipice down which he has nearly fallen? Was it the riot of imagination lending to this submarine flora the substance of antique things? I do not know. But I thought I beheld emerging from a

thicket of saxifrage and parietary a massive stèle supporting a horse overhung by a palm trunk—a horse, emblem of Carthage.

I felt myself transported into a world of unreality. My dazzled eyes, intoxicated with light, were unable to cease gazing at this engulfed temple, these vestiges of history, these mysteries that no human eye might ever look upon again, perhaps. An almost sacred emotion seized upon me, and I pressed my fingers upon the glass of the window, dreading that the spectacle should suddenly vanish, and that I might find I was only dreaming.

While I looked, a shadow flitted across the entablature bearing the Punic inscription. It came from above, passed, and returned, then remained still. My ecstasy immediately gave way to the practical. This shadow was a proof to me that the shore must be close. I no longer mused of orders given by suffetes or of Salammbô's invocations. I calculated instead that the *Dragon Fly* must have stranded on the left coast, the inhabited coast, and not on the girdle of rocks surrounding the wild promontory of Cape Bon.

The ruin could only belong to the ancient Carthage. We had come back to the quays of the city of Dido, and our improvised siren was calling for help at a short distance from La Goulette, the Kram, Sidi-Bou-Saïd, and La Marsa. Definitely rescued from the depths of the Mediterranean, we were lying on the track of big ships, fishing boats, and pleasure barks. Our deliverance was certain. Once more, and now across the window turned toward the surface, I saw shadows flit. They were small craft that had discovered our screws, and were now rowing round the spot; and in them were acquaintances wondering how our engine was thus able to work.

They would send for a diver; he would knock at the turret, he would stick the glass eyes of his helmet against the window through which I was peering. He would not see me, because I was in the dark; but I should see him, and would knock excitedly on the heavy

steel wall of the conning tower in order to answer his call. Somebody would soon come.

But, just as I was repeating these last words for the tenth time, my excitement growing more intense the while, I all at once felt the floor of the conning tower sink beneath me; the window through which I looked turned green, and was covered again with water; an eddy swept right up to the top of the chamber, and Jacques' corpse rolled between my legs, as if reproaching me for my selfishness in entering his private domain and thinking only of light and life while he was swathed with eternal shadow.

XII.

TOWARD THE LIGHT.

What had happened? Was it a fresh catastrophe that overwhelmed us just as we were on the eve of escape? The *Dragon Fly* had unexpectedly gone seesaw! Its screws, which a moment before were turning in the upper air, had sunk into the water again. The siren-like noise had ceased, and with it the call for help on which I had been counting so much. The submarine was still in a sloping position, but slanted now in the other direction. Its stern was at the bottom, and the window through which most light came at present was the one that a few minutes before had been deepest under water.

The colonnade of the Punic temple showed only very vaguely, and its capitals were several yards above the conning tower. A huge tunny was swimming about not far from the window, and jellyfish of enormous size floated near the tunny, as if escorting it.

Something that especially struck me was the sinking of the water in the chamber where I was. All the upper portion of my body now emerged above the surface of the liquid, which was only just up to the controlling switchboard. I feared the instrument room had been flooded, and shouted to Yvonnec. No reply came. At short intervals I repeated my appeal, but still no answer reached me.

At present I reproached myself for

allowing myself to be absorbed by the grandeur of what I had seen, and for returning such brief response to the questions my companion had put to me on my arrival up here. I tried to keep my wits clear, feeling that, if I were to make any error, it might be paid for with my life. However, my position was a perilous one; my breathing began to grow painful; a cold sweat broke out on my forehead, and my head was oppressed as if by a weight upon it.

Evidently the air was no longer being renewed in the helmet, and the end of the tube through which fresh air had come was stopped up. To stay longer in the conning tower would be asphyxia in a very short time. Summoning up, therefore, all my coolness, I stepped over Jacques' body, and made my way to the trapdoor; but, as I was about to descend, I reflected that I was going to return into the darkness, and that I risked knocking myself against the engine at work, against the flywheel whirling at full speed; and this thought caused me to pause for the purpose of switching off the motor. I turned the small wheel in the opposite direction, and immediately all vibration ceased in the *Dragon Fly*.

The silence that followed served to increase my uneasiness as I plunged into the darkness. Soon I had traversed the instrument room, and arrived at the bottom of the ladder leading into the engine room below; but once there I staggered under the weight of my dress, the lack of fresh air having rendered my helmet intolerable.

Without waiting to look for my companion, I hastily undid the screw that fastened the tube to my headpiece. It yielded easily, because Yvonnec had only tightened it with his fingers. As soon as the tube fell, I felt what seemed to be a violent blow on the nape of my neck, and my lungs and stomach contracted as though something were flattening them. My ears buzzed, and strange noises assailed my brain. My eyes looked through a film, in which danced myriads of violet-tinted jets of light.

Like a man that has been doused

with icy water on quitting a steam bath, I sank down helplessly; but slowly my breathing returned to me, and I began to experience the same sensations as when I had opened the Jaubert apparatus and drunk in the oxygen. Yet now I paid no attention to this, but groped about with but one wish animating me—that of finding Yvonnec.

The first thing I touched was the big flywheel. And I said to myself that he had probably been caught by it when it was revolving six hundred times a minute. Dreading that I might discover him crushed against the wall, I bent down; and there I came upon him, lying a foot or so away from the ladder. I touched his hand; it was wet and cold. A cry escaped me. It seemed there could be no doubt of the accident. When the boat had turned seesaw, he must have been swept off his feet by the water.

The terrible discovery unnerved me utterly. Yvonnec had become such a friend to me during our hours of suffering together that my conviction of his being dead affected me more than anything I had previously gone through.

I remained in a sort of stupefaction of grief, caring naught for the painful constraint of my diver's dress, naught for the pangs of hunger, which were keen enough, for, in our anticipation of deliverance, we had forgotten to partake of the meager remains of our provisions. I still held the Breton's hand in my own, and, clasping it, I lay down on the floor.

How long I remained in this prostration I cannot say. In the semidarkness my notions of time had been lost. Perhaps I slept, and perhaps I dreamed; but if so, I did not remember. My returning consciousness surprised me raising myself against the steel partition. With throbbing temples I listened.

Some one had knocked!

At first I wondered whether the noise in my ears had come back. Indeed, whatever had struck my attention came only through the tube hole of my helmet, and seemed necessarily more distant. But, as I leaned the helmet itself against the wall, the metal was also set

vibrating, so that I soon had the certainty that regular blows were being dealt by some heavy instrument on the hull of the boat.

The blows were repeated, first in one place, and then in another; the person who was striking was apparently trying the various parts of the submarine in order to discover if there were survivors in any of its compartments. Now he came close to the place where I was.

I had no instrument ready to hand; but instinctively I answered in the only way possible to me. I butted the side of the wall with my helmet, reckless of the shocks it produced in my head. I butted again and again with frenzy. One after the other the small glass windows in the

sides of the helmet broke. Then the knocking of the outside diver ceased. So he must have heard me.

I was the more persuaded of the fact when the knocks began again. On my side I recommenced the painful exercise of the bull who butts with his head against the thick palisade of the Plaza; and now the front window of my helmet cracked, but fortunately did not break; otherwise it would have cut my eyes badly, as my head was already cut by the bits of broken glass at the side openings. I could feel blood trickle onto my chest and arms, but paid no attention, and went on knocking until I fell exhausted close to Yvonnec, whose icy cold hand chilled mine.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE, ON SALE APRIL 23RD.



THE BIGGEST SALARY RAISE ON RECORD

WHEN the government last July decided to pay four hundred and ninety-two dollars per annum to the man who would carry the United States mails between Springfield and Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, the pay for that work was raised forty-nine thousand and two hundred times more than it had been the year before. During the preceding twelve months, Louis Wade had contracted to do the work for one cent a year. For this large compensation he or his employee had to make twelve trips a week, traveling eighteen and one-half miles a day and disposing of five hundred pounds of mail each trip.

He did it for this small sum because he ran a stage line and wanted the prestige of handling the mails.



HOPEFUL IN THE MIDST OF TRAGEDY

EVERY now and then Leslie M. Shaw, who has never fully recovered from the fact that he was a member of Roosevelt's cabinet, and a great politician, gallops out to some State where there is a hot fight and volunteers the services of his wisdom and vocal powers. On one such occasion, after delivering what appeared to him a grand and gorgeous speech, he noticed that the candidate in whose behalf he was working without a cent of pay, looked exceedingly sad, although the audience had applauded generously.

"Well," remarked Shaw facetiously to the candidate, "I trust I haven't done you any harm out here."

"I hope not," answered the chairman dolefully.

Silk Stockings for Sweeny

By Charles R. Barnes

Author of "Sweeny the Detective," "Honking for Sweeny," Etc.

Silk stockings are the real trouble-makers, believe Mrs. Sweeny, who here tells about the time her dear dead Danny got the silk-stocking bug and came near putting their glad little flat out of business

GIVE her silk stockings," suggested Mrs. Sweeny.

The Boarder appeared somewhat shocked.

"Silk stockings?" he repeated.

"Sure," affirmed the widow of the late Dan Sweeny, race-track bookmaker and gambler in general. "W'y not? All dolls likes silk stockings. You couldn't pick out a better birthday present—a pair for every year that the lady has saw. Huh? I guess it would bust you. What?"

The man laughed.

"I might cheat a little toward juvenility," he remarked, "and be readily forgiven."

Mrs. Sweeny was doubtful.

"She might take it as a compliment, but the chances is that she'd decide you was a tightwad. Ladies, these days, is mostly willin' to own up to a couple years, if each one means a pair of silk stockings—the skirts is crazy about that silk stuff. However, bein' as it's your cousin, I wouldn't worry none, if I was you. But be sure it's a on-the-level cousin, and nobody else. Silk stockings is awful likely to get a pusson in trouble. Did I ever tell you about the time my poor dead Danny got the silk-stocking bug and come near puttin' our glad little flat on the bum?"

"No," answered the Boarder. "You never told me about that."

"Well," Mrs. Sweeny continued, "I'll tell you now. Mebby you'll get married some day, and the tip'll come in handy—though I hope you ain't the man to go cruisin' around department stores like my husban' done. He was

the loveliest man that ever lived; but sometimes it looked like he just couldn't make his morals behave. And if I hadn't of been his little balance wheel, from Wheeling, West Virginia, as you might say, I don't know what wouldn't of happened to him. As it was—my gosh, w'en I seen w'at was happenin' that time, I wanted to label myself a totterin' wreck, sink through the floor, and tell the fam'ly under us to go and chase theirselves if they didn't like the way I come in their flat. Be-lieve me, mister, my Danny could start a lot of stuff w'en he got goin', and not mean to, neither.

"I guess there ain't no ladies in the world that don't like to get little attentions from their husban's, even w'en they hate 'em. And so you can just make up your mind that I was tickled w'en my Danny come home one evenin' and throwed a package on our livin'-room table.

"'Belle,' he says, 'here's somethin' I got for you this aft'noon,' he says.

"I opens the bundle, and there, mister, is a half dozen of the loveliest pairs of silk stockings you ever seen in all your life. They was bought at Skinner's, which, as you know, is one of the swellest stores on Fifth Avenue.

"'My gosh, Danny,' I says, 'how much smaller is your bank roll on account of these here socks?' I says.

"'They're good ones,' he says. 'They come two for a ten-case note—sixty iron men,' he says, 'is w'at they clubbed out of me. If they ain't no good,' he says, 'take 'em back and change 'em, but——'

"'But w'at?' I says.

"'Don't go in that place, Belle,' he says, 'and kick holes in the show cases if this here stuff ain't right,' he says, 'for them folks was darned good to me,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'a man alwus gets treated good in a department store,' I says, 'b'cause them clerks knows he's so easy. But don't worry none about these here lovely hoses, Danny. They look like overweight gold money to me. I never had none so nice. Gee, Danny, ten dollars a pair! W'at night do you want to stay out all night?' I says.

"'It ain't nothin' like that, Belle,' he says. 'I got them things b'cause I remembered I sort of liked you,' he says.

"'And w'at's a lady goin' to do w'en such a line of talk is handed to her by her husban' that's more'n two years married to her, and has paid for almost all of her hair, and knows it? I ask you that, mister?'"

The Boarder smiled.

"I never was married, you know," he reminded her.

"Yes, I know," she continued. "Just you listen, then, and you'll find out somethin' not to do w'en you are tied up. Danny wasn't no diplomat, or he wouldn't of did what he did. It wasn't more'n about three days afterward till he come breezin' in with another bundle of silk stockings. They was from the same store—Skinner's—and they was every bit as good as the first installment.

"'Belle,' he says, 'Gold Dollar Cohen was sayin' to-day that his wife wouldn't wear nothin' but them silk things on her feet,' he says; 'and,' he says, 'I ain't goin' to have it told around Broadway that Dan Sweeny's wife has to go round in rubber boots to hide the socks that ain't silk, like Gold Dollar Cohen's wears,' he says. 'So I shook some loose change at them parties in that there store, Belle,' he says, 'and so look who's here!' he says.

"Be-lieve me, mister, that there streak of consideration in that man went straight to my heart, and I got so swallowy in my neck that I darn near cried. Wasn't he the lovely man, though! Any woman would fall for that sort of stuff. Yes, mister, any woman would. I was

so pleased that I didn't worry a bit all evenin' about the runs that sure was goin' to happen in them stockings. All I done was to set round and grin at myself, and look soft at my grand husban', and kinda sing quiet and easy—tum-te-tum-te-tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum-te-tum, just like that. I was as happy as if I had brains, I was, and I didn't care who knowed it.

"A couple more days went by, with me all excited over w'at the cute little silkworms had wove for me. Every aft'noon I hiked out in a fresh pair, and kicked 'em full of holes, just b'cause I had 'em and could. No man can ever know w'at that there feelin' is like, unless he's got a thousand or so dollar cigars at home, and throws six of 'em away with only a inch smoked. If you ever get the time, mister, go and buy some kid one dozen rockin'-horses, and let him bust 'em all up in one day, and—well, I felt better than that kid will. You bet I did.

"But I hadn't come to the end of that silk-stockin' story yet, by a whole lot. In a few days, Danny fetches home another batch. This time it wasn't no half portion, neither. A whole dozen was in the box—and now you guess."

"Guess what?" the Boarder asked.

"Guess where they was from."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Nothin'." Mrs. Sweeny replied; "Nothin' except everything. Don't you s'pect a plot yet?"

The Boarder shook his head.

"Well," explained the good woman, "you'd better, b'cause there is one. Them stockings come from that same store—Skinner's—the big Fifth Avenue place. And w'en Danny handed 'em to me, he looked kinda funny.

"'Belle,' he says, 'I s'pect you'll think them silk bugs has moved into me on a year's lease,' he says; 'but somehow I just can't help buyin' the junk. You ain't mad to me, are you?' he says.

"'Mad?' I says, undoin' them stockings. 'I sure ain't mad, Dan Sweeny. I'm so tickled that I'm twitchin',' I says. 'Ain't them the lovely things, though?' I says.

"Danny turns away from me and went

out in the hall to hang up his coat. And then, all of a sudden, it comes to me that mebbly I'm fallin' for somethin'. Why was Danny buyin' me all them expensive socks? Why? I didn't say nothin' out loud, but I thought a lot. All that evenin' I thought. By mornin', mister, I had the idee pretty well fixed in my head that mebbly I'd better skip round to Skinner's and see w'at the silk-stockin' counter looked like.

"Yes, I had that notion so well planted that there wasn't no curin' me of it. And so, as soon as the house-keepin' had got to goin' right, and I'd counted the breakfast dishes our flunky had smashed, I wound some scenery on me; and it was the little lady for Skinner's. I took along a couple pairs of them silk stockings, too, so I'd have somethin' to change if anybody or anything happened along to make explanations useful. It's alwus better to be prepared for somethin' you don't expect. Ain't you found it so?"

The Boarder nodded assent, then asked:

"But what did you look for—why did you go to that store?"

"Just a minnit," Mrs. Sweeny said. "Just a minnit. Let me tell this as it happened, and then you won't be skip-pin' back through the t-le, and wantin' to know this and that, and a few more things. I went into that store to see what kind of a lookin' girl was sellin' silk stockings, and I don't care now who knows it. I did then, though. For, believe me, mister, I hadn't but stepped my feet inside the place b'fore I b'gun to wisht I'd never came. I felt sneaky like, to begin with; and I guess I musta thought that everybody that seen me knowed why I was prowlin' round Skinner's. I wasn't expectin' comp'y, as you might say; but who do you s'pose I run into, very first thing?"

"You'll have to tell me, Mrs. Sweeny," the Boarder declared. "Don't ask me to guess."

"All right," she agreed. "I'll tell you. The party I bumped against as soon as I got in sight of the silk-stockin' counter was Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen. And, mister, honest to Mike, she was

watchin' that counter, and scowlin' at the girl back of it, like she had a rollin'-pin hid behind her, and was countin' the minnits till she could bounce it off of somebody's head. I begun to understand the situation a little better when I got a good look at the silk-stockin' girl.

"Mister, I wasn't but twenty-two then, and I was some looker, be-lieve me. I had more clothes than—w'y, I'd almost forgot how to say, 'I can't go, for I ain't got nothin' to wear!' That's right, mister. I was young and dressy and smart in them days; and there wasn't so awful many ladies in Manhattan that had anything on me for looks when I was got up proper. But that party behind the counter did. I've got to give it to her.

"She was almost the prettiest thing I'd ever saw—a reg'lar vision! Her eyes was blue, like the sky is w'en the weather man has said that it's goin' to be a fine day, and guesses right. Her cheeks was pretty and pink and fresh; and her hair!

"Gee, she was just the sweetest-lookin' little blonde you ever seen! And her looks wasn't all there was to her, neither. There was somethin' in the way she carried herself, and in the lively, chatty manner she had, that would make anybody like her—everybody except me and Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen. You can just bet that we loved her like she'd been a hired girl we was tryin' to fire. And both of us felt that way for the same reason, though we didn't neither of us tell each other nothin'. Take it from me, we didn't. The first thing she said w'en she seen me, was:

"'W'y, Belle Sweeny, w'at you doin' out shoppin' so early?' she says.

"'Dearie,' I says, smilin' all over my face, 'I'm goin' to play cards,' I says, 'this aft'noon at Mrs. Pink Mulligan's house,' I says, lyin' like a reg'lar lady; 'and they's some things I gotto get in the stores to-day,' I says, 'so I'm on the job almost b'fore the w'istle has blew, Mrs. Gold Dollar,' I says.

"And, with that, we both of us begins to gnaw at the rag, like ladies does; but all the time we was keepin' a eye on that

million-dollar blonde behind the silk-stockings counter. Neither one of us budged a step away from there. We just stuck round and waited for somethin' to happen. And, take it from me, mister, pretty soon it growed interestin' in them parts.

"Me and Mrs. Gold Dollar was yip-pin' cordial things at each other, w'en all of a sudden we seen a man stop b'fore the blonde, and we seen her begin to get boxes down, all the time smilin' at the feller and talkin' to him. Mrs. Gold Dollar was the first one that dared to say w'at we both was dyin' to say.

"'Belle,' she says, 'that there party buyin' silk socks is Yellow Money Einstein, him that married Myrtle MacGahan about a year ago,' she says.

"I looks as if I hadn't saw him. Then I says:

"Darn me if you ain't right about it,' I says. 'That sure is the Yellow Money, all right,' I says.

"Mrs. Gold Dollar kep' lookin' and lookin'. Pretty soon she whispers:

"'Mis' Sweeny,' she says, 'it ain't for me to start no gossip,' she says; 'but look at w'at that there man is buyin'. They ain't the short ones that the men wears,' she says. And, mister, there was that in her voice that sort of yelled right out loud: 'Discovered!' She was right about it, too. The Yellow Money wasn't buyin' short ones.

"'Mebby,' I says—'mebby they're for his wife.'

"I felt lumpy in my throat as I remembered how my own Danny had brung me home stuff from that very counter. And I guess I flushed somethin' painful as it come over me that mebby Mrs. Gold Dollar had been on the job watchin' that counter one of the times w'en Danny was tradin' conversation with that blonde. Mrs. Gold Dollar didn't have nothin' to say to my remark. She only sort of sniffed.

"The Yellow Money got through after a while, and went away with a bundle. He stuffed it in his pocket as he went out. And he wasn't hardly gone, w'en me and Mrs. Gold Dollar seen another lady that we knowed come breezin' in the store and size up the

silk-stockings counter. She was Mrs. Dude O'Brien—Dick, the Dude, they called her husban'. Me and Mrs. Gold Dollar hung round across the aisle and watched the counter with the blonde at it, and Mrs. Dude, she grabbed off a box seat, farther down toward the front of the store. Every once in a w'ile we could see her flash one of them takin'-notice looks at the stocking-sellin' lady.

"'Belle,' says Mrs. Gold Dollar to me, 's'pose the Dude would come in. Where would he go to?' she says.

"I guess I can guess,' I says; but I didn't have a joke in my voice. I felt too awful bad. I remembered that my husban' had told me about the Gold Dollar speakin' of the silk stockings his wife had; and I put two and two together, and knowed that my fr'en' had been gettin' more of them millionaire socks than she was used to lately. She didn't know nothin' about me, unless she'd been on the job and had seen Danny makin' a fool of hisself at that counter. Anyway, I felt that I didn't care w'at she knowed.

"I begun to wisht I never had came and never had found out nothin'. Then I'd be just as happy as I alwus had been with my Danny. And that was somethin' to brag about, mister. There never was two people like us in all the world for bein' the chummy things. The sketch that Anthony and Cleopatra put on was a wife-beatin' rough-house compared with the way me and my Danny put that happiness thing across the foot-lights. And now here I'd went and spoiled it all with my meddlin'. W'y hadn't I let it alone, I kept askin' myself.

"Take it from me, mister, if you ever get married, don't you go lookin' for trouble, for you're pretty sure to find somethin' that looks a lot like it, and mistake it for the real thing. And the imitation article can bring about as much misery into your soul, w'ile it lasts, as the packageful that has got the government's serial number stamped on it. Promise me you'll remember that, mister."

The promise being readily forthcoming, Mrs. Sweeny resumed her anecdote.

"That was a time, mister," she told him, "w'en race-track s'ciety almost blew up. Gee, but there was happenin's! Danny kept fetchin' home silk stockings to me till I had seven dozen pairs, and was startin' on my eighth. Honust, I had enough of them things to doll up a musical-comedy chorus with. And, be-lieve me, every fresh bunch that man brought me almost broke my heart. I knowed that my husban' had been down to Skinner's to see that blonde. It made me almost crazy to think that he was so took with her that he was willin' to go in that store and spend fifty or sixty or seventy dollars for a chance to be near her. Yes, sir, it got me madder than the man that invented the madhouse.

"But I didn't say nothin'. I just kept quiet and grieved, and et my heart out with sufferin', and set round waitin' for the end of the world—the beautiful lovers' world that had belonged to me and Danny all alone. I could see it fadin'—slippin' away from me, and it almost made me wild.

"There was times w'en I was ready and willin' to go out and do turrible things; but I alwus kept myself from doin' 'em. Somethin' made me. And to-day, that's one of the things I've got to be awful thankful for. Sometimes I set real still and shiver w'en I think of how I'd of worried that dear husban' of mine if I'd started anything. All I ever done was to sneak in Skinner's once in a w'ile. I couldn't keep out of there. Somehow, the place had a fascination for me, like w'en you're lookin' down from a tenth-story window and want to jump out.

"It wasn't long till I seen that almost all of our race-track s'ciety was mixed up with that blonde b'hind the silk-stockin' counter. The girl that One-eyed Eppstein was goin' to marry got to hangin' round the place. Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen was there a lot; and Mrs. Yellow Money Einstein called often. Mrs. Yensen, what was the wife of Billy, the Swede, dropped in a couple of times w'ile I was there.

"Yes, sir, the whole gang drifted to Skinner's like actors to the city in the

springtime. Every woman was lookin' for somethin'—yes, trouble. W'y they didn't find it is more'n I can explain.

"But the best any one of us ever got was to see some other woman's husban', or the man she was ingaged to, steer up against that hateful blonde and buy silk stockin's. He took 'em away with him every time; and the skirts that was on watch knew right then and there that some lady was due to cry her eyes out that night over somethin' that she ought to be so thankful for that she'd try to make herself look decent in the mornin's for a whole week afterward. Be-lieve me, mister, them was turrible times! Nobody caught nobody, but everybody knew, and everybody else knew that she knew, and there you was. I——" There was a ring at the door, and Mrs. Sweeney arose.

"'Scuse me, mister, till I answer that," she said. "I'll tell you the rest w'en I come back."

II.

"It was the man with the gas bill," she explained, returning; "and I ain't goin' to let him worry me, 'specially w'en I'm tellin' a story, and have just got to the most interestin' part. The beginnin' of that was w'en Danny ast me to go to a vaudeville show with him one night. He didn't act like he usually did. W'en he wanted to go to a show, he usta say:

"'Belle, nail on a lid and come along. We're goin' out to-night.' That was his way. Orders. He didn't ast, he says for me to get busy. And I was alwus the gladdest thing to be bossed around.

"This time, though, he was different about it. For a long time he'd been carryin' on in a way that wasn't his own. He'd been kinda sneaky, and that made me think all the more about that blonde. Yes, sir, my Danny acted guilty. And this here night he shied round the bush a whole lot b'fore he come out and said w'at was on his chest.

"'Belle,' he says, 'got anything on for to-night?' he says.

"'No,' says I, 'I ain't.'

"He stays quiet a minnit. Then:

"How'd you like to go out?"

"I don't care."

"I heard they's a pretty good show at the Olympia."

"All right," I says, "I'll go."

"It wasn't Danny to act like that, mister, and I knowed it. Somehow, he seemed like a bad boy that had did somethin' he shouldn't of, and was scared all the time of bein' catched. He didn't know that I was wise about that blonde—at least, I hadn't tol'd him I was. But there was a feelin' between us that kinda told each other things—you'll have to get married, mister, b'fore you can understand that—and he got the message from me that I wasn't laughin' myself to death over the way matters had stacked up. So he acted the way he did, and I acted the way I did—kinda listless—and there we was, neither one of us happy like we ought to be. On the way to the theater, he says:

"Belle."

"W'at?" I says.

"I guess I ought to tell you somethin'——" He stopped; and my heart done a little flop for itself.

"Somethin' was comin', I knowed; and you can just bet that I was afraid to face it. I remember that my intuition was all for makin' him blatt it out, there and then. But I was afraid, so all I could say was: 'Uh-huh.' I caught a tighter grip on his arm, though. Gee, I didn't want to lose that man; and I was scared to death that just such a piece of business was on. I says 'Uh-huh' again, meanin' for him to take down the 'To-be-continued' sign and kick in with the next chapter.

"Belle," he goes on, 'things ain't been stackin' up like they ought to lately between you and me,' he says. 'I've knowed it, and you've knowed it—and the gang's knowed it——'

"The gang!" I says, all struck in a heap that every one of them rummy fr'en's of Danny's was on the inside of our fam'ly affairs.

"Yes, Belle," he says, 'the gang. Everybody's wise, b'cause all hands is mixed up in the deal—gee, but they're

mixed up! They're good and mixed up.'

"How's that?" I says, though I had a pretty good idea of w'at he was drivin' at. He wasn't the only party that was stuck on that blonde at the silk-stockin' counter.

"Well," he goes on, 'we're goin' to see somethin' at the theater to-night,' he says, 'that mebbly will throw some light on the game, as it's been played so far. If it does, it'll mean that a lot of ladies is goin' to believe the honust Gawd's truth from their husban's for once in their lives. Belle, you and me is goin' to be members of a terrible big box party this evenin'. It's such a big party that it'll fill up most all the boxes there is in the theater,' he says. 'And believe me, little lady, here's one worried che-ild that is hopin' his heart out that the whole business is goin' to have a happy endin',' he says. He talked so ramblin' and downhearted that I got all fidgety.

"Dan Sweeny," I says, kinda cross, 'your patter is like the Sunday paper scattered all over the floor. W'y don't you gather it together, so's you can find the page the article's in?' I says. 'There ain't no class to the way you're droolin' along,' I says.

"He didn't have nothin' to say for a little w'ile. Then he handed this out to me:

"Belle," he says, 'mebbly this ain't the proper time for to make explanations,' he says. 'If I was a lady, it would take more'n a man's unsupported word,' he says, 'to clear up a mess that had a blonde and a thousand dollars' worth of silk stockings accusin'ly shook together tighter'n a reg'lar fifteen-cent lemonade,' he says. 'So I'm goin' to wait till I got some proof,' he says. 'That's the only way to do,' he says. 'You just wait and you'll see.'

"And that, mister, was all I could get out of that man. He wouldn't say a word more on the subject', and so I had to wait till he got good and ready to let more chatter leak out.

"W'en we got in the theater, I seen that he was right about the big box party. We was a little late, and 'most

everybody was there b'fore us. Mr. and Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen was in the box we was showed to, both of 'em lookin' awful solemn—that is, the Gold Dollar looked solemn. Mrs. Gold Dollar looked solemn, too; but she also looked fierce, like there was a fight in her, all ready to come out. The other folks in the box had them funny expressions on as well. Mr. and Mrs. Yellow Money Einstein seemed as if they hadn't spoke to each other for ten years. Danny seen how it was with them, and he nudged me.

"'Belle,' he says, 'I was right. Look at the Yellow Money. I bet he's went and tried to square himself with his wife, and she's said: 'Show me, Yellow Money, show me!' He's spoke too soon, Belle. I was right. You just wait.'

"By this time, mister, I was clear on edge, and as nervous as Danny's mornings after. The boxes across from us was full of the racin' set. There was a lot of prominent men and their wives, or them that they was engaged to, settin' round in them boxes. And ev'ry darned one of them folks had sad or worried looks. The show commenced, but nobody paid any attention to the turns that come out on the stage.

"Gee, but it set me to wonderin'! 'W'at was it all about?' I says to myself. And there bein' no answer, w'at could I do but sit there and figger? Nothin'. That's w'at I could do. I tried to study out the answer from the faces of them racin' people; but the best I could get was that sometlin' big was to happen later in the evenin'. I made out that much from the way the men all kept glancin' at their programs.

"I was wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin' w'at it meant, w'en, all at once, the music struck up somethin', and I seen every last one of them men set up and begin to take notice. A new turn was comin' on. The sign said: 'ROGERS & VANE.' But that didn't tell me nothin'. The program said that them people had a sketch. I waited. Then, all of a sudden, I set up and caught my breath. For out on the stage come a young feller, all lit up in

w'ite flannels, and behind him come"—Mrs. Sweeny paused—"behind him come no lesser a pusson, mister, than that there beautiful blonde from Skinner's silk-stockin' counter."

Again Mrs. Sweeny paused to note the effect of her disclosure on the Boarder.

"Did you get me?" she anxiously asked. "The silk-stockin' blonde—and her in *vaudeville*!"

The listener showed unfeigned surprise.

"But your husband," he said, "and the others? What had they to do with it?"

"Everything," came the explanation. "But I didn't find it out all at once. Danny didn't say nothin', and nobody in the box did. All anybody did was to stare. The act commenced, and, believe me, mister, it turned out to be one of the prettiest vaudeville numbers I ever seen. It was a singin' sketch, the story bein' told in about four songs. First the feller sang, and then the silk-stockin' girl had her put-in. She was the dearest-lookin' thing ever anybody seen, and she had a nice voice, too. But her appearance went a long ways further than w'at she could do.

"It wasn't three minnits b'fore she had the house with her. And w'en the act was over, the whole darn place stood up on its hind legs and hollered, as you might say. That sketch was a knock-out, mister—it was a runaway! W'y, even all them racin' s'ciety winnin' that had it in good and plenty for the blonde, showed by their faces that they kinda liked her work; which is sayin' a lot.

"But you ought to of saw them men! They was all up on their feets, hollerin' their heads off, bein' w'at you might say enthusiastic. My Danny was among the loudest hollerin'. First thing I knowed, he was yellin':

"'Oh, you Anastasia! Whee!'

"I caught him by the bottom of his Tux-e-do coat and hauls him down.

"'Danny,' I says, real indignant, 'w'at's all this here? What you shamin' your wife out in public for?' I says,

'a-hollerin' at a blond chorus girl. Cut it out,' I says, 'and set still!'

"He looked at me, grinnin'.

" 'Belle,' he says, 'she's sure put it over. Hooray!' he says.

"I ast him what he means.

" 'That there lady,' he says, 'is Anastasia Murphy.' He faced me, as if I'd ought to know that name the same as it was Carrie Nation. But I didn't. I'd never heard tell about Anastasia Murphy. So I says:

" 'For the love of Mike, Danny,' I says, 'who's her—who's Anastasia Murphy?' I says.

" 'H'm,' he says, 'I forgot that mebbly I hadn't mentioned her to you,' he says.

" 'No,' I says, sarcastic, 'you done a big forget,' I says, 'every time you spoke her name to me,' I says. 'Who might she be?' I says.

"Danny hitched his chair over closer to me.

" 'Belle,' he says, 'the time has come,' he says, 'for a more completer understandin',' he says, 'between man and wife,' he says. 'Now I can explain them silk stockin's,' he says.

" 'Go on and do it,' I says.

" 'If you promise not to take a punch at me,' he says, 'b'fore I get through talkin',' he says, 'I'll do just that thing. W'at?' he says.

" 'You're on,' I says. And so he went into the darndest story I ever heard about the girl.

" 'Anastasia,' he says, 'is the daughter of Bull Murphy—you remember him, Belle. He was a pretty classy bookmaker two or three years ago. He died right in the height of his fame.'

"I recollected Bull, all right, now that I was reminded of him. And I remembered the little, sixteen-year-old girl that used to toddle around with him at the track. All of us race-track s'ciety was sorry for her, b'cause she didn't have no mother but Bull; and Bull would of made a better nurse to a hippopotamus than to a sixteen-year-old girl. Sure I remember that pair, and I told Danny so.

" 'Well,' he says, 'w'en Bull died, he

left a little money, and the girl was put in a school. But somethin' happened to the money—I can't tell you just w'at it was. Anyway, nobody heard nothin' about that girl till lately, w'en Dick, the Dude, run into her on the street one day. She'd grown so that he didn't recognize her. But she knew him, all right, and she puts out a mitt, and says: "Hello Dick!" And Dick, he's so took with her looks that for a minnit he's sorry that he got married so soon. He kinda felt like he'd overlooked a bet, Belle,' says Danny. 'The girl told him about herself, and says she's workin' at the silk-stockin' counter to Skinner's, and wouldn't he drop in and see her some time, bein' that she don't see none of the old gang no more, and is lonesome.

" 'Dick couldn't get her off his chest, Belle,' Danny goes on. 'He told us about her, and he says that there ain't no class to the idee of the daughter of a honored and respected old pal sellin' silk stockings to every double-chinned old dame that wants to drop in and sass the salesladies. So he's all for gettin' her a better job, Dick is. Now, Belle, there ain't nothin' wrong with the situation so far, is there?'

" 'It listens all right, Danny,' I says. 'But go on and tell me the rest,' I says.

" 'All right,' he says, 'but don't start nothin' till I'm through,' he says.

" 'So I promised, and set back quiet to listen, feelin' in my bones that I was goin' to be a happy lady again b'fore the night was over. Danny goes on with the story:

" 'Dick was in pretty thick with a bookin' agent named Hopkins, and he tells that party about the girl. It come out that they'd taught her singin' at the boardin' school, and she had some voice. So them fellers come to the conclusion that Anastasia could have a chance to come across in vaudeville. Accordin'ly, the young feller that's with her in her act was dug up, and the whole gang of us chipped in for the backin'. We paid for havin' the sketch and music wrote, and for the costumes and the scenery, and all such stuff. We was all strong for seein' the daughter of old

Bull earnin' a comfort'ble livin', Belle, and not havin' to meet the turrible temptations of this here great city on a shoe-string salary that's paid out for sellin' silk stockings. Wasn't we right about that?" says Danny.

"'You sure was,' I says. 'I'm for you fellers—all of you—in that kind of business,' I says.

"'I knowed you'd be,' says Danny, smilin'. 'I can see now that I ought to of told you about it in the first place. But I didn't. And w'en a man finds he's got in wrong with his lady fr'en', he's apt to do the foolishhest things to keep somethin' of a standin'. That's how we all got to takin' silk stockings home to our wives,' he says. 'My gee,' he says, 'if this here night don't square things, there's goin' to be twelve thousand divorces,' he says. He keeps quiet for a minnit, thinkin' of the dreadfulness of things, I guess. Then he went on:

"'Dick says as how we ought to drop in and say "How de do" to that girl every onct in a w'ile, so she wouldn't get lonesome,' Danny tells me. 'So one day, while I was walkin' past, I went in. And I guess it would of been all right, only I seen a floorwalker pacin' a beat and sort of eyin' me. I figgered that Anastasia might lose her job for chatterin' with men, so, Belle, I had a happy thought. I went and bought some silk stockings and brought 'em home to you. The floorwalker seemed to think that such business was all right, so I told all the boys w'at I'd did, and they was for it. The Gold Dollar, he says:

"'“Sweeny,” he says, “you’re a genius. That little girl has got to hang on to her job w’ile she’s rehearsin’, and for longer, if the show ain’t no go. And we can’t have no fresh floorwalkers tiein’ a can on her b’cause he thinks she’s flirtin’. Also, we got to keep her comp’ny,” he says. “And furthermore,” he says, “my wife’s alwus hollerin’ for silk socks,” he says; “and now is the time to get ‘em,” he says. “I’m for layin’ in enough of them silk socks,” he says, “to last all of our winminfolks through a endurance walkin’ match from coast to coast,” he says. And, Belle, the whole gang liked that argument so well that they adopted

it quicker’n if it was a invite to have somethin’.

"'That there, Belle, is how all you ladies come to have so many pairs of bug-wove stuff. The 'rangement looked good to all of us men, but we hadn't figgered on you folks. And none of us come to until, one mornin', I come across the Gold Dollar standin' on a corner across from Skinner's. He grabs me.

"'“Don't you go in there,” he says to me. “I got a hunch that it ain't the thing to do,” he says.

"'“Why?” I says.

"'“B'cause,” he says, “my wife is in that store, and I just seen yours go in?” he says.

"'“Well,” I says, “w'at of it?” I says.

"'“The Gold Dollar looked at me kinda pityin’.

"'“Sweeny,” he says, “you can go in that store and talk to the prettiest blonde in New York, if you want to,” he says, “right in front of your wife,” he says. “But, bein’ a experienced married man,” he says, “I can't see no class to such doin's,” he says.

"'And, right there and then, Belle, I seen things the same as he did. So him and me hung round till Yellow Money Einstein blowed along. We made him go in and keep the girl company. Later on, he come out, and we all went away from there. That evenin', Belle, I seen that things wasn't the same between us no more. But I had my foot in it, and it stayed in, 'cause I didn't know how to get it out. Say—he reached over and took my hand—say, little girl, do you believe me?"

"'Mister, my heart was a-beatin' like it was mad at its wife; and my neck was so gulpy I couldn't hardly talk. So I just squeezed his hand back, and begun to cry a little. He seen it, and says:

"'“Don't, Belle. Just say to me; “There ain't nothin' doin' in the battle line no more.” Say it, Belle,” he says.

"'I done it, mister. And I says:

"'“Danny,” I says, “you’re the grandest man that ever lived,” I says. And then I put my handkerchief up to my eyes, and got it all wet.

"'After the show, the whole mob of

us, and the feller in the white flannel suit and the silk-stocking blonde, jammed about forty-three tables together in Cap Churchman's rest'rant, and had a big, makin'-up party. The blonde made a speech, tellin' us how fine our husban's and them we was engaged to had been to her. Danny told the other side, and we ended in a rip-roarin' laugh over the whole thing. And

w'en Danny sent me and Mrs. Gold Dollar Cohen home alone in a cab, at three in the mornin', so's him and the Gold Dollar could set and talk business, as he said, I didn't kick. Neither did Mrs. Gold Dollar. We just says:

"'Things has turned out so fine that we guess you boys is entitled to stay out all night. But, for mercy's sake, don't get pinched,' we says."

In a fortnight you will see the irresistible Danny in the rôle of matchmaker. May Month-end POPULAR, on sale April 23rd.



GREATER THAN THE CHIEF JUSTICE

IN the eyes of the small boy a detective is the greatest thing living. An old man, at one time a great lawyer, was standing in a small bakery on the outskirts of Washington. There passed the door a dignified, severe-looking man.

"There goes the chief justice of the United States," said the old lawyer, with an air of pride at knowing the greatest jurist in the country.

"Humph!" said the baker's small boy, in contempt. "That's nothing. Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, comes in here any time."



SHERLOCK HOLMES IN THE FEMININE

MARY met Emily on the street. They had not seen each other for many years.

"Why, how do you do!" exclaimed Mary effusively, topping off the salutation with a few vague pecks at Emily's face.

"Now, this is delightful," said Emily, who was older than Mary. "You haven't seen me for eleven years, and yet you knew me at once. I couldn't have changed so dreadfully in all that time. It flatters me."

Said Mary:

"I recognized your bonnet."



THE SOLEMNITY OF ZAPPONE

A. ZAPPONE, a prominent official in the department of agriculture, in Washington, is a shark on mathematics. He can do anything with figures from making them perform on a trapeze to teaching them how to dance the "grizzly bear." But, as a wit, he is a dark and dismal figure. He would not know a joke if it met him in the middle of the road and tried to shake hands with him.

Soon after George P. McCabe had come into prominence in connection with the Wiley investigation, and when there was some talk of his resigning from the government service, Zappone asked him what he intended to do.

"I don't know exactly," replied McCabe, assuming great grief. "I am thinking of embarking in a boat which I own and sailing down the river."

"Is that so?" asked Zappone, in a tone of commiseration.

"Yes," replied McCabe sadly, "there seems to be nothing else for me to do but to sail away. And, on my way down the river, I shall relieve my feelings by ruining all the oyster plants at the bottom of the Potomac."

And, at this facetious reference to a garden vegetable, Zappone never cracked a smile.

The Tempting of Tavernake

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "Havoc," "The Malefactor," "The Lost Ambassador," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(Continued.)

THE laughter faded for a moment from her face. She was suddenly serious.

"Don't go," she begged. "Listen. I know I am not good like Beatrice, but I do like you—I always did. I suppose it is that wonderful truthfulness of yours. You are a different type from the men one meets. I am rather a reckless person. It is such a comfort sometimes to meet any one like you. You seem such an anchorage. Stay and talk to me for a little time. Take me out to-night. You asked me to go with you once, you know, and I would not. To-night it is I who ask you."

He shook his head slowly.

"This is good-by!" he said firmly. "I suppose, after all, you were not unkind to me in those days, but you taught me a very bitter lesson. I came to you to-day in fear and trembling. I was afraid, perhaps, that the worst was not over, that there was more yet to come. Now I know that I am free."

She stamped her foot.

"You shall not go away like that," she declared.

He smiled.

"Do you think I do not understand?" he continued. "It is only because I am able to go, because the touch of your fingers, the look in your eyes, do not drive me half mad now, that you want me to stay. You would like to try your powers once more. I think not. I am satisfied that I am cured, indeed; but perhaps it is safer to risk nothing."

She pointed to the door.

"Very well, then," she ordered, "you can go."

He bowed, and already his fingers were on the handle. Suddenly she called to him.

"Leonard! Leonard!"

He turned round. She was coming toward him with her arms outstretched, her eyes were full of tears, there were sobs in her voice.

"I am so lonely," she begged. "I have thought of you so much. Don't go away unkindly. Stay with me for this evening, at any rate. You can see Beatrice at any time. It is I who need you most now."

He looked around at the splendid apartment. He looked at the woman whose fingers, glittering with jewels, rested upon his shoulders. Then he thought of Beatrice in her shabby black gown and wan little face, and very gently he removed her hands.

"No," he said, "I do not think that you need me any more than I need you. This is a caprice of yours. You know it, and I know it. Is it worth while to play with one another?"

Her hands fell to her sides. She turned half away, but she said nothing. Tavernake, with a sudden impulse which had in it nothing of passion—very little, indeed, of affection—lifted her fingers to his lips and passed out of the room. He descended the stairs, filled with a wonderful sense of elation, a buoyancy of spirit which he could not understand. As he walked blithely to his hotel, however, he began to realize how much he had dreaded this interview. He was a free man, after all. The spell was broken. He could think

of her now as she deserved to be thought of, as a consummate woman of the world, selfish, heartless, conscienceless. He was well out of her toils. It was nothing to him, if even he had known, that at that moment she was lying upon the sofa to which she had staggered as he left the room, weeping bitterly.

For over an hour Tavernake endured the smells and the bad atmosphere of that miserable little music hall, watching eagerly each time the numbers were changed. Then at last, toward the end of the program, the manager appeared in front.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "I regret very much to inform you that owing to the indisposition of Miss Beatrice Franklin, she and her father are unable to appear to-night. I have pleasure in announcing an extra turn; namely, the Sisters De Vere, in their wonderful burlesque act."

There was a murmur of disapprobation mingled with some cheering. Tavernake left his place and walked around to the back of the hall. Presently the manager came out to him.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir," Tavernake said, "but I heard your announcement just now from the front. Can you give me the address of Professor Franklin? I am a friend, and I should like to go and see them."

The manager pointed to the stage doorkeeper.

"This man will give it you," he announced shortly. "It's quite near. I shall look in myself after the show to know how Miss Franklin is."

Tavernake procured the address, and set out in the taxicab which he had kept waiting. The driver listened to the direction doubtfully.

"It's a poor sort of neighborhood, sir," he remarked.

"We've got to go there," Tavernake told him.

They reached it in a few minutes—a miserable street, indeed. With sinking heart, Tavernake knocked at the door of the house to which he was directed.

A man, collarless and half dressed, in carpet slippers, opened the door after a few moments' waiting.

"Well, what is it?" he asked gruffly.

"Is Professor Franklin here?" Tavernake inquired.

The man seemed as though he were about to slam the door, but thought better of it.

"If you're a friend of the professor's, as he calls himself," he said, "and you've any money to shell out, why, you're welcome; but if you're only asking out of curiosity, let me tell you that he used to lodge here, but he's gone; and if I'd had my way, he'd have gone a week ago, him and his daughter, too."

"I don't understand," Tavernake protested. "I thought the young lady was ill."

"She may be ill or she may not," the man replied sulkily. "All I know is that they couldn't pay their rent, couldn't pay their food bill, couldn't pay for the drinks the old man was always sending out for. So to-night I spoke up, and they've gone."

"At least you know where to!" Tavernake exclaimed.

"I ain't no sort of an idea," the man declared. "Take my word for it straight, guv'nor, I know no more about where they went to than the man in the moon, except that I'm well rid of them, and there's a matter of eighteen and sixpence, if you care to pay it."

"I'll give you a sovereign," Tavernake promised, "if you will tell me where they are now."

"What's the good of making silly conditions like that?" the man grumbled. "If I knew where they were, I'd earn the quid soon enough, but I don't, and that's the long and the short of it! And if you ain't going to pay the eighteen and six, well, I've answered all the questions I feel inclined to."

"I'll make it two pounds," Tavernake promised. "I'm going to sail for America to-morrow morning early, and I must see them first."

The man leaned forward.

"Look here," he said, "if I knew where they was, a quid would be quite

good enough for me, but I don't, and that's straight."

He slammed the door, and Tavernake turned away. A sudden despair had seized him. He looked up and down the street; he looked away beyond, and thought of the miles and miles of streets, the myriads of chimneys, the huge branches of the great city stretching far and wide. At eight o'clock the next morning, he must leave for Southampton. Was it too late, after all, that he had discovered the truth?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN A VIRGIN COUNTRY.

One night Tavernake began to laugh. He had grown a long brown beard; his hair hung over his ears. He was wearing a gray flannel shirt, a handkerchief tied around his neck, and a pair of worn riding breeches held up by a belt. He had kicked his boots off at the end of a long day, and was lying in the moonlight before a fire of pine logs, whose smoke went straight to the star-hung sky. No word had been spoken for the last hour. Tavernake's fit of mirth came with as little apparent reason as the puffs of wind which every now and then stole down from the mountainside and made faint music in the virgin forests.

Pritchard turned over on his side and looked at him. Cigars had for many weeks been an unknown thing, and he was smoking a corn-cob pipe full of coarse tobacco.

"Stumbled across a joke anywhere?" he asked.

"I'm afraid no one but myself would see the humor of it," Tavernake answered. "I was thinking of those days in London. I was thinking of Beatrice's horror when she discovered that I was wearing ready-made clothes, and the amazement of Elizabeth when she found that I hadn't a dress suit. It's odd how cramped life gets back there."

Pritchard nodded, pressing the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe with his forefinger.

"You're right, Tavernake," he agreed. "One loses one's sense of proportion.

Men in the cities are all alike. They go about in disguise."

"I should like," Tavernake said inconsequently, "to have Mr. Dowling out here."

"Amusing fellow?" Pritchard inquired.

Tavernake shook his head, smiling.

"Not in the least," he answered, "only he was a very small man. Out here it is difficult to keep small. Don't you feel it, Pritchard? These mountains make our hills at home seem like dust heaps. The skies seem loftier. Look down into that valley. It's gigantic, immense."

Pritchard yawned.

"There's a little place in the Bowery——" he began.

"Oh, I don't want to know any more about New York," Tavernake interrupted. "Lean back and close your eyes, smell the cinnamon trees, listen to that night bird calling every now and then across the ravine. There's blackness, if you like; there's depth. It's like a cloak of velvet to look into. But you can't see the bottom—no, not in the daytime. Listen!"

Pritchard sat up. For a few moments neither spoke. A dozen yards away, a scattered group—the rest of the party—were playing cards around a fire. The green wood crackled; an occasional murmur of voices, a laugh or an exclamation, came to their ears; but for the rest, an immense, a wonderful silence, a silence which seemed to spread far away over that weird, half-invisible world! Tavernake listened reverently.

"Isn't it marvelous!" he exclaimed. "We haven't seen a human being except our own party for three days. There probably isn't one within hearing of us now. Very likely no living person has ever set foot on this precise spot."

"Oh, it's big," Pritchard admitted; "it's big and it's restful, but it isn't satisfying. It does for you for a time because you started life wrong and you needed a reaction. But for me—ah, well," he added, "I hear the call right across these thousands of miles of forests and valley and swamp. I hear the electric cars and the clash of the ele-

vated railway. I see the flaring lights of Broadway, and I hear the babel of tongues. I am going back to it, Tavernake. There's plenty to go on with. We've done more than carry out our program."

"Back to New York!" Tavernake muttered disconsolately.

"So you're not ready yet?" Pritchard demanded.

"Heavens, no!" Tavernake answered. "Who would be? What is there in New York to make up for this?"

Pritchard was silent for a moment.

"Well," he said, "one of us must be getting back near civilization. The syndicate will be expecting to hear from us. Besides, we've reports enough already. It's time something was decided about that oil country. We've done some grand work there, Tavernake."

Tavernake nodded. He was lying on his side, and his eyes were fixed wistfully southward, over the glimmering moonlit valley, over the great wilderness of virgin pine woods which hung from the mountains on the other side, away through the cleft in the hills to the plains beyond, chaotic, a world unseen.

"If you like to go on for a bit," Pritchard suggested slowly, "there's no reason why you shouldn't take McCleod and Richardson with you, and Pete and half the horses, and strike for the tin country on the other side of the Yolite Hills. So long as we are here, it's quite worth it, if you can stick it out."

Tavernake drew a long breath.

"I'd like to go," he admitted simply. "I know McCleod is keen about prospecting farther south. You see, most of our finds so far have been among the oil fields."

"Settled," Pritchard declared. "Tomorrow, then, we part. I'm for the valley, and I reckon I'll strike the railway to Chicago in a week. Gee whiz, New York will seem good!"

"You think that the syndicate will be satisfied with what we have done so far?" Tavernake asked.

His companion smiled.

"If they aren't, they'll be fools. I reckon there's enough oil fields here for seven companies. There'll be a bit for

us, too, Tavernake, I guess. Don't you want to come back to New York and spend it?"

Tavernake laughed once more; but this time his laugh was not wholly natural.

"Spend it!" he repeated. "What is there to spend it on? Uncomfortable clothes, false plays, drinks that are bad for you, food that's half poisoned, atmosphere that stifles. Oh, Pritchard, is there anything in the world like this? Stretch out your arms, man. Lie on your back, look up at the stars, let that wind blow over your face. Listen!"

They listened, and again they heard nothing, yet again there seemed to be that peculiar quality about the silence which spoke of the vastness of space.

Pritchard rose to his feet.

"New York and the fleshpots for me," he declared. "Keep in touch, and good luck, old man!"

Next day at dawn they parted, and Tavernake, with his three companions, set his face toward an almost undiscovered tract of land. Their progress was slow, for they were all the time in a country rich with possibilities. For weeks they climbed, climbed till they reached the snows, and the wind stung their faces and they shivered in their blankets at night. They came to a land of sparser vegetation, of fewer and wilder animals, where they heard the baying of wolves at night, and saw the eyes of strange animals glisten through the thicket as the flames of the evening fire shot up toward the sky. Then the long descent began, the long descent to the great plain. Now their faces were bronzed with a sun ever hotter, ever more powerful. No longer the snowflakes beat their cheeks. They came slowly down into a land which seemed to Tavernake like the biblical land of Canaan. Three times in ten days they had to halt and make a camp, while Tavernake prepared a geographical survey of likely looking land.

McCleod came up to Tavernake one day with a dull-looking lump in his hand, glistening in places.

"Copper," he announced shortly. "It's what I've been looking for all the

time. No end to it. There's something bigger than oil here."

They spent a month in the locality, and every day McCleod became more enthusiastic. After that it was hard work to keep him from heading homeward at once.

"I tell you, sir," he explained to Tavernake, "there's millions there, millions between those four stakes of yours. What's the good of more prospecting? There's enough there in a square acre to pay the expenses of our expedition a thousand times over. Let's get back and make reports. We can strike the railway in ten days from here—perhaps sooner."

"You go," Tavernake said. "Leave me Pete and two of the horses."

The man stared at him in surprise.

"What's the good of going on alone?" he asked. "You're not a mining expert or an oil man. You can't go prospecting by yourself."

"I can't help it," Tavernake answered. "It's something in my blood, I suppose. I am going on. Think! You'll strike that railway, and in a month you will be back in New York. Don't you imagine, when you're there, when you hear the clatter and turmoil of it, when you see the pale crowds cheyving one another about to pick the dollars from each other's pockets—don't you believe you'll long for these solitudes, the big empty places, great possibilities, the silence? Think of it, man. What is there beyond those mountains, I wonder?"

McCleod sighed.

"You're right," he said. "One may never get so far out again. Our fortunes will keep, I suppose; and, anyhow, we ought to strike a telegraph station in about a fortnight. We'll go right ahead, then."

In ten days they dropped ten thousand feet. They came to a land where their throats were always dry, where the trees and shrubs seemed like property affairs from a theater, where they plunged their heads into every pool that came, to wash their noses and mouths from the red dust that seemed to choke them. They found tin and oil and more

copper. Then, by slow stages, they passed on to a land of great grassy plains, of blue grass, miles and miles of it; and suddenly one day they came to the telegraph posts, rough pine trees unstripped of their bark, with a few sagging wires. Tavernake looked at them as Robinson Crusoe might have looked at Man Friday's footsteps. It was the first sign of human life which they had seen for months.

"It's a real world we are in, after all!" he sighed. "Somehow or other, I thought—I thought we'd escaped."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

Pritchard, trim and neat, a New Yorker from the careful arrangement of his tie to the tips of his patent-leather shoes, gazed with something like amazement at the man whom he had come to meet at the Grand Central Station. Tavernake looked, indeed, like some splendid bushman whose life has been spent in the kingdom of the winds and the sun and the rain. He was inches broader round the chest, and carried himself with a new freedom. His face was bronzed right down to the neck. His beard was full grown, his clothes travel-stained and worn. He seemed like a breath of real life in the great New York depot, surrounded by streams of black-coated, pale-checked men.

Pritchard laughed softly as he passed his arm through his friend's.

"Come, my Briton," he said, "my primitive man, I have rooms for you in a hotel near by. A bath and a mint julep, then I'll take you to a tailor's. What about the big country? It's better than your salt marshes, eh? Better than your little fishing village? Better than building boats?"

"You know it," Tavernake answered. "I feel as though I'd been drawing in life for month after month. Have I got to wear boots like yours—patent?"

"Got to be done," Pritchard declared.

"And the hat—oh, my heavens!" Tavernake groaned. "I'll never become civilized again."

"We'll see," Pritchard laughed. "Say, Tavernake, it was a great trip of ours. Everything's turning out marvelously. The oil and the copper are big, man—big, I tell you. I reckon your five thousand dollars will be well on the way to half a million. I'm pretty near there myself."

It was not until later on, when he was alone, that Tavernake realized with how little interest he listened to his companion's talk of their success. It was so short a time ago since the building up of a fortune had been the one aim upon which every nerve of his body was centered. Curiously enough, now he seemed to take it as a matter of course.

"On second thoughts, I'll send a tailor round to the hotel," Pritchard declared. "I've rooms myself next yours. We can go out and buy shoes and the other things afterward."

By nightfall, Tavernake's wardrobe was complete. Even Pritchard regarded him with a certain surprise. He seemed, somehow, to have gained a new dignity.

"Say, but you look great!" he exclaimed. "They won't believe it at the meeting to-morrow that you are the man who crossed the Yolite Mountains and swam the Perancek River. That's a wonderful country you were in, Tavernake, after you left the tracks."

They were in Broadway, with the roar of the city in their ears, and Tavernake, lifting his face starward, suddenly seemed to feel the silence once more, the perfume of the pine woods, the scent of Nature herself, freed through all these generations of any presence of man.

"I'll never keep away from it," he said softly. "I'll have to go back."

Pritchard smiled.

"When your report's in shape and the dollars are being scooped in, they'll send you back fast enough—that is, if you still want to go," he remarked. "I tell you, Leonard Tavernake, our city men here are out for the dollars. Over on your side, a man makes a million or so, and he's had enough. One fortune here only seems to whet the appetite of a New Yorker. By the way," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "does it in-

terest you to know that an old friend of yours is in New York?"

Tavernake's head went round swiftly.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Mrs. Wenham Gardner."

Tavernake set his teeth.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't know that that interests me."

"Glad of it," Pritchard went on. "I can tell you I don't think things have been going extra well with the lady. She's spent most of what she got from the Gardner family, and she doesn't seem to have had the best of luck with it, either. I came across her by accident. She is staying at a flashy hotel, but it's in the wrong quarter—second rate—quite second rate."

"I wonder whether we shall see anything of her," Tavernake remarked.

"Do you want to?" Pritchard asked.

"She'll probably be at Martin's for lunch, at the Plaza for tea, and Rector's for supper. She's not exactly the lady to remain hidden, you know."

"We'll avoid those places, then, if you are taking me around," Tavernake said.

"You're cured, are you?" Pritchard inquired.

"Yes, I am cured," Tavernake answered, "cured of that and a great many other things, thanks to you. You found me the right tonic."

"Tonic," Pritchard repeated meditatively. "That reminds me. This way for the best cocktail in New York."

The night was not to pass, however, without its own especial thrill for Tavernake. The two men dined together, and went afterward to a roof garden, a new form of entertainment for Tavernake, and one which interested him vastly. They secured one of the outside tables near the parapets, and below them New York stretched, a flaming phantasmagoria of lights and crude buildings. Down the broad avenues, with their towering blocks, their street cars striking fire all the time like toys below, the people streamed like insects away to the Hudson, where the great ferryboats, ablaze with lights, went screaming across the dark waters. Tavernake leaned over and forgot. There was so much that was amazing in this

marvelous city for a man who had only just begun to find himself.

The orchestra, stationed within a few yards of him, commenced to play a popular waltz, and Pritchard to talk. Tavernake turned his fascinated eyes from the prospect below.

"My young friend," Pritchard said, "you are up against it to-night. Take a drink of your wine and then brace yourself."

Tavernake did as he was told.

"What is this danger?" he asked.

"What's wrong, anyway?"

Pritchard had no need to answer. As Tavernake set his glass down, his eyes fell upon the little party who had just taken the table almost next to theirs. There were Walter Crease, Major Post, two men whom he had never seen before in his life—heavy of cheek, both, dull-eyed, but dressed with a rigid observance of the fashion of the city, in short dinner coats and black ties. And between them was Elizabeth.

Tavernake gripped the sides of his chair and looked. Yes, she had altered. Her eyebrows were a trifle made up, there was a tinge in her hair which he did not recognize, a touch of color in her cheeks which he doubted. Yet her figure and her wonderful presence remained, that art of wearing her clothes as no other woman could. She was easily the most noticeable of her sex among all the people there. Tavernake heard the sound of her voice, and once more the thrill came and passed. She was the same Elizabeth. Thank God, he thought, that he was not the same Tavernake!

"Do you wish to go?" Pritchard asked.

Tavernake shook his head.

"Not I!" he answered. "This place is far too fascinating. Can't we have some more wine? This is my treat. And, Pritchard, why do you look at me like that? You are not supposing for a moment that I am capable of making an ass of myself again?"

Pritchard smiled in a relieved fashion.

"My young friend," he said, "I have lived in the world so long and seen so many strange things, especially between

men and women, that I am never surprised at anything. I thought you'd shed your follies as your grip upon life had tightened, but one is never sure."

Tavernake sighed.

"Oh, I have shed the worst of my follies!" he answered. "I only wish that——"

He never finished his sentence. Elizabeth had suddenly seen him. For a moment she leaned forward as though to assure herself that she was not mistaken. Then she half sprang to her feet, and sat down again. Her lips were parted—she was once more bewilderingly beautiful.

"Mr. Tavernake," she cried, "come and speak to me at once."

Tavernake rose without hesitation, and walked firmly across the few yards which separated them. She held out both her hands.

"This is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You in New York! And I have wondered so often what became of you."

Tavernake smiled.

"It is my first night here," he said. "For two years I have been prospecting in the far West."

"Then I saw your name in the papers," she declared. "It was for the Manhattan Syndicate, wasn't it?"

Tavernake nodded, and one of the men of the party leaned forward with interest.

"You're going to make millions and millions," she assured him. "You always knew you would, didn't you?"

"I am afraid that I was almost too confident," he answered. "But certainly we have been quite fortunate."

One of Elizabeth's companions intervened—he was the one who had pricked up his ears at the mention of the Manhattan Syndicate.

"Say, Elizabeth," he remarked, "I'd like to meet your friend."

Elizabeth, with a frown, performed the introduction.

"Mr. Anthony Cruxhall—Mr. Tavernake."

Mr. Cruxhall held out a fat, white hand, on the little finger of which glittered a big diamond ring.

"Say, are you the Mr. Tavernake that

was surveyer to the prospecting party sent out by the Manhattan Syndicate?" he inquired.

"I was," Tavernake admitted briefly. "I still am, I hope."

"Then you're just the man I was hoping to meet," Mr. Cruxhall declared. "Won't you sit down with us right here? I'd like to talk some about that trip. I'm interested in the syndicate."

Tavernake shook his head.

"I've had enough of work for a time," he said. "Besides, I couldn't talk about it till after my report to the meeting to-morrow."

"Just a few words," Mr. Cruxhall persisted. "We'll have a bottle of champagne, eh?"

"You will excuse me, I am sure," Tavernake replied, "when I tell you that it would not be correct on my part to discuss my trip until after I have handed in my report to the company. I am very glad to have seen you again, Mrs. Gardner."

"But you are not going!" she exclaimed, in dismay.

"I have left Mr. Pritchard alone," Tavernake answered.

Elizabeth smiled, and waved her hand to the solitary figure.

"Our friend Mr. Pritchard again," she remarked. "Well, it is really a curious meeting, isn't it? I wonder"—she lifted her head to his, and her eyes called him closer to hers—"have you forgotten everything?"

He pointed over the roofs of the houses. His back was to the river, and he pointed westward.

"I have been in a country where one forgets," he answered. "I think that I have thrown the knapsack of my follies away. I think that it is buried. There are some things which I do not forget, but they are scarcely to be spoken of."

"You are a strange young man," she said. "Was I wrong, or were you not once in love with me?"

"I was terribly in love with you," Tavernake confessed.

"Yet you tore up my check and flung yourself away when you found out that my standard of morals was not quite what you had expected," she murmured.

"Haven't you got over that quixoticism a little, Leonard?"

He drew a deep sigh.

"I am thankful to say," he declared earnestly, "that I have not got over it, that, if anything, my prejudices are stronger than ever."

She sat for a moment quite still, and her face had become hard and expressionless. She was looking past him, past the line of lights, out into the blue darkness.

"Somehow," she said softly, "I always prayed that you might remember. You were the one true thing I had ever met. You were in earnest. It is past, then?"

"It is past," Tavernake answered bravely.

The music of a Hungarian waltz came floating down to them. She half closed her eyes. Her head moved slowly with the melody. Tavernake looked away.

"Will you come and see me just once?" she asked suddenly. "I am staying at the Delvedere, in Forty-second Street."

"Thank you very much," Tavernake replied. "I do not know how long I shall be in New York. If I am here for a few days, I shall take my chance at finding you at home."

He bowed, and returned to Pritchard, who welcomed him with a quiet smile.

"You're wise, Tavernake," he said softly. "I could hear no words, but I know that you have been wise. Between you and me," he added, in a lower tone, "she is going downhill. She is in with the wrong lot here. She can't seem to keep away from them. They are on the very fringe of bohemia, a great deal nearer the arm of the law than makes for respectable society. The man to whom I saw you introduced is a millionaire one day and a thief the next. They're none of them any good. Did you notice, too, that she is wearing sham jewelry? That always looks bad."

"No, I didn't notice," Tavernake answered.

He was silent for a moment. Then he leaned a little forward.

"I wonder," he asked, "do you know anything about her sister?"

Pritchard finished his wine and knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Not much," he replied. "I believe she had a very hard time. She took on the father, you know, the old professor, and did her best to keep him straight. He died about a year ago, and Miss Beatrice tried to get back into the theater, but she'd missed her chance. Theatrical business has been shocking in London. I heard she'd come out here. Wherever she is, she keeps right away from that sort of set," he wound up, moving his head toward Elizabeth's friends.

"I wonder if she is in New York," Tavernake said, with a strange thrill at his heart.

Pritchard made no reply. His eyes were fixed upon the little group at the next table. Elizabeth was leaning back in her chair. She seemed to have abandoned the conversation. Her eyes were always seeking Tavernake's. Pritchard rose to his feet abruptly.

"It's time we were in bed," he declared. "Remember the meeting tomorrow."

Tavernake rose to his feet. As they passed the next table, Elizabeth leaned over to him. Her eyes pleaded with his almost passionately.

"Dear Leonard," she whispered, "you must—you must come and see me. I shall stay in between four and six every evening this week. The Delvedere, remember."

"Thank you very much," Tavernake answered. "I shall not forget."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FOR ALWAYS.

Once again it seemed to Beatrice that history was repeating itself. The dingy, oblong dining room, with its mosquito netting, stained tablecloth, and hard cane chairs, expanded until she fancied herself in the drawing-room of Blenheim House. Between the landladies there was little enough to choose. Mrs. Raithby Lawrence, notwithstanding her

caustic tongue and suspicious nature, had, at least, made some pretense at gentility. The woman who faced her now—hard-featured, with narrow, suspicious eyes and a mass of florid hair—was unmistakably and brutally vulgar.

"What's the good of your keeping on saying you hope to get an engagement next week?" she demanded, with a sneer. "Who's likely to engage you? Why, you've lost your color, and your looks, and your weight since you came to stay here. They don't want such as you in the chorus. And for the rest, you're too high and mighty, that's my opinion of you. Take what you can get, and be thankful—that's my motto. Day after day you tramp about the streets with your head in the air, and won't take this and won't take that, and meanwhile my bill gets bigger and bigger. Now, where have you been to this morning, I should like to know?"

Beatrice, who was faint and tired, shaking in every limb, tried to pass out of the room, but her questioner barred the way.

"I have been uptown," she answered nervously.

"Hear of anything?"

Beatrice shook her head.

"Not yet. Please let me go upstairs and lie down. I am tired, and I need to rest."

"And I need my money," Mrs. Selina P. Watkins declared, without quitting her position, "and it's no good your going up to your room, because the door's locked."

"What do you mean?" Beatrice faltered.

"I mean that I've done with you," the lodging-house keeper announced. "Your room's locked up and the key's in my pocket, and the sooner you get out of this, the better I shall be pleased."

"But my box—my clothes!" Beatrice cried.

"I'll keep 'em a week for you," the woman answered. "Bring me the money by then and you shall have them. If I don't hear anything of you, they'll go to the auction mart."

Something of her old spirit fired the

girl for a moment. She was angry, and she forgot that her knees were trembling with fatigue, that she was weak and aching with hunger.

"How dare you talk like that!" she exclaimed. "You shall have your money shortly, but I must have my clothes. I cannot go anywhere without them."

The woman laughed harshly.

"Look here, my young lady," she said, "you'll see your box again when I see the color of your money, and not before. And now out you go, please—out you go! If you're going to make any trouble, Solly will have to show you the way down the steps."

The woman had opened the door, and a colored servant, half dressed, with a broom in her hand, came slouching down the passage.

Beatrice turned and fled out of the greasy, noisome atmosphere, down the uneven steps, out into the ugly street. She turned toward the nearest car line as though by instinct, but when she came to the corner of the street, she stopped short with a little groan. She knew very well that she had not a nickel to pay the fare. Her pockets were empty. All day she had eaten nothing, and her last coin had gone for the car which had brought her back from Broadway. And here she was on the lower East Side of New York, in the region of low-class lodging houses, far from the Great White Way. She had neither the strength nor the courage to walk.

With a half-stifled sob, she took off her one remaining ornament, a cheap enameled brooch, and entered a pawnbroker's shop close to where she had been standing.

"Will you give me something on this, please?" she asked desperately.

A man who seemed to be sorting a pile of ready-made coats, paused in his task for a moment, took the ornament into his hand, and threw it contemptuously upon the counter.

"Not worth anything," he answered.

"But it must be worth something," Beatrice protested. "I only want a very little."

Something in her voice compelled the

man's attention. He looked at her white face.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired.

"I must get up to Forty-second Street somehow," she declared. "I can't walk, and I haven't a nickel."

He pushed the brooch back to her and threw a dime upon the counter.

"Well," he said, "you don't look fit to walk, and that's a fact; but the brooch isn't worth entering up. There's a dime for you. Now git, please, I'm busy."

Beatrice clutched the coin and, almost forgetting to thank him, rushed to the street and boarded an uptown car.

There was only one thing left for her to try, a thing which she had had in her mind for days. Yet she found herself—even now she was committed to it—thinking of what lay before her with something like black horror. It was her last resource, indeed. Strong though she was, she knew by many small signs that her strength was almost at an end.

Reaching Forty-second Street, she made her way to a splendid block of buildings, and, passing inside, took the elevator to the seventh floor. Here she got out and knocked timidly at a glass-paneled door, on which was inscribed the name of Mr. Anthony Cruxhall. A very superior young man bade her enter, and inquired her business.

"I wish to see Mr. Cruxhall for a moment," she said. "I shall not detain him for more than a minute. My name is Franklin—Miss Beatrice Franklin."

The young man's lips seemed about to shape themselves into a whistle, but something in the girl's face made him change his mind.

"I guess the boss is in," he admitted. "He's just got back from a big meeting, but I am not sure about his seeing any one to-day. However, I'll tell him that you're here."

He disappeared into an inner room. Presently he came out again, and held the door open.

"Will you walk right in, Miss Franklin?" he invited.

Beatrice went in bravely enough, but her knees began to tremble when she found herself in the presence of the man

she had come to visit. Mr. Anthony Cruxhall was not a pleasant-looking person. His cheeks were fat and puffy, he wore a diamond ring upon the finger of his too-white hand, and a diamond pin in his somewhat flashily arranged necktie. He was smoking a black cigar, which he omitted to remove from between his teeth as he welcomed his visitor.

"So you've come to see me at last, little Miss Beatrice!" he said, with a particularly unpleasant smile. "Come and sit down here by the side of me. That's right, eh? Now what can I do for you?"

Beatrice was trembling all over. The man's eyes were hateful, his smile was hideous.

"I have not a—cent in the world, Mr. Cruxhall," she faltered. "I cannot get an engagement. I have been turned out of my rooms, and I am hungry. My father always told me that you would be a friend if at any time it happened that I needed help. I am very sorry to have to come and beg, yet that is what I am doing. Will you lend or give me ten or twenty dollars, so that I can go on for a little longer? Or will you help me to get a place among some of your theatrical people?"

Mr. Cruxhall smiled.

"I remember the last time we talked together," he said, "we didn't get on very well. Too high and mighty in those days, weren't you, Miss Beatrice? Wouldn't have anything to say to a bad lot like Anthony Cruxhall. You're having to come to it, eh?"

She began to tremble, but she held herself in.

"I must live," she murmured. "Give me a little money and let me go away."

He laughed.

"Oh, I'll do better than that for you," he answered, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drawing out a roll of bills. "Let's look at you. Gee whiz! Yes, you're shabby, aren't you? Take this," he went on, slamming some notes down before her. "Go and get yourself a new frock and a hat fit to wear, and meet me at the Madison Square Roof Garden at eight o'clock. We'll have

some dinner, and I guess we can fix matters up."

Then he smiled at her again; and Beatrice, whose hand was already upon the bills, suddenly felt her knees shake. A great black horror was upon her. She turned and fled out of the room, past the astonished clerk, into the elevator, and was downstairs on the main floor before she remembered where she was, what she had done.

Tavernake left the meeting on that same afternoon with his future practically assured for life. He had been appointed surveyor to the company at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, and the mine in which his savings were invested was likely to return him his small capital a hundredfold. Very kind things had been said of him and to him.

Pritchard and he had left the place together. When they had reached the street, they paused for a moment.

"I am going to make a call near here," Pritchard said. "Don't forget that we are dining together, unless you find something better to do; and in the meantime"—he took a card from his pocket and handed it to Tavernake—"I don't know whether I am a fool or not to give you this," he added. "However, there it is. Do as you choose about it."

He walked away a little abruptly. Tavernake glanced at the card; it bore an address on East Third Street.

For a moment he was puzzled. Then the light broke in upon him suddenly. His heart gave a leap. He turned back into the place to ask for some directions; and once more stopped short. Down the stone corridor, like one who flies from some hideous fate, came a slim black figure, with white face and set, horrified stare. Tavernake held out his hands, and she came to him with a great wondering sob.

"Leonard!" she cried. "Leonard!"

"There's no doubt about me," he answered quickly. "Am I such a very terrifying object?"

She stood quite still and struggled hard. By and by the giddiness passed.

"Leonard," she murmured, "I am ill."

Then she began to smile.

"It is too absurd," she faltered; "but you've got to do it all over again."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Get me something to eat at once," she begged. "I am starving. Somewhere where it's cool. Leonard, how wonderful! I never even knew that you were in New York."

He called a cab, and took her off to a roof garden. There, as it was early, they got a seat near the parapet. Tavernake talked clumsily about himself most of the time. There was a lump in his throat. He felt all the while that tragedy was very near. By degrees, though, as she ate and drank, the color came back to her cheeks, the fear of a breakdown seemed to pass away. She became even cheerful.

"We are really the most amazing people, Leonard," she declared. "You stumbled into my life once before when I was on the point of being turned out of my rooms. You've come into it again, and you find me once more homeless. Don't spend too much money upon our dinner, for I warn you that I am going to borrow from you."

He laughed.

"That's good news," he remarked; "but I'm not sure that I'm going to lend anything."

He leaned across the table. Their dinner had taken long in preparing, and the dusk was falling now. Over them were the stars, the band was playing soft music, the hubbub of the streets lay far below. Almost they were in a little world by themselves.

"Dear Beatrice," he said, "three times I asked you to marry me and you would not, and I asked you because I was a selfish brute, and because I knew that it was good for me, and that it would save me from things of which I was afraid.

And now I am asking you the same thing again; but I have a bigger reason, Beatrice. I have been alone most of the last two years. I have lived the sort of life which brings a man face to face with the truth; helps him to know himself and others, and I have found out something."

"Yes?" she faltered. "Tell me, Leonard."

"I found out that it was you I cared for always," he continued, "and that is why I am asking you to marry me now, Beatrice, only this time I ask you because I love you, and because no one else in the world could ever take your place or be anything at all to me."

"Leonard!" she murmured.

"You are not sorry that I have said this?" he begged.

She opened her eyes again.

"I always prayed that I might hear you say it," she answered; "but it seems—oh, it seems so one-sided! Here am I starving and penniless, and you—you, I suppose, are well on the way toward the success you worshiped."

"I am well on the way," he said earnestly, "toward something greater, Beatrice. I am well on the way toward understanding what success really is, what things count and what don't. I have even found out," he whispered, "the thing which counts for more than anything else in the world, and now that I have found it out, I shall never let it go again."

He pressed her hand, and she looked across the table at him with swimming eyes. The waiter, who had been approaching, turned discreetly away. The band started to play a fresh tune. From down in the streets came the clanging of the cars. A curious, cosmopolitan murmur of sounds; but between those two there was the wonderful silence.

THE END.

THIS IS IMPORTANT! We have pushed the date of issue forward a few days, and you will now get the POPULAR on the 7th and 23rd of each month. The next number, out April 23rd, will contain the first of a new series of short stories by OPPENHEIM

Looking On from the Bleachers

BEING THE LETTERS OF FELIX MCGEE, FORMER PITCHER FOR THE INVINCIBLES, TO HIS OLD-TIME CAPTAIN IN THE IRRIGATED LAND OF PROMISE AND BIG RED APPLES

By Frank X. Finnegan

I.—THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

DEAR BILL: I am sorry to hear that you are a little bit discouraged about your prospects out there when your training season is not half over, but I think I can understand what is at the bottom of it. They tell me that's a pretty dry country you have signed up with, and you always were discouraged when you were dry. However, I feel certain that as the season advances and you get limbered up a little with some real work, you will feel so enthusiastic you will want to go in every day and teach those apple trees of yours to take a joke.

You remember that's the way Emil Haasenspfeffer used to show up with the Invincibles every spring. Along in April and May he was as likely to bounce the ball off the unoffending knob of some bug in the grand stand as he was to put it in the groove he was aiming at; but after the management slipped a season pass to the weather man and the cold winds were shut off for a few weeks, Emil had the batters falling in the dirt while the umpire called strikes on 'em.

I don't know very much about raising apples, Bill, but it must be pretty soft to learn how. The Greek gent on the corner where I used to buy mine has been in this country only three months, and he raised them from three for five to a nickel apiece in the last two weeks. Unless I can run across some bush-league apples that are willing to get into the game at a nominal figure to get a reputation, I'm afraid I'll have

to give 'em their release, along with the beefsteak battery, Sirloin and Porterhouse. They got altogether too strong for me in their demands this year, so I had to let them go.

I'm trying out a new combination now—toasted wheat flakes, toasted cheese, and buttered toast—and with regular practice I expect to become a toastmaster if I last out the season. I have blowed ten pounds of weight in a month, and at that rate I will be in the bantam class next fall, and may go out and grab the championship from the half dozen windy kids that claim it.

I suppose the high cost of living doesn't bother you much out there in your humble shack by the side of the murmuring irrigation ditch and in the shadow of the stately twigs that are going to be apple trees one of these days if they don't get disgusted and play for their release. It's pretty near as soft for you, Bill, as it is for these prima-donna pitchers we have nowadays who go on the slab one day out of five and keep a Turkish bath rubber busy the rest of the time massaging the salary wing with olive oil—they have to keep the flipper good and strong so they can swing on the management for more coin every spring, and they get writer's cramp when they see a contract.

The chances are your flapjacks and bacon set you back just about as much as they did before everybody woke up and began taking a slant at the beef trust, and when you want fried pota-

toes to celebrate Sundays, holidays, and feast days, you need only go out to center field, pry up a spud, look it in the eye to see if it is ripe, and, if not, put it back into the bosom of the United States for a few weeks.

With me, things are different, and I've asked waivers on so many items in the bill of fare lately that my wife does most of her marketing at the flour-and-feed store.

There is a burglar who conducts a grocery and market in our block and has automobile races with the bank president up and down the street on Sunday afternoons, when the bank and the grocery are both closed and the neighbors are not able to dig into their dwindling balances at the bank and hand over the coin to the grocery man.

This fellow has been batting around three hundred and sixty-five all season in the matter of putting prices on his goods, and since Congress, the legislature, the D. A. R., and the A. O. H. have all started rubbering into the cause of the high cost of living, I thought I would back this holdup man of ours under the grand stand where the reporters couldn't hear us, and ask him how he did it. I caught him between innings while he was idly weighing out twenty-dollar gold pieces in the sugar scales and tying them up in salt bags.

"It isn't my fault that sirloin steak is thirty-two cents a pound," he says; "the trouble is there are not enough people raising beef to keep pace with the increasing demand. Naturally, the price goes up when the supply falls short, and the remedy lies in an increasing number of people going into the stock-raising business."

"I suppose the same reason applies to the increase in the price of salt mackerel and lake trout," I suggested, "that there are not enough people raising them. When I found you were putting 'em over so high that I couldn't touch 'em in the matter of the luscious steak and the alluring roast beef, I fled with a light heart and a glad smile of confidence to the fish mart of Mr. Simonesky down the street, intending

to glut my larder with the bounteous product of the lakes and oceans. To my intense dejection, I discovered that somebody had tipped off your signals to Mr. Simonesky, and that the humble perch and the equally unostentatious lake trout, which had been offered at twelve cents a pound with few takers, were holding out for twenty-two cents. I presume that the solution of this problem is to have people get busy raising perch in the Great Lakes."

The purse-proud merchant let that one go by him without attempting to strike at it, so I suppose we will have to wait until the national commission at Washington hands out a decision before we will be wise to the real cause of the big boost. At the same time, cap, I have my own opinion of that chatter about more people raising beef.

You remember in the old days when the Invincibles were cleaning up everything that got into a lot with us, we used to wonder why a baseball containing four cents' worth of yarn, a penny rubber ball, and a nickel's worth of horsehide cost us one dollar and twenty-five cents, and when we pried into the matter a little bit we were told it was because one firm made all the baseballs—there were not enough people raising baseballs to keep pace with the demand.

But after a while, you remember, when some other fellows got their eyes on that good old one dollar and fifteen cents rake-off and started making baseballs to keep pace with the demand, the first thing we knew the original firm had swallowed up the guys that tried 'em butt in, and one firm is still making 'em, and they are still one dollar and twenty-five cents.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the farseeing gents who carve our sirloin steaks out of the interior of the sad-eyed cow and send 'em around to the butcher shops in big yellow wagons had learned something about supply and demand from the baseball makers and from the philanthropic corporation that supplies the gasoline for the butcher's automobile.

However, I know all this doesn't in-

terest you much, Bill, and I presume you are worried more about keeping weevil out of your apple blossoms and the boll worm out of your potatoes than you are about the price of eggs, which are slowly coming out of cold storage and going into safe-deposit vaults. My personal experiences in the matter of irrigation have been along lines somewhat different to those you are now following—most of mine having been done after dark.

Also, you probably have to use your head to some extent, and in my irrigation experiments, which were wisely extended, I recall occasions when I couldn't use my head to any advantage for several days afterward.

And speaking of using the block as an aid in your vocation, I hope you will not be quite so literal as a certain bone-head recruit Frank Chance had with the Cubs a few years ago. This guinea was supposed to be a whale of a fielder, but he wasn't there with the stick—he would poke at anything they dished up to him, and he fanned so often he had a chill all the time. Finally Frank got disgusted, and cut loose at him one day when he had made an average of 0 out of three times at bat.

"Say, what's the matter with you, you big wop?" says Chance. "The rules don't make you strike at every ball he pitches!"

"I know that," says the boy with the basswood bean, "but I can't help striking at 'em—they look so good coming up to me."

"Well, be a little more careful the next time you go up," Frank says, "and try to poke one out for a change. But don't slam at everything he tosses up. Keep an eye on him when he's winding up—see if you can't guess what he's going to slip you. Use your nut once in a while when you're batting! That's the secret, my boy. Use your nut!"

After a while, Terrified Tommy came up again, and the pitcher wound one clear around his waist that he smashed at cheerfully. Then he remembered Chance's advice, and stood still while a strike slipped over in the groove. I suppose he got desperate

when he heard the ump yelling: "Strike two!" and when the next one came up, high and on the inside, he just dropped his bat and poked out his head. The ball copped him on the side of the block, and split off a chunk big enough to start the kitchen fire, and down went the boy slugger without waiting for the count. Later in the afternoon, when they had brought him too, or possibly three, in the clubhouse, Chance asked him how it happened.

"I was only trying to do what you told me," the hero whispered above the roar of the shortstop, kicking because the second baseman didn't take a throw behind the pitcher on a double steal; "you told me to use my nut—and I did!"

I was a little bit surprised at your saying you would like to be back East somewhere for the opening of the season just to see if any of the old bunch were around and sort of meet up with them. I thought you had passed up the majors for good when you joined out with that bush town to which you have your mail addressed—I suppose it's within a day's journey of your apple ranch. But then, it's only natural when the Ohio River is having its annual jamboree and the birds that have been training down South all winter come up to open their season and the grass gets back on the job, that an old ball player's thoughts should turn to the big-league opening and the gathering of the bunch from the training camps.

They used to tell us something in church about the war horse that smelleth the battle afar off, or something like that, and if ever there was a human war horse, Bill, you surely are it. I'll bet you've got your nose pointed this way eight hours a day, and that you're sniffing so hard it sounds like a suburban train pulling out.

Well, I don't blame you. But the chances are that if you were back here for the opening you would be worried stiff for fear one of your apple trees would get the pip while you were gone, and you would probably bore all your old pals to death telling 'em about that

wonderful country and trying to coax 'em to sign up with whatever land company hooked you.

But here's where your friends are, Bill, and here's where your heart will be for quite a time yet, however much chatter you may spill about the irrigated apple country and its marvelous development. You know, mountains and rivers and ranches and orchards don't make a country, after all. They're just scenery—same as you see all day long from the window of your Pullman and don't think twice about. You've got to have people, friends, handclasps, well wishers—and you've sure got all that back here waiting for you if you ever jump your contract and take the back track.

Mind you, I don't advise you to do that, either, Bill. From a few well-chosen hints in this letter, you may judge for yourself that nobody is standing around putting gold watches in the pockets of the passers-by back here, and a dollar doesn't go as far as it used to, because there are so many thrifty zobs standing around to grab it the minute it shows its innocent face in the metropolis. Going into a restaurant nowadays takes almost as much nerve as it does to go up as a pinch hitter in the last of the ninth with two on bases, two out, and the score one to nothing against you. In the ball game, if you make a hit, you spill the beans. In the restaurant you have to spill the beans to make a hit.

You remember that old one I used to pull when we were fanning on rainy afternoons about the fellow that was sent to Europe by his doctor for change and rest, and he came back and reported that the waiters got all the change and the hotel keepers got the rest. They've got that game beaten to a frazzle here—the waiter is only one of the stick-up men that you are obliged to help support because it is necessary for you to eat at intervals.

The big gazam that opens the door when you start in makes a reach for you if you dare put your hand in your pocket to look at your watch. When he sees there's nothing doing in the tip

line just then, he locks his jaw and waits. He knows you'll have to come out some time. As soon as you stumble over the mat, they keep inside the door for that purpose, so your attention will be distracted, a kid swipes your hat and overcoat, slams a check at you, and runs. No use trying to call him—he doesn't understand the language, and he wouldn't listen if he did. Your things are gone, that's all, and you have a check which means "dig up" as plainly as though it were printed there in red.

If you go in to wash your hands while the stuff is on the fire, another nickel grabber makes a jump for your shoes with a towel, and crawls all around you wiping them off and spoiling the shine you just paid for, and dares you to step on his neck. When your hands are washed, he is right there, Johnny-at-the-rathole, with his little manicure set for you and a happy, expectant smile putting the electric lights on the blink. He gets his before you leave that room alive.

Then you drill back to your table, eat a few scraps, give the waiter a five-dollar bill to pay the check, and tell him to keep the by-product for himself. Then you remember your hat and coat. Lynx-eyed Louie has seen you getting ready to blow, and he comes to bat with his little coat brush and his little hat brush, putting up a front as though he was just panic-stricken for fear you'd get out of the place with a spot on you. What he's really afraid of, Bill, is that you'll get off the place with a dime on you.

The other night I bumped into old "Chick" O'Brien—you remember him, cap—used to play short for Providence, and finally wound up in Peoria swindling the Three-eyes out of a salary. He wasn't any too well lit up, so I thought I'd blow him off to one of these feeds I've been telling you about, with all the trimmings. After a couple of seasons of Peoria lunch counters, I thought it would go good.

Chick never batted an eye while all these rummies were coming up and taking my money away from me, and he

cleaned up the dinner in one, two, three order as though he had to catch a train right after the ninth inning.

When we were going out, the last of the macers helped us on with our overcoats, and I slipped the lad a dime. I nearly had a fit when I took a flash at O'Brien and saw him dig up a dollar for the boy. It made me a little bit sore, too, and when we got outside I bawled him out the first thing.

"Here," I says, "what did you give

that coat boy a dollar for? Were you trying to show me up with my little dime—after I had paid for everything else?"

"Not on your life," says O'Brien, "but look at the coat he gave me."

So you can see, Bill, that the old town isn't what it used to be, and that you're better off where you are than knocking around with

Your old pal,

New York— FELIX MCGEE.

In Felix McGee's next letter he tells about the opening game of the season. In the May Month-end POPULAR, on sale April 23rd.



A CARD TO THE CLUB

OLD Colonel Dick Bright, of Washington, was shaved for years by a colored barber who, not being blessed with the splendid longevity of the colonel, finally died. Bright went to the funeral, and, at the dinner table that evening, said he had put his visiting card in the old barber's coffin.

"That's the craziest thing I ever heard of," remarked a friend. "What on earth did you do it for?"

"Well," explained the colonel, "if he goes to heaven, he won't need it. But, if he goes to the other place, it will introduce him to a lot of good fellows."



HALF AND HALF

RALPH A. CAMERON, who was defeated for election to the United States Senate from Arizona not long ago, once had an office boy whose duty it was every morning to fill with fresh water a big cooler in the anteroom. Cameron was very particular that this water should be fresh every day. One morning he took a drink from the cooler and then glared at the office boy.

"Willie," he demanded sternly, "is this water fresh?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, without meeting Cameron's glance.

"Willie," insisted the boss, "are you sure this water is fresh?"

"Well, sir," qualified Willie, "part of it is."



AMERICAN SLANG AS IT IS SLUNG

AT a reception at the American embassy in Paris, Ambassador Bacon was asked by a beautiful and vivacious Frenchwoman for a narrative of his adventures in America. She was clearly disappointed when told that the Indians no longer scalped people in the mountains of Virginia, but she insisted that he must have had thrilling experiences of some kind.

"Well," he finally admitted, "I was robbed once."

"How *interessant!* Do tell us of zat!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I was at a lonely railway station, located on the outskirts of a town. I had noticed several dead beats hanging around, and——"

"Ah!" she interrupted. "I know what ze beat is—he is ze swindler, non? An' zere was several dead ones hanging around—it had been what you call ze lynch!"

The White Ghost of Disaster

By Mayn Clew Garnett

Author of "The Light Ahead," "The Lone Sperm Bull," Etc.

In marine disasters the truth is mighty hard to fathom. There have been many attempts to explain how the giant liner *Admiral* ran into an iceberg in daylight. Chief Mate Garnett sets forth the actual facts of the disaster

CAPTAIN BROWNSON came upon the bridge. It was early morning, and the liner was tearing through a smooth sea in about forty-three north latitude. The sun had not yet risen, but the gray of the coming daylight showed a heaving swell that rolled with the steadiness that told of a long stretch of calm water behind it. The men of the morning watch showed their pale faces white with that peculiar pallor which comes from the loss of the healthful sleep between midnight and morning. It was the second mate's watch, and that officer greeted the commander as he came to the bridge rail where the mate stood staring into the gray ahead.

"See anything?" asked the master curtly.

"No, sir—but I smell it—feel it," said the mate, without turning his head.

"What?" asked Brownson.

"Don't you feel it?—the chill, the—well, it's ice, sir—ice, if I know anything."

"Ice?" snarled the captain. "You're crazy! What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, very well—you asked me—I told you—that's all."

The captain snorted. He disliked the second officer exceedingly. Mr. Smith had been sent him by the company at the request of the manager of the London office. He had always picked his own men, and he resented the office picking them for him. Besides, he had a nephew, a passenger aboard, who was an officer out of a berth.

"What the devil do they know of a

man, anyhow! I'm the one responsible for him. I'm the one, then, to choose him. They won't let me shift blame if anything happens, and yet they sent me a man I know nothing of except that he is young and strong. I'll wake him up some if he stays here." So he had commented to Mr. Wylie, the chief mate. Mr. Wylie had listened, thought over the matter, and nodded his head sagely.

"Sure," he vouchsafed; "sure thing." That was as much as any one ever got out of Wylie. He was not a talkative mate. Yet when he knew Smith better, he retailed the master's conversation to him during a spell of generosity engendered by the donation of a few high balls by Macdowell, the chief engineer. Smith thanked him—and went his way as before, trying to do the best he could. He did not shirk duty on that account. Wylie insisted that the captain was right. A master was responsible, and it was always customary for him to pick his men as far as possible. Besides, as Wylie had learned from Macdowell, Brownson had a nephew in view that would have filled the berth about right—so Wylie thought—and Smith was a nuisance. Smith had taken it all in good part, and smiled. He liked Wylie.

Brownson sniffed the air hungrily as he stood there at the bridge rail. The air was chilly, but it was always chilly in that latitude even in summer.

"How does she head?" he asked savagely of the man at the steam-steering gear. The man spoke through the pilot-house window in a monotone:

"West—three degrees south, sir."

"That's west—one south by standard?" snapped Brownson.

"Yes, sir," said Smith.

"Let her go west—two south by binacle—and mark the time accurately," ordered Brownson.

He would shift her a bit. The cool air seemed to come from the northward. It was as if a door in an ice box were suddenly opened and the cold air within let out in a cold, damp mass. A thin haze covered the sea. The side wash rolled away noisily, and disappeared into the mist a few fathoms from the ship's side. It seemed to thicken as the minutes passed.

Brownson was nervous. He went inside the pilot house and spoke to the engineer through the tube leading to the engine room.

"How is she going?"

"Three hundred and ten, sir; never less than three and five the watch."

"Well, she's going too almighty fast—shut her down to two hundred," snapped Brownson. "She's been doing twenty-two knots—it's too fast—too fast, anyhow, in this weather. Ten knots will do until the sun scoffs off this mist. Shut her down."

The slowing engines eased their vibrations, and the side wash rolled less noisily. There was a strange stillness over the sea. The silence grew as the headway subsided.

The captain listened intently. He felt something.

There is always that strange something that a seaman feels in the presence of great danger when awake. It has never been explained. But all good—really good—masters have felt it; can tell you of it if they will. It is uncanny, but it is as true as gospel. The second officer had felt it in the air, felt it in his nerves. He felt—*ice*. It was danger.

Smith stood there watching the haze that seemed to deepen rather than disperse as the morning grew. The men turned out and the hose was started, the decks were sluiced down, and the gang with the squeegees followed. Two bells struck—five o'clock. Smith strained his gaze straight into the haze

ahead. He fixed and refixed his glasses—a pair of powerful lenses of fifteen lines. He had bought them for fifty dollars, and always kept them near him while on watch.

A man came up the bridge steps.

"Shall I send up your coffee, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, send it up," said Smith, in a whisper. He was listening.

Something sounded out there in the haze. It was a strange, vibrating sound, a sort of whispering murmur, soft and low, like the far-away notes of a harp. Then it ceased. Smith looked at the captain who stood within the pilot-house window gazing down at the men at work on the deck below. The noise of the rushing water from the hose and their low tones seemed to annoy him. They wore rubber boots, and their footsteps were silent; but he gruffly ordered the bos'n to make them "shut up."

"Better slow her down, sir—there's ice somewhere about here," said the second mate anxiously. He was thinking of the thousand and more souls below and the millions in cargo values.

"Who's running this ship—me or you?" snarled Brownson savagely.

It was an unnecessary remark, wholly uncalled for. Smith flushed under his tan and pallor. He had seldom been spoken to like that. He would have to stand it; but he would hunt a new ship as soon as he came ashore again. It was bad enough to be treated like a boy; but to be talked to that way before the men made it impossible, absolutely impossible. It meant the end of discipline at once. A man would retail it, more would repeat it, and—then—Smith turned away from the bridge rail in utter disgust. He was furious.

"Blast the ship!" he muttered as he turned away and gazed aft. His interest was over, entirely over. He would not have heard a gun fired at that moment, so furious was the passion at the unmerited insolence from his commander.

And then, as if to give insult to injury, Brownson called down the tube:

"Full speed ahead—give her all she'll do—I'm tired of loafing around here all

the morning." Then he rang up the telegraph, and the sudden vibrations told of a giant let loose below.

The *Admiral* started ahead slowly. She was a giant liner, a ship of eight hundred feet in length. It took some moments to get headway upon that vast hull. But she started, and in a few minutes the snoring of the bow wave told of a tearing speed. She was doing twenty-two and a half knots an hour, or more than twenty-five miles, the speed of a train of cars.

The under steward came up the bridge steps with the coffee. Smith took his cup and drank it greedily, almost savagely. He was much hurt. His feelings were roughed up to the limit. Yet he had not even answered the captain back. He took his place at the bridge rail and gazed straight ahead into the gray mist. He saw nothing, felt nothing, but the pain of his insult.

"Let him run the ship to hell and back," he said to himself.

There was a puff of colder air than usual. A chill as of death itself came floating over the silent ocean. A man on lookout stood staring straight into the mist ahead, and then sang out.

"Something right ahead, sir," he yelled in a voice that carried like the roar of a gun.

Brownson just seized the lever shutting the compartments, swung it, jammed it hard over, and screamed:

"Stop her—stop her—hard over your wheel—hard over——"

His voice ended in a vibrating screech that sounded wild, weird, uncanny in that awful silence. A hundred men stopped in their stride, or work, paralyzed at the tones coming from the bridge.

And then came the impact.

With a grinding, smashing roar as of thousands of tons coming together, the huge liner plunged headlong into the iceberg that rose grim and silent right ahead, towering over her in spite of her great height. The shock was terrific, and the grinding, thundering crash of falling tons of ice, coupled with the rending of steel plates and solid planks, made chaos of all sound.

The *Admiral* bit in, dug, plowed, kept on going, going, and the whole forward part of her almost disappeared in the wall of white. A thousand tons of huge flakes slammed and slid down her decks, burying her to the fore hatch in the smother. A thousand tons more crashed, slid, and plunged down the slopes of the icy mountain and hurled themselves into the sea with giant splashes, sending torrents of water as high as the bridge rail. The men who had been forward were swept away by the avalanche. - Many were never seen again. And then, with reversed engines, she finally came to a dead stop, with her bows jammed a hundred feet deep in the ice wall of the berg.

After that it was panic. All discipline seemed to end in the shock and struggle. Brownson howled and stormed from the bridge, and Smith shouted orders and sprang down to enforce them. The chief mate came on deck in his underclothes and passed the word to man the boats. A thousand passengers jammed the companionway and strove with panic and unhuman fury to reach the deck.

One man clad in a night robe gained the outside of the press, and, running swiftly along the deck, flitted like a ghost over the rail, and disappeared into the sea. He had gone clean crazy, perfectly insane in the panic.

Brownson tied down the siren cord, and the roar shook the atmosphere. The tremendous tones rose above the din of screaming men and cursing seamen; and then the master called down to the heart of the ship, the engine room.

"Is she going?" he asked.

"Water coming in like through a tunnel," came the response. "Nearly up to the grates now——"

That was all. The man left the tube to rush on deck, and the captain knew the forward bulkheads had gone; had either jammed or burst under that terrific impact. The ship was going down.

Brownson stood upon the bridge and gazed down at the human tide below him. Men fought furiously for places in the small boats. The fireroom crew came on deck and mingled with the pas-

sengers. The coal dust showed upon their white faces, making them seem strange beings from an inferno that was soon to be abolished. They strove for places in the lifeboats and hurled the weaker passengers about recklessly. Some, on the other hand, helped the women. One man dragged two women with him into a boat, kicking, twisting, and roaring like a lion. He was a big fellow with a red beard, and Brownson watched him. The mate struck him over the head with a hand spike for refusing to get out of the boat, and his interest in things ended at once and forever.

The crew, on the whole, behaved well. Officers and men tried to keep some sort of discipline. Finally six boats went down alongside into the sea, and were promptly swarmed by the crowds above, who either slid down the falls or jumped overboard and climbed in from the sides. The sea was as still as a lake; only the slight swell heaved it. Great fields of floating particles of ice from the berg floated about, and those who had gotten wet shivered with the cold.

The *Admiral*, running at twenty-two knots an hour, had struck straight into the wall of an iceberg that reached as far as the eye could see in the haze. It towered at least three hundred feet in the air, showing that its depth was colossal, probably at least half a mile. It was a giant ice mountain that had broken adrift from its northern home, and, drifting southward, had survived the heat of summer and the breaking of the sea upon its base.

Smith had felt its dread presence, felt its proximity long before he had come to close quarters. The chill in the air, the peculiar feeling of danger, the icy breath of death—all had told him of a danger that was near. And yet Brownson had scoffed at him, railed at his intuition and sense. Upon the captain the whole blame of the disaster must fall if Smith told.

The second officer almost smiled as he struggled with his boat.

"The pig-headed fool!" he muttered between his set teeth. "The murdering rat—he's done it now! He's killed him-

self, and five hundred people along with him——"

Smith fought savagely for the discipline of his boat. His men had rushed to their stations at the first call. The deck was beginning to slant dangerously as the falls were slacked off and the lifeboat lowered into the sea. Smith stood in the press about him and grew strangely calm. The action was good for him, good for the burning fury that had warped him, scorched him like a hot blast while he had stood silently upon the bridge and taken the insults of his commander. Women pleaded with him for places in the boat. Men begged and took hold of him. One lady, half clothed, dropped upon her knees and, holding his hand which hung at his side, prayed to him as if he were a deity, a being to whom all should defer. He flung her off savagely.

Bareheaded now, coatless, and with his shirt ripped, he stood there, and saw his men pass down sixteen women into his craft; pass them down without comment or favor, age or condition. Thirty souls went into his boat before he sprang into the falls and slid down himself. A dozen men tried to follow him, but he shoved off, and they went into the sea. His men got their oars out and rowed off a short distance.

Muttering, praying, and crying, the passengers in his boat huddled themselves in her bottom. He spoke savagely to them, ordered them under pain of death to sit down. One man, who shivered as he spoke, insisted upon crawling about and shifting his position. Smith struck him over the head, knocking him senseless. Another, a woman, must stand upon the thwarts, to get as far away as possible from the dread and icy element about her. He swung his fist upon her jaw, and she went whimpering down into the boat's bottom, lying there and sobbing softly.

Furiously swearing at the herd of helpless passengers who endangered his boat at every movement, he swung the craft's head about and stood gazing at his ship. After a little while, the crowd became more manageable, and he saw he could keep them aboard without the cer-

tainty of upsetting the craft. He had just been debating which of them he would throw overboard to save the rest; save them from their own struggling and fighting for their own selfish ends. He was as cold as steel, hard, inflexible. His men knew him for a ship's officer who would maintain his place under all hazards, and they watched him furtively, and were ready to obey him to the end without question.

"Oh, the monster, the murdering monster!" he muttered again and again.

His eyes were fixed upon the bridge. High up there stood Brownson—the captain who had sent his liner to her death, with hundreds of passengers.

Brownson stood calmly watching the press gain and lose places in the boats. Two boats actually overloaded rolled over under the immense load of human freight. The others did not stop to pick them up. They had enough to do to save themselves. The ship was sinking. That was certain. She must have struck so hard that even the 'midship bulkheads gave way, or were so twisted out of place that the doors failed. The chief engineer came below him and glanced up.

As he did so, a tremendous, roaring blast of steam blew the superstructure upward. The boilers had gone. Macdowell just gave Brownson a look. That was all. Then he rushed for a boat.

Brownson grinned; actually smiled at him.

The man at the wheel asked permission to go.

"I'm a married man, sir—it's no use of me staying here any longer," he ventured.

"Go—go to the devil!" said Brownson, without interest. The man fled.

Brownson stopped giving any more orders. In silence he gazed down at the press of human beings, watching, debating within himself the chances they had of getting away from that scene of death and horror.

The decks grew more and more steep. The liner was settling by the head and to starboard. She was even now twisting, rolling over; and the motion

brought down thousands of blocks of ice from the berg. The engines had stopped long since. She still held her head against the ice wall; but it would give her no support. She was slipping away—away to her grave below.

Brownson gazed back over the decks. He watched the crowd impersonally, and it seemed strange to him that so much valuable fabric should go to the bottom so quickly. The paint was so clean and bright, the brass was so shiny. The whole structure was so thoroughly clean, neat, and in proper order. It was absurd. There he was standing upon that bridge where he had stood so often, and here below him were hundreds of dying people—people like rats in a trap.

"Good Heaven—is it real?"

He was sure he was not awake. It must be a dream. Then the terrible knowledge came back upon him like a stroke; a blow that stopped his heart. It was the death of his ship he was watching—the death of his ship and of many of his passengers. Suddenly Brownson saw the boat of the second mate, and that officer standing looking up at him.

The master thought he saw the officer's lips move. He wondered what the man thought, what he would say. He had insulted the officer, made him a clown before the men. He knew the second mate would not spare him. He knew the second mate would testify that he had given warning of ice ten minutes before they struck. He also knew that the man at the wheel had heard him, as had the steward who brought up the coffee, and one or two others who were near.

No, there must be no investigation of his, Brownson's, blame in the matter. The master dared not face that. He looked vacantly at Smith. The officer stood gazing straight at him.

The liner suddenly shifted, leaned to starboard, heeled far over, and her bows slipped from the berg, sinking down clear to her decks, clear down until the seas washed to the foot of her superstructure just below Brownson. Masses of ice fell from her into the sea. The grinding, splashing noise awoke the panic again among the remaining pas-

sengers and crew. They strove with maniac fury to get the rafts and other stuff that might float over the side. Two boats drew away full to the gunwales with people. The air below began to make that peculiar whistling sound that tells of pressure—pressure upon the vitals of the ship. She was going down.

Brownson still stood gazing at his second mate.

Smith met the master's eye with a steady look. Then he suddenly forgot himself and raised his hand.

"Oh, you murdering rat, you cowardly scoundrel, you devil!" he roared out.

Brownson saw the movement of the hand, saw that it was vindictive, furious, and full of menace. He could not hear the words.

He smiled at the officer, raised his hand, and waved it in reply. It seemed to make the mate crazy. He gesticulated wildly, swore like a maniac—but Brownson did not hear him. He only knew what he was doing.

He turned away, gave one more look over the sinking ship.

"She's going now—and so am I," he muttered.

Then he went slowly into his chart room, opened a drawer, and took out a revolver that he always kept there. He stood at the open door and cocked the weapon. He looked into its muzzle, and saw the bullet that would end his life when he pulled the trigger.

He almost shuddered. It was so unreal. He could not quite do it. He gazed again at the second mate. He knew the officer was watching him, knew Smith would not believe he had the nerve to end the thing then and there. It amused him slightly in a grim sort of way. Why, he *must* die. That was certain. He could never face his own family and friends after what he had done. As to getting another ship—that was too absurd to think of.

The form of a woman showed in the boat. She had risen from the bottom, where the blow of the officer had felled her in her frenzy. Brownson saw her, recognized her as his niece, the sister of the man he had wished to put in

Smith's place. It was for his own nephew he had insulted his officer, had caused him to relax and lose the interest that made navigation safe, in the hope that Smith would leave and let his relative get the berth.

He wondered if Smith knew. He stood there with the revolver in his hand watching for some sign from his second officer. Smith gazed at him in fury, apparently not noticing the girl whom he had just before knocked into the boat's bottom to keep order. She stood up. Smith roughly pushed her down again. Brownson was sure now—he felt that Smith knew all.

But he put the revolver in his pocket. He would not fire yet.

The ship was listing heavily, and the cries of the passengers were dying out. All who had been able to get away had gone, somehow, and only a few desperate men and women, who could not swim and who were cool enough to realize that swimming would but prolong an agony that was better over quickly, huddled aft at the taffrail. They would take the last second left them, the last instant of life, and suffer a thousand deaths every second to get it. It was absurd. Brownson pitied them.

Many of these women were praying and talking to their men, who held them in a last embrace. One young woman was clinging closely to a young man, and they were apparently not suffering terror. A look of peacefulness was upon the faces of both. They were lovers, and were satisfied to die together; and the thought of it made them satisfied. Brownson wondered at this. They were young enough and strong enough to make a fight for life.

A whistling roar arose above all other sounds. The siren had ceased, and Brownson knew the air was rushing from below. The ship would drop in a moment. He grasped the pistol again. He dreaded that last plunge, that drop into the void below. The thought held him a little. The ocean was always so blue out there, so clear and apparently bottomless, a great void of water. He wondered at the depth, what kind of a dark bed would receive

that giant fabric, the work of so many human hands. And then he wondered at his own end there. His own end? What nonsense! It was unreal. Death was always for others. It had never been for him. He had seen men die. It was not for him yet. He would not believe it. He would awaken soon, and the steward would bring him his coffee.

Then he caught the eye of Smith again in that boat waiting for the end out there. His heart gave an immense jolt, began beating wildly. The ship heeled more and more. The ice crashed and plunged from her forward. Brownson was awakening to the real at last. He felt it in those extra heartbeats; knew he must hurry it. Then he wondered what the papers would say; whether they would call him a coward, afraid to face the inevitable. He hoped they would not. But, then, what difference would it all make, anyhow—to him? He was dead. His interest was over. What difference would it make whether he was a coward or not? Men knew him for what he was, but he was no longer. He was dead.

While he stood there with these thoughts in his mind, his nerve half lacking to end the thing, it seemed to him it was lasting for an eternity. He was growing tired of it all. He turned away again and entered the chart room.

His cat crawled from somewhere and rubbed its tail and side against his leg. Then the animal jumped to the table, and he stroked it; actually stroked it while Smith watched him, and swore at him for a cold-blooded scoundrel.

The ship *san!* to her superstructure. Her stern raised high in the air. It was now impossible to stand on deck without holding on. Some of the remaining passengers slid off with parting shrieks. They dropped into that icy sea.

Brownson felt the end coming now, and turned again to the doorway, looking straight at his second mate. Smith was trying to quell the movement among his crowd which was endangering his boat again.

The captain clutched the door jamb and watched. Then the ship began to sink. He could not make up his mind

to jump clear. There was Smith looking at him. He dared not be saved when hundreds were being killed. No, he could not make that jump and swim to a boat under that officer's gaze. And yet at the last moment he was about to try it. Panic was upon him in a way that he hardly realized. He simply could not face the black gulf he was dropping into with his health and full physical powers still with him. It was nature to make a last effort for his life. Then, before he could make the jump overboard, he saw Smith again shaking his hand at him and howling curses.

He pulled the pistol. An ashy whiteness came over his face. Smith saw it. He stopped swearing; stopped in his furious denunciation of the man who had caused so much destruction. He also saw the pistol plainly, and wondered at the captain's nerve.

"You are afraid, you dog—you are afraid—you daren't do it, you murdering rat!" he yelled.

The men in the boat were all gazing up at the chart-house door where the form of their commander stood.

"He's going to shoot, sir," said the stroke oarsman.

"He's afraid—he won't dare!" howled Smith.

Brownson seemed to hear now. The silence was coming again, and the sounds on the sinking ship were dying out.

Brownson gazed straight at his second officer. Smith saw him raise the pistol, saw a bit of blue smoke, saw his commander sink down to the deck and disappear. A cracking and banging of ice blocks blended with the report, and the ship raised her stern higher. Then she plunged straight downward, straight as a plummet for the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Smith knew his captain had gone to his end; that he was a dead man at last.

He stood watching the mighty swirl where the liner had gone under. The men in his boat were also looking. They had seen all.

"Look—look!" shrieked a passenger. "The captain has shot himself!"

"She's gone—gone for good!" cried another. "Oh, the pity of it all!"

Smith did not reply. He was still gazing at the apparition he had seen in that chart-house door; the figure of the man shooting himself through the head. It had chilled his anger, staggered him. The awful nerve of it all, the horror—

"Hadn't we better see if we can get one or two more in her, sir?" asked the stroke oarsman. "I see a woman swimming there."

Smith did not answer. He seemed not to hear. Then he suddenly awoke to his surroundings. He was alive to the occasion, the desperate situation.

"Give way port—ease starboard—swing her out of that swirl—hard on that port oar," he ordered.

11.

Smith looked around for the other boats. The chief mate's was in sight, showing dimly through the haze. She was full of people, crowded, and it was a wonder how she floated with the screaming, panic-stricken passengers, who fought for places in her in spite of Wylie's oaths and entreaties. Smith glared.

"The fools!" he muttered. "If they would only think of something besides their own hides for a second. But they won't. They never do. It's nature, and when the trouble comes they fight like cats."

He steered away from what he saw was trouble. He would not pick up the scuffle when they overturned the boat. He was full up now, carrying all his boat would hold. She rocked dangerously with every shifting of the crowd, that still trembled and scuffled for more comfort in her. Her gunwales were only a few inches above the sea, and it might come on to blow at any minute.

"Sit down!" he roared to the old man, who would shift and squirm about in the boat, interfering with the stroke oarsman, who jammed his oar into the small of the fellow's back, regardless of the pain it caused.

"Sit down or I'll throw you overboard! Do you hear?"

The old man whimpered and strug-

gled for a more comfortable position; and Smith reached over with the tiller and slammed him heavily across the shoulders, knocking him over.

"If you get up again I'll kill you, you cowardly old rat!" he said savagely.

The old man lay quiet and trembling. A young woman upbraided Smith for brutality and talked volubly.

"Talk, you little fool!" he said. "Talk all you want to, but don't you get moving about in this boat, or I'll break your pretty neck."

"You are a monster," said the girl.

"Yes; but if I'd had my way, you would have been safe and sound below in your room instead of out here in this ice," snapped Smith.

The girl quieted down, and then spoke to the young woman, who lay in the bottom of the boat where she had fallen when Smith struck her down. She was the niece of Captain Brownson.

"I never heard of such utter brutality in my life," she said.

Miss Billings, who had first found fault, agreed with her.

"Was your brother aboard, Miss Roberts?" asked Smith.

"Yes, he was—I think he went in the mate's boat—why do you ask?"

"Oh, I was just thinking—that's all. He would have been second officer next voyage. That seemed to be fixed, didn't it?"

"Yes; and if it had, this thing would not have happened," said the girl.

"No; probably it would not," said the second officer sadly. He spoke, for the first time, with less passion. He thought of the manner they had taken to get his berth, the insults, the infamy of the whole thing.

"No; I don't suppose you knew how it was done," said he, half aloud.

The girl sat up. She had stopped whimpering from the blow.

Smith watched her for a few minutes while he swung the boat's head for the gray mist ahead where he knew lay the iceberg. He thought the face pretty, the figure well rounded and perfectly shaped. He felt sorry he had used such harshness in making her behave in the boat. But there was no time for silly

sentiment. That boat must be manned properly and kept afloat, and the slapping of a girl was nothing at all. She might start a sudden movement and endanger the lives of all. Absolute trimming of the craft was the only way she could be safe to carry the immense load. The men rowed slowly and apparently without object. Smith headed the boat for the ice.

A long wall of peculiar pale blueness suddenly burst from the haze close to them. It was the iceberg. He swung the boat so that she would not strike it, and followed along the ragged side.

The two young women gazed up at the pale blueness caused by the fresh water in the ice. It was a beautiful sight. The pinnacles were sharp as needles, and they pierced the mist in white points, tapering down to the white-and-blue sheen at the base, where the ocean roared and surged in a deep-toned murmur. Great pieces broke from the mass while they gazed. Smith steered out and sheered the boat's head away from the dangerous wall. It was grand but deadly. A large block lay right ahead.

"Ease starboard," he said.

The craft swung clear. The mist from the cold ocean thinned a little. Right ahead was a flat plateau, a raised field of ice joining the berg. It sloped down suddenly to the sea, and the swell broke upon it as upon a rocky shore. A long, flat floe stretched away from the higher part. It was a field of at least a half mile in length. The huge berg reached a full half mile farther. The whole was evidently broken from some giant glacier in the Arctic.

Smith debated his chances within himself. He scorned to ask his men, for he had seen much ice before in his seagoing. To remain near the berg was to miss a ship possibly; but to row far off was to miss fresh water. He had come away without either food or water, owing to the furious panic. He knew very well that, within a few hours at most, the famished folk in his boat would rave for a drink. They must have water, at least, even if they must do without food.

The iceberg lay right in the path of ships, as his own had proved, the liner running upon the great circle from New York to Liverpool. There was the certainty of meeting, or of at least coming close to a vessel shortly, for others of his line would run the same circle, the same course, as he had run it before.

With giant liners going at twenty-five knots speed, they usually kept pretty close to the same line, for there were few currents that were not accurately known over that route. The Gulf Stream was a fixed unit almost; and in calm weather other ships would certainly reckon with accuracy to meet its set. If he rowed far off the line, then he might or might not meet a ship. If he did not, then there would soon be death and terror in that boat.

He decided to keep close to the berg, and ordered his men to give way slowly while he navigated the field and skirted it, keeping just far enough out to avoid the dangerous breaks and floating pieces.

The morning wore away, and the occupants of his boat began to grow restless. They had been cramped up for several hours now, and they were not used to sitting in a cold, open boat in a thick, misty haze without food or water. The old man began to complain. Several women began to ask for water. One woman with three children begged him to go ashore and get them a piece of ice to allay their thirst. Smith saw that the effects of the wild excitement were now being felt, and the inevitable thirst that must follow was at hand.

He headed the boat for a low part of the field.

"Easy on your oars," he commanded. The boat slid gently upon the sloping ice.

"Jump out, Sam," he said to the bow oarsman. "Jump out and take the painter with you." The man did so, hauling the line far up the floe.

One by one the rest were allowed to climb out of the boat. They gathered upon a part of the field that rose a full ten feet above the sea; and there they began trying to get small pieces of ice to eat. It was as salt as the sea itself, and they were disappointed, spitting it

out. Smith took a man along with him and started for the berg. The boat was left in charge of four men, who held her off the floe.

Within half an hour, the whole crowd had managed to get fresh-water ice. The second officer kept them close to the boat and watched for any signs of change in the weather. They were allowed to go a short distance and get the stiffness from their limbs by exercise.

"I am very tired and cold. Can I get back into the boat?" asked Miss Roberts, after she had been stamping her feet upon the floe for half an hour.

Smith looked at her. The print of his hand was plainly marked upon her face. He felt ashamed.

"Yes, you can go aboard," he said; and then, as if in apology for what he had done, he explained: "You must keep quiet in that boat, you know. You must not try to walk about, for it endangers the whole crowd. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I'll try and keep still, but my feet get so cold and I grow so stiff."

"Well, you must forgive me from having used you roughly. I had to do it. There was no time for politeness in that panic." He came close to her. His eyes held a light she feared greatly, and she shrank back.

"I hope it is not time now for politeness," she said, with meaning.

"Oh, I wouldn't hurt you," said Smith.

"I hope not," said the girl.

Miss Billings asked if she could go aboard also. Smith allowed her, and called the boat in.

The two girls climbed into the boat, and the older women commented spiritedly upon the favors of youth. Smith shut them up with an oath. The woman with the three children huddled them back aboard as the ice caused them to shiver with the cold on their little feet. They had neglected to put on their shoes. The women, for the most part, were only half dressed, and few, if any, had on shoes. They had rushed on deck at the first alarm, and the time allowed for dressing was short. The ship had

gone down within fifteen minutes from the first impact with the berg.

Smith walked to and fro upon the ice for some time. The sun shone for a few moments, but was quickly hidden again in the haze.

A gentle breeze began to blow from the southward, and the haze broke up a little. Smith began to get nervous about the ice, and finally ordered all his people back into the boat, where they huddled and shivered, hungry but no longer thirsty.

During all these hours there had been no further sign of the other boats. Smith knew that at least ten of them had gone clear of the sinking ship. The chief mate's boat was the one he was most interested in at present. He wanted to see the man who had indirectly caused the disaster; the man whom Brownson was playing up for the berth of second officer. The thing was a reality now since the tragedy. Before it, he had looked upon the matter as slight indeed.

The second mate headed his boat out and kept clear of the drifting ice; but always under the lee of the berg, which offered considerable shelter from both wind and sea, which were rising. The danger of floating ice was not great during daylight, and he swung the small boat close and rode easily, keeping her dry and clear of water. He dreaded the plunging he must inevitably undergo in the open ocean with that load of women.

With the increasing breeze, the haze lifted entirely until the horizon showed clear all around. There was no sign of the other boats. Smith knew then that they had steered off to the southward to avoid the ice. As the sea began to grow, the masses of ice broke adrift with distinct, and loud reports, the plunging pieces from the higher parts making considerable noise above the deepening roar of the surge upon the base.

At three in the afternoon, Smith began to feel nervous. The ice was breaking up fast, and immense pieces were floating in the sea which bore them toward him. They grew more and more dangerous to the small craft, and the

officer headed away from the vicinity and sought the open at last.

By five that afternoon, when the light was fading, he was riding a heavy sea, that grew rapidly and rolled quickly, the combers breaking badly and keeping two men busy bailing the boat. She made water fast.

The night came on with all its terrors, and the small boat was in great danger. Smith tried his best to keep her headed to the sea, which was now running high and strong. His men began to weaken under the continuous strain; and by ten that night they could no longer hold the boat's head to the sea. She fell off once or twice, and nearly filled when in the trough. There was little to do but make a last effort to hold her. The steady second officer came to his last resource.

There were five oars in the boat. Four of these he lashed into a drag by fastening two of them in the shape of a cross, and then lashing the other two across the end of the cross. He had a spare line of some length in the boat; and with this bent to the painter, he had a cable of at least twenty fathoms, which he led over the bows and to the drag. The drag was weighted with some chain that lay forward. The fifth oar he kept aboard, and used it himself for a sweep to hold her head as nearly as possible behind the drag and to the sea.

He was tired, sore, and hungry, but he kept the boat's head true for hours, and his people huddled down in the bottom, and prayed or swore as the humor took them. The children wept, and some of the older women fainted and lay prone. These gave no trouble. Some of the younger ones still insisted on moving about, and brought the wrath of the mate upon them in no uncertain manner. Smith was making a fight for their lives, and would not tolerate any hysteria. He smote all who disobeyed with his usual impersonal and rough manner; but the two girls were now too much cowed to give him trouble. They lay in the boat's bottom and wept and sobbed the night long, holding to each other, while the boat tossed high in the air or fell far down the slopes of ugly seas. And all the time the water broke

over her low gunwales as she sat well down under her load of living freight.

It was about midnight when the old man, who had been unruly from the first, sprang upon a thwart and plunged over the side with a shrill scream.

Smith saw him, and made a pass to catch him with the oar; but the old fellow drifted out of reach. The second officer swung the boat as far as possible toward him; but still he could not reach the figure that showed floating for a few moments in the darkness. Then Miss Roberts, who was close to the stern sheets, spoke up.

"Oh, the pity of it, the pity of that old man dying like this! Will no one save him?" she cried.

Her companion sat up.

"There's no one aboard here who can do anything but bully us women. If we had a man here, we might save him. I would jump after him myself, but I can't swim. It's horrible to see him drown right alongside of us in this darkness."

Smith heard and smiled grimly. He was tired out, sore, and almost exhausted, but he was full of pluck and fight still. To drop the steering oar might prove fatal if a comber struck the boat. He called to the stroke oarsman who took the oar. Smith took the stern line, gave a turn about a cork jacket that lay upon the seat, and then over the side he went, calling the men to haul him in when he gave the word.

The affair had only taken a few moments, and the form of the old fellow was hardly under the surface. Smith floundered to him; but, being a poor swimmer, as most sailors are, he was quite exhausted when he finally grabbed him. Instead of easing on the line, he hung dead upon it, hardly able to keep his face out of the sea. The girls watched him over the gunwales, but keeping their places. Two men started to haul him in without waiting for a signal; and they hove upon the line with a right good will. It was old and dry-rotted, as most lines in lifeboats are, and it parted.

Smith felt the slack, and knew what it meant. The cork jacket held him

above the surface, and he looked at the boat which seemed so far away in the darkness, but in reality was only a few fathoms. Yet it was too far for him to make it again. It meant his death, his ending.

He tried to swim, but the exertion of the day had been too much. His efforts were weak and ill-directed, and he floundered weakly about, drifting farther away all the time.

The stroke oarsman called for another line. There was none except that of the drag. It would not do to haul it in. The boat was doing all she could now to keep herself afloat, and to risk her broadside in the sea might be fatal for all hands.

Miss Roberts begged some one to go to the officer's assistance. Smith seemed to hear and understand. He floundered with more vigor. There was not a man among the boat's crew who dared to go over the side in the night. There was nothing more to do but watch and hope that the second mate would finally make it. But he did not. He struggled on for many minutes. They could see him now and then fighting silently in the night. He still seemed to hold the old man with one hand.

"It is dreadful—can no one do anything for him?" begged Miss Roberts.

"I can't swim a stroke, lady," said the man at the steering oar.

No one volunteered to go. Smith slowly drifted off as the boat sagged back upon her drag. Then he disappeared entirely in the darkness.

"The brute—I didn't think it was in him," said Miss Billings, with feeling.

"Don't talk that way," said Miss Roberts. "Don't talk that way of a man who did what he has done. I forgive him with all my heart—"

The morning dawned, and the sea rolled with less vigor. The boat was still able to keep herself clear. The white faces of the men told of the frantic endeavor. The women were now nearly all too exhausted to either care for anything or do anything. They lay listless upon the boat's bottom, and she made better weather for that fact. By nine o'clock a steamer was heading for

them; and within an hour they were safe aboard and bound in for New York. They arrived a few days later.

The chief mate's boat had kept her course to the southward after leaving the berg—she had gotten ahead of Smith's. By midnight that night she was almost dead ahead of the second officer's boat when Smith jumped in to save the old man.

Daylight showed Wylie a dark speck on the horizon; and at the same time he saw the smoke of the approaching steamer. He had made bad weather of it, also; but with more men and less women in his craft he had kept to the oars, and, when it was very bad, had run slowly before it for several hours. This had brought him from many miles in advance to but a few ahead of Smith's boat; and he was rowing slowly ahead again by daylight. He sighted her, and noticed there were no oars; but he saw the man steering, and rightly guessed that they were hanging onto a drag.

Mr. Roberts, the nephew of Captain Brownson, sat close to the mate. He had relieved him several times during the night. Large and powerful, he was able to aid the chief mate very much.

"I think my sister is in that boat," he said as they sighted her.

"It looks like the second officer's boat, all right," said Wylie.

They rowed straight for her as the smoke of the steamer rose in the east. Before they came within a mile, they saw that the steamer would reach them before they could reach the boat. They then rowed slowly, and watched, waiting.

"Something right ahead, sir," called a man forward.

Roberts looked over the side. He saw something floating.

"Starboard, swing her over a little," he said to the chief mate.

Roberts leaned over the side. He was nervous at what he saw. It had the look of something he dreaded. Then the object came drifting along, and he reached for it. Long before he grasped it, he saw it was the form of a man holding to a cork jacket with one hand and the collar of a man's coat with the other.

The old fellow floated high, and Smith's hand was clenched with a death grip in his clothes. His left hand was jammed through the life jacket, and the fingers clutched the straps. His head lay face upward, and his teeth showed bared from his gums.

"Heavens! It's Smith himself!" exclaimed Roberts. He hauled him aboard with the help of a man.

"It's poor Smith, all right," said Wylie sadly. The life jacket told a tale too plainly. Wylie knew what had happened.

"It's just as well he didn't come ashore. He was guilty, all right," said Mr. Roberts. "A man who wrecks a liner and kills hundreds of passengers might just as well stay out here. Shall we leave him?"

"Not if I know it," said Wylie, with sudden heat.

Within fifteen minutes they were picked up by the steamer and were safe. The manager of the line welcomed Mr. Roberts gladly when that gentleman came to seek him.

"I'm sorry we didn't have you that voyage, Mr. Roberts," he said. "I don't like to say anything against a dead man; but, of course, Smith was on duty when she struck—that is all we know."

"And I suppose you'll want me to go into the other ship, now, sir?" asked the officer.

"Yes, you can report to Captain Wilson any time this week. How is your sister? Did she recover from the boat ride?"

"Well, in a way, but she's forever talking about that blamed second mate, Smith, who seemed to have a strange sort of influence over her while she was with him in the boat. He struck her, too, the dog! It's just as well he didn't come back," said Roberts.

"Well, she'll get over that all right. Smith was a rough sort of man; but as we knew him, he was a first-class sailor, a splendid navigator; and no one seems able to explain how he ran the ship against an iceberg during daylight. It's one of those things we'll never find out. The truth, you know, is mighty hard to fathom in marine disasters. It must have been a terrible blow to Brownson to have to kill himself, unable to face the shame for a mate's offense—but Brownson was always a sensitive man, a splendid fellow; and I suppose he would not go in a boat after what Smith had done. Brownson was captain, and might come under some criticism. Some of the men say he shot himself after upbraiding Smith for his crime."

"Yes. My sister tells me they had quite heated words while the liner was sinking," said the new second mate.

And so William Smith passed out. His name was never mentioned in shipping circles without reserve. But there are still some men who remember him, who knew plain "Bill" Smith, the fighting second officer of the liner that went to her end that morning off the Grand Banks. And those who knew Smith always think of that cork jacket. They made no comment. They knew him. It is not necessary.



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

THE colonel was talking to the private soldier.

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir," said the colonel.

"Thank you, colonel," said the private.

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry, for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it; it would kill me."

The first part of this story began two weeks ago, in the April Month-end number, which can be obtained from any news dealer.

The Adventures of Hector Spinks

By W. B. M. Ferguson

Author of "The Serles Case," "In the Dark," Etc.

(A Two-part Story—Part II.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The little station of Farmington, New Jersey, is locked and deserted when Hector Spinks, of California, is thrown to its platform from a fast freight train. After exciting adventures with Jason Blow, the station agent, he finally reaches West Farmington, and the home of an industrial uncle. At the door of his uncle's house he is met by Miss Dorothy Alwyn, a young woman who has acted as his good Samaritan earlier in the day. From her he learns that his uncle has been dead for more than a year, the old homestead being occupied by a Doctor Carrington, his son Harry, and Miss Alwyn, his ward. The doctor proves a charming host, but his son deliberately attempts to insult the inoffensive Hector. At the doctor's invitation Spinks spends the night, arranging to leave the following morning and return to the coast. That night, however, he receives a note from Dorothy who asks him not to leave until she has been able to talk to him. She tells him that he and his cousin Burton are the real heirs to the estate, but that Doctor Carrington and his son have forged a will and taken possession of the property, putting Burton in a private madhouse. Hector promises to get aid. As he is putting on his hat he is intercepted by Harry who, having seen him talking to Dorothy, suspects that Hector has discovered the true state of affairs, and knocks him insensible.

CHAPTER IX.

THIS is very bad," said Doctor Carrington, frowning at his son. "I tell you it was necessary," repeated the other irritably. "I didn't do it in anger, though the Lord knows he's got my goat if any one ever got it! I tell you he knows everything, and if he ever left here——"

"But you don't actually know he was talking with Dorothy. She may not have been at the gate."

"What's the good of fooling yourself?" demanded Harry, viciously biting into a cigar. "For a long time I watched Spinks from that window, and I could see what was up; he was talking with some one behind the wall, and I know it as sure as I sit here. It was Dorothy, you can bet your life on that. Beppo picked up the scent at the gate, and I saw her down the road with my own eyes. You can't get away from it."

Doctor Carrington had not stopped his nervous pacing of the room. "Where is Dorothy?" he asked. "Has she re-

turned from her supposed visit to town?"

"No. Of course she'll be cute enough to go into town, so she can prove she's been there."

The elder Carrington considered. "After all, we can't say she knows anything; in fact, I don't see how she can. She may have developed a mere romantic attachment for Spinks; the meeting in the garden last night, and to-day's clandestine appointment——"

"She isn't that kind," curtly dismissed Harry. "You know that. Don't fool yourself. I'll bet she knows more than you think, and I've said so all along. Yes, and she's told Spinks all she knows and suspects. I could read it in his face, and I feel it in my bones. And look here; that bum ankle is a fake, just as we suspected. He didn't limp a bit on his way back to the house. He forgot all about it. Doesn't that prove he's got next? This morning he's so anxious to stay he tries to slip us a raw gag like that——"

"I wish you'd use better English!"

said Doctor Carrington testily. "I don't know where you pick up such slang."

Harry shrugged impatiently. "And now later he suddenly finds the bum ankle can be walked on, and a few hours after that he's more anxious to leave than he was to stay. Why should he leave? He's dead broke, according to his own story, and has nowhere to go. And about his being insulted is all hot air. Why didn't he walk out last night, when he was able? Didn't I do my best to insult him, hoping he'd beat it? Did he go? Well, not so's you'd notice it."

"And didn't I try to get him to stay? Any white man would have stayed after the apologies I made. I apologized all over the place. I only slipped him that punch when I saw it was all off. If he'd got away it would have been 'good night' for ours, and you know it. That forgery won't stand the acid; it's good, but a handwriting expert could show it up. Our strength lies in not being suspected. I'm not fooling myself any. We can't afford a contest of the will, or anything like that."

"Well, the fat's in the fire now, at any rate," said Doctor Carrington soberly. "I'm not blaming you, but I still think Spinks doesn't know a tenth part of what you claim. I know that signature won't pass an expert; I can't flatter myself on being such a penman as all that. But it's excellent, and with Burton out of the way I never thought there'd come a time when it might be questioned. It's nothing but an infernal series of accidents that's brought this fellow here. How could we foresee them?"

"Put him in the cooler, where his cousin is!" said Harry forcibly. "Take my advice, and do it now, before it's too late. He hasn't a relative or friend in the world who'd know or care what became of him. Look here; no one knows he's upstairs in that room. Lily was in the garden at the time, and Dorothy wasn't here, as you know. No one can say he hasn't left for Frisco, and we can get him out of the house to-night."

Doctor Carrington sighed, and shook his head. "Only as a last resort, Harry. I can't take the risk unless it's absolutely necessary. Things are going to break

badly at the primaries. I'm sorry I ever decided to run for the nomination. There's a lot of influence in the senatorship, and that means jealousy and heart-burnings. It's going to be a bitter fight."

"What are a lot of soreheads?" dismissed Harry. "And what has that got to do with this matter?"

"A whole lot," said the other dryly. "You're not a practical politician, or you wouldn't ask. The spotlight's on me, and there's no dodging it. Political enemies are raking my private and public life with a fine-tooth comb in the usual attempt to get hold of campaign ammunition. In my own camp there are soreheads who, I know, aren't above helping them. This Spinks fellow couldn't have arrived at a worse time. Why, I've heard some slurring remarks made about my coming into the Spinks fortune, and they've even opened on the sanitarium."

"How?"

Doctor Carrington shrugged. "Oh, the usual way—that I use my pull to whitewash any charges. That it's a private madhouse; that I'm backing it, and that we undertake to dispose of any troublesome relative if the price is high enough."

Harry scowled. "Has anything been hinted about Burton?"

"No, thank the Lord! They haven't any idea of that. You see," pursued Doctor Carrington, "all this is only talk; they don't really believe any of it, but mud slinging is part of the game. Of course that's excepting Carter; there's always more or less venom in his talk."

Harry had become thoughtful. "Still, it may lead to something," he said. "Even idle talk can make a lot of trouble. Why don't you withdraw from the field—let Carter have the nomination?"

"What excuse could I make? And the senatorship's the dearest ambition of my life. Anyway, I want to do it to spite Carter, if for nothing else."

"I mayn't be a practical politician," said Harry, "but I see where you're going to make a big mistake if you keep on. I didn't know they'd begun to talk like this. If Carter especially is taking that tack, there's bound to be trouble if

he can make it, for he has it in for you. Withdraw, father, and then they'll have no excuse for raking over your record. Let Carter take the nomination and the grueling. We daren't let the sanitarium come under fire at this stage. Why, if anything leaks out, you stand a good chance of not only being ruined politically, but every other way! We've got to devote our energies to holding what we have, especially since the turning up of this nephew."

"So I'm thinking," said the other soberly. "His unexpected arrival has changed matters. I'm afraid I'll have to postpone my spite against Carter; I've been thinking of withdrawing for some time, and now I'll do so. It's giving up a cherished ambition, but you're right about conserving our energies. I'm not afraid of anything Carter can do; let him talk himself dumb. What's past is past, and he can't prove anything. But I am afraid of him getting hold of something about Burton."

"I wish he'd hurry up and die—Burton, I mean," said Harry fervently. "Carter won't die—he'll be hanged some day. How is Burton? Weren't you over there to-day?"

"Yes. Scale says he's in a bad way; that it's only a question of days or weeks." Doctor Carrington resumed his pacing of the room. "I don't like to think about it, Harry," he added nervously. "There are times when I wish I'd never taken the first step! This greed of gold eats into your vitals; it leads from temptation to damnation!"

Harry looked up in irritable surprise. "Well, it's too late to weep over it. What are you going to do—confess yourself a forger, and all that? I'm sure we aren't to blame if Burton dies. But I tell you it's mighty tough luck that just when he has decided to kiss off, this other one should show up, and we've our work to do all over again."

Doctor Carrington made no reply. He had dropped into a chair by his desk, looking old and haggard. "There's no way out that I can see," he said at length, rousing himself with an effort. "We must go on. But I don't propose to take this step regarding Spinks un-

less I'm convinced it's absolutely necessary. If what you say be true, then we've also Dorothy to take into consideration. If she knows too much she'll have to go to that place in England."

"Dorothy," pronounced the other confidently, "is the kind that listens and whispers behind doors, but she hasn't the nerve to come out in the open. She would confide her suspicions to Spinks, but she won't make a public charge against you. I know her. Once she's forced to believe Spinks has left her in the lurch, and gone back to Frisco, you'll hear nothing more out of her. But I think England is the best place for her; it's as well to be on the safe side."

"See if she has returned," said Doctor Carrington. "I must know what we've to guard against. We'll have to get to the bottom of this and reach an understanding."

"Let me do the cross-examining about Spinks," said Harry. "I know how to get the truth out of an unwilling witness."

"There's one comforting fact," added Doctor Carrington, as his son arose. "If things come to the worst we may be able to have Spinks regularly committed to jail or the asylum. That fellow Blow, of Farmington, thinks him an escaped lunatic and thief. Blow won't back down from the story he's told about being shot. He won't admit himself a liar if he can help it."

Harry Carrington left the room, and returned shortly with Dorothy Alwyn, whom he had met as she was entering the house, Beppo at her heels.

"Sit down," said Doctor Carrington, offering a chair, while Harry closed the door. "You have been to Glendale?"

The girl nodded.

"When did you leave for there?"

"About half an hour after you."

"You're telling the truth?" asked Doctor Carrington sharply.

"Oh, yes; she's telling the truth," put in Harry. "She's the kind who won't tell unnecessary lies. It's quite true she left for Glendale half an hour after you—but she didn't get there."

He turned to Dorothy, and aimed an accusatory finger at her, after the man-

ner of a noted lawyer cross-examining a witness. "But you didn't go to Glendale at that time; you doubled back, and waited for Mr. Spinks at the servants' entrance, and there's no use denying it."

"Evidently not when you're so positive," she said calmly. "But granting I did, I don't see anything in that to get so excited about. Where is the harm in talking with a guest?"

"I expressly forbade you talking to him," said Doctor Carrington sternly. "I told you he was no fit associate."

"I am almost of legal age," replied the girl, looking directly at her guardian, "and I've the right to choose my companions. Mr. Spinks has struck me as being an entirely fit companion. He's your guest, and I see no reason why I shouldn't speak to him."

"Then you mean to flatly disobey me?" asked Doctor Carrington. "This is your repayment for all that's been done for you?"

Dorothy flushed, and her eyes snapped. "I don't see why I should be greatly obligated. What is the 'all' you've done for me? You've paid for my education and upkeep out of my father's money, and I'm not and never was dependent on you. As for being a real guardian, you've never tried to take the place of a father, and I've never known what it meant to have a real home——"

"Enough!" said Doctor Carrington sternly. "I see I've been serving an ingrate unawares—but my charity has always led me into something of the kind. You will soon be of age, and your own mistress, and I'll thankfully lay down the duties of guardian. I'm sorry I ever assumed them, though I'd no idea the daughter of an old friend could ever display such total lack of proper feeling, coupled with outrageous ingratitude. But until you're of legal age, while you are under my authority, you will do as I say, and I won't tolerate disobedience. However, we won't clash again over Mr. Spinks, for he has gone home. I would have asked him to remain longer but for your behavior."

Believing Spinks to have acted on her

advice about leaving the house at once, Dorothy looked relieved rather than otherwise. "I don't see why you make so much out of nothing," she said indifferently. "I saw no harm in talking to him. If he has gone, then I'll have no further cause for disobedience."

"You seem to have taken a great interest in him on very short notice," said Doctor Carrington. "Do you always act that way with total strangers?"

"Yes, if I like them," she said calmly. "I liked Mr. Spinks. He was a refreshing novelty. Since I've been here I haven't seen many men visitors, and I get very tired of looking at you and Mr. Harry Carrington."

Mr. Harry Carrington sneered, and sought a fresh cigar. But the doctor smiled and looked relieved, and after a few more words in a somewhat kindlier vein, Dorothy left the room.

CHAPTER X.

"Well, I think I'm right," said Doctor Carrington, eying his son. "It was merely an ordinary attraction of the sexes; Spinks is a good-looking, agreeable young fellow, and, as she frankly says, there aren't many men visitors. It's only natural she should be momentarily interested in him."

Harry shrugged. "I don't believe a word she said, but we needn't quarrel over it. What did she mean by saying it was her father's money that paid for her schooling and all that? I thought she was dependent on you for everything?"

Doctor Carrington looked very uncomfortable, and, after hesitating, as if attempting to find the proper beginning, finally said: "Well, you see, Mr. Alwyn and I were old friends, and on his death I was made executor, trustee, and guardian——"

"So I believe," said Harry. "I know that."

Doctor Carrington, avoiding his son's eyes, made a fresh start. "Well, the truth is, I dipped into the funds I held in trust," he said defiantly. "I was hard up, and there was no other place to get the money."

Harry raised his eyebrows, and smiled. "Father, you certainly have the knack of making people trust you," he said cynically. "They simply insist on handing over everything. That's what a reputation will do for one. And so, instead of Dorothy being dependent on us, we've been dependent on her—without her knowing it?"

The other nodded. "That's about the size of it," he said dryly. "But for that trust fund we'd have gone to the poor-house. You see now why I had to have the Spinks' fortune? I'd every reason to believe Spinks would remember me substantially, and that I could thus replace what had been taken. But he didn't do what common decency and gratitude demanded, and so I was driven, you might say, to the—er—forger. You see, in a few months Dorothy will be of age, and I'll have to give a reckoning of my trust. What would have happened but for the Spinks' fortune?"

"You'd have gone to jail," said Harry, promptly and unfeelingly. "And so you've paid Dorothy with Spinks' money? I see. That's rather a good joke."

"Yes; I've robbed Peter to pay Paul," said Doctor Carrington soberly. "It's the old story of crime, begetting crime; committing a second to cover the first. And, if you'll notice, they always increase in ratio; at first I was only a petty thief, but now I'm also a forger and the Lord knows what else!"

"Cheer up," said Harry cynically. "I'm whatever you are, and I'm not losing any sleep over it. What's the good of virtue without money? And you'll have to be good when you're dead. Your weak point is your conscience; throw it away, and you'll feel better. It's as useless these days as a vermiform appendix. The only thing that ever worries me is the chance of getting caught." He laughed and clapped his father on the back.

Doctor Carrington shook his head, and tried to smile. "I guess I'm getting old. I was brought up in the old-fashioned school, where a conscience was necessary; it hasn't kept me from going

wrong, but it's an almighty hard thing to lose. I can't get Burton out of my mind. You haven't seen him lately, but I have. There's no dodging the truth; if Burton dies, we are virtually his murderers!" He resumed his nervous pacing of the floor.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Harry sharply. "If he'd led a decent life, confinement shouldn't hurt him. He was a nervous wreck before he ever went there, and you can't blame his evil life on us. He's better off in a sanitarium, where he has to cut out vicious habits, and lead a decent, regular life. But if his constitution is so seriously undermined that he refuses to respond to treatment, surely we aren't to blame."

"That's so," said the other. But father and son did not look at each other.

"You're morbid," added Harry. "I don't see what there's to worry over, and it's no time for cheap sentimentalism. We've got to hold on to this estate, and that's all there's to it. I'm sure I don't want to go to jail—especially when there's no reason why we should—and exposure will also mean your getting bagged for misappropriation of trust funds. Like it or not, we'll have to put this Spinks with his cousin."

"But he may not know anything," murmured the other.

"He knows that I punched him in the jaw without provocation, and that he's a prisoner bound and gagged," said Harry grimly. "Can you explain away that? Are you going to turn him loose so he can bum around Glendale, probable bump into Carter, and hear what's being said? Not much! This is no time for getting weak-kneed. We must phone Scale to send Mulligan over with the rig to-night when we're sure Dorothy is asleep. The rig can wait in the back road, and we'll carry our friend out the servants' entrance."

"Let me think it over; it's a serious step," said Doctor Carrington.

"All right. Hold on—I've an idea!" exclaimed Harry. "I may be able to prove what I claim. Dorothy and Spinks must have had a way of com-

"communicating with each other without meeting, for they reached an understanding about that date at the gate. Now, this morning I entered Spinks' room without warning—hoping I'd catch him walking all right on that sprained ankle. It didn't work, for he was eating breakfast, but he was startled, and I saw him shove a piece of paper into his pocket. That may have been a note from Dorothy, and he have forgotten to destroy it. There's just a possibility, and it's worth investigating. I'm going to search him."

"Well, be careful," warned Doctor Carrington. "We mustn't let Dorothy suspect he's still in the house."

"Oh, she'll never suspect, for he's in there," said Harry, nodding at the sliding doors.

Doctor Carrington abruptly arose, and as abruptly sat down. "What?" he cried, paling. "In there? What do you mean?"

"That he's in the billiard room," said the other coolly. "How could I take him to his own room? If he's supposed to have gone, wouldn't his room have to be fixed? What excuse could we make for keeping the door locked?"

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried Doctor Carrington. "I inferred he was in his own room. Then if he's in there he's overheard all we've said!"

"Very likely," shrugged Harry. "All the more reason we must put him away. He must go where his knowledge won't do him any good."

"I believe you've done this on purpose!" said the other angrily. "You've forced my hand. If I'd known for a moment he was in there I wouldn't have committed myself. You led me on, knowing all the time he was very likely listening——"

"Because I wanted to keep you from making a fool of yourself," said Harry deliberately. "I couldn't convince you he was dangerous; you'd have let him off, despite my warning. I've said from the first our only complete safety lay in his being made incapable of making trouble, and I'm right!"

"You're venting a personal spite and dislike at the cost of common sense!"

said Doctor Carrington bitterly. "There was no need or excuse for letting him know everything. If he ever gets leg-free, where are we?"

"Up the spout, precisely where we'd be in any case," said Harry. "Do you think he's going to be deaf, dumb, and blind in the asylum? It just means he must have no chance to escape; that's all. He must go over the route Burton's taking, and that will make an end of the Spinks family, total and complete. We won't rest easy until they're gone."

Doctor Carrington made no reply. The old, haggard look had returned.

Dorothy's room was on the third floor in the front of the house, while Harry had placed Spinks in the billiard room; this was on the second floor, and adjoining the library, where Doctor Carrington and his son were now talking. Entrance to the billiard room could also be gained from the hall, but Harry had locked the door and pocketed the key, and thus there was no possible chance of Dorothy discovering Spinks' presence unless she entered by way of the library. While talking with Doctor Carrington she was all unconscious of the fact that Spinks was in the adjoining room.

Young Carrington now unlocked the sliding doors, and entered the billiard room.

Spinks, securely bound and gagged, lay on a couch where he had been placed, for all efforts at releasing himself had proven useless, Harry having done his work much too well. Spinks had overheard all that had been said in the library, even the interview with Dorothy, yet was quite powerless to act. But the bitterest part was the knowledge that through carelessness he must now endanger her, for, until Harry mentioned a possible method of communication, Spinks had forgotten about the note Lily had delivered that morning. The rush of following events had wiped it from memory, and the message still lay crumpled in his pocket where he had hastily placed it on the unexpected entrance of young Carrington.

Though knowing the other's purpose, he could not frustrate it, and Carrington, ignoring his impotent struggles, searched him, and found Dorothy's message.

With a laugh he returned to the library, closed the doors, ran his eye over the crumpled piece of paper, and then flung it on the desk before his father. "Take a slant at that," he said flippantly. "There's your truthful little girl for you! The 'natural attraction of the sexes'! And don't forget what she says about burning this like *the others*."

In silence, Doctor Carrington read and reread the note. "I'm afraid you're right," he said at length, looking up. His last doubts had vanished, and with them whatever scruples he still owned. The fear of exposure, the law of self-preservation, brought back all his old cunning and determination. He was once again the master, his son the subordinate. "I will phone Doctor Scale to have Mulligan here with the rig at one o'clock," he said decisively. "We must take no chance of Dorothy or Lily being awake—this shows that the latter is in sympathy with the former—and I will see that both get a strong sleeping draft at supper time. Dorothy must go to that London hospital; I will encourage her in the idea of being a nurse. You're right; it's no time for weak-kneed sentimentalism."

Harry smiled in a self-satisfied manner, and reached for the telephone.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the second night of Hector Spinks' confinement in the institution known locally as the Glendale Sanitarium, though it was not situated in that town, being, in fact, somewhat nearer West Farmington.

His transference the previous night had been accomplished with secrecy and dispatch; bound and gagged, he had been smuggled out through the servants' entrance, and into the waiting rig on the back road, while Dorothy Alwyn and Lily, under the influence of the drug secretly administered by Doctor Car-

rington, slept in entire unconsciousness of what was transpiring.

A full day having passed, Spinks had thus sampled the twenty-four-hour routine of the establishment, and he could judge what took place, day in, day out, during the year. But this only applied to himself and such other inmates—like Burton Spinks—as had been placed there with the specific sentence of life imprisonment. Of Burton he had seen or heard nothing, nor had he been permitted to associate with any of the other inmates.

His room had but one window, barred like that of a cell, and it commanded a restricted view of the rear of the premises. He could merely see a corner of the extensive grounds; and occasionally some of the inmates, evidently out for an airing, came within range of his vision. These people—among whom he recognized Sir Isaac—did not appear to be inhumanly treated, and were permitted a large degree of liberty, though Mulligan or another orderly of less forbidding aspect was always in the immediate vicinity. From the actions of these inmates Spinks was forced to the conclusion that they were all legitimate patients, and that very likely Burton and he were the only ones against whom an outrage was being perpetrated.

Of the kind of treatment he might expect if he proved refractory, he had had a sample that morning. Mulligan had entered with breakfast, and the opening of the door was a signal for Spinks to make a bolt for liberty.

When he regained consciousness, his head spinning, Mulligan was standing over him, billy in hand. This billy was a singularly efficacious weapon, being a tube of cotton twill stuffed with sand, a leather thong fastening it to the wielder's wrist. A tremendous blow could be dealt without breaking bones; it bruised, but did not fracture.

"Just thry that ag'in," said Mulligan, pointing his advice with a kick. "Oi'll bate th' head aff av yez. Yeh're a high-sperrited young la-ad, but Oi've th' curin' av yez. Faith an' Oi didn't think Oi'd have anny such luck."

Spinks, feeling sick, and with all the

fight literally beaten out of him, crawled over to his cot. He didn't feel like touching the breakfast, such as it was.

Lunch proved as poor an excuse; the food was good, but it would not have stilled the appetite of a child. Supper was in the same class.

After supper Spinks had shouted for help, and waved his arms from the window at some inmates who were again walking about the grounds, or, rather, who had wandered into such restricted area as he commanded. They had stared at him curiously, some shaking their heads in a pitying manner, and at length he abandoned his efforts in disgust.

If this was to be his daily routine he had then a clear idea of the fate intended for him; lack of sufficient food, fresh air, and exercise, coupled with abuse, would break the strongest spirit, undermine his health, and if not actually drive him insane in the long run, then mercifully end his sufferings—put him in his grave. There could be no other alternative. This was what Harry Carrington had meant by "putting him over the route Burton's taking." What must Burton be now, after a year of such treatment? No wonder Doctor Carrington's leathery conscience had been momentarily troubled, for this was the vilest, most cowardly sort of murder.

Scale, whom Spinks had not yet seen, came in at ten o'clock while the other was preparing for bed. "If you take my advice," he said coolly, without preamble, "there'll be no more of this foolishness; fighting won't do you any good, and Mulligan has it in for you, anyway. He'll bump you on the least provocation."

"That shouldn't matter to you," said Spinks, "seeing you help run this hell hole."

"It doesn't matter to me," replied Scale indifferently, "but I'm merely trying to show you it's wasted effort, and can bring nothing but sore bones."

Spinks sat down and glowered at him. "You must be hard up for a job," he exclaimed. "Is this the best you can do? Why don't you go in for robbing

graves, like a regular ghoul? Scale, if I ever get out of here——"

"Come now; no idle boasts. You might as well be philosophical. You're not here owing to me, but you said you were going to investigate us, and now you've got a good chance."

Spinks with difficulty swallowed his impotent rage.

"I warn you not to attempt any violence," added Scale, perhaps divining the other's intention. "I always go armed when visiting dangerous patients."

"So I'm one of them, eh?"

"Of course," said Scale gravely. "Your name's Mr. Brown, and one of your hallucinations is that you're a nephew of the late Henry Spinks. Another is that you aren't insane, and that you're the victim of a conspiracy of some sort."

"I see," nodded Spinks. He had cooled down, and realized that for the present at least nothing was to be gained by violence. "And are there any more bugs like myself here?"

"Only mild ones," said Scale. "As a rule we don't take your kind—so you're shut off in a different part of the house. Of course, the others know you're dangerous; know of your very sad condition, and so when you shout and gesticulate at the window it only frightens them. They know you're hopelessly insane."

"I see. And are any of these others here without knowledge of their relatives or friends?"

"Why, no," said Scale, properly outraged. "What put such a horrible idea into your head? We wouldn't think of forcibly detaining any one. Their friends and relatives visit them; this is a strictly conducted sanitarium or private asylum, and is open to investigation at all times."

Spinks controlled an impulse to throw his shoe at the other's head—wipe out the mock-virtuous expression. "I see what you're driving at," he said slowly. "You want me to know that there's no hope of this place being raided; that with the exception of myself and my cousin, the inmates have been placed

here by friends or relatives, and in a perfectly legitimate manner. That there's no one to make a complaint which would prompt an investigation. That the others believe my cousin and me to be hopelessly insane, and that we're isolated in a part of the building where there won't be any chance of a too inquisitive visitor seeing us."

Scale shrugged. "Why shouldn't we want any inquisitive visitor to see you, Mr. Brown? And what do you mean by your cousin? Surely he isn't confined here, too."

"What's the good of keeping up this hypocrisy when no one else is present?" asked Spinks. "You know as well as I why I'm here, just as you know why my cousin has also become the victim of that smooth blackguard Carrington, who pays you your blood money."

"Mad; quite mad," murmured Scale, shaking his head. "Don't excite yourself, Mr. Brown. Let us talk of other things." The little devils were dancing behind the mock-solicitous expression in his yellow eyes, and Spinks saw it was virtually useless to seek sincerity or a hint of human feeling in this monstrosity, saturated with bile and venom.

"Well, aren't you even going to feed me decently?" he asked, carelessly enough. "And don't I get the regulation hour of exercise?"

"No, you don't, Mr. Brown. The rules are the usual ones in such dangerous cases—strict and solitary confinement. And of course you daren't be fed highly when you're not exercising; you know the evil that produces. We must guard your health."

"I see," said Spinks again. "I'm to stay in this room until I slowly starve to death or go out of my mind; at any rate, until the end of the chapter. That's not a very encouraging prospect, is it?"

"You must be more cheerful, Mr. Brown," reproved the other. "It's very bad for a person with your mental affliction to become morbid."

Spinks eyed him meditatively. "Look here," he said at length. "You're fashioned like a man, and there must be something human about you, after all, though I haven't been able to find it.

Mulligan isn't a man; he's an ape. He's a person of such low origin that his intellectual and spiritual growth is about the size of a wart. I might as well appeal to the humanity of a hyena. But you're different, or should be; you're a college man, and once upon a time you must have associated with people who had ideals and a sense of fair play and decency——"

"There, there," said Scale soothingly. "I hope you'll feel better in the morning, Mr. Brown. Try not to think of such things, and the hallucination may pass."

"Come!" persisted Spinks. "They say, doctor, no man's wholly bad. I can understand why Carrington wants me here; in his case it's merely self-preservation. But with you it's different. I'm a stranger to you, and you've no standing feud with me. My liberty doesn't necessarily mean the loss of yours, for you could exact a promise that I mustn't prosecute you for my cousin's illegal detention. Therefore money must be your sole excuse. So that if you want money——"

"Bribery?" asked Scale, with raised brows. "Good night, Mr. Brown, and remember what I said about crossing Mulligan. No more attempts at violence if you know what's good for you." He went out and slammed the door before the other could utter a word.

CHAPTER XII.

Spinks now realized that if he was to escape the fate intended for him it would not be due to any compunction or lack of purpose or vigilance on the part of his enemies; nothing was to be gained by appealing to Scale or Mulligan, and the very idea of expecting mercy from Carrington or his son was absurd. Violence and cunning were his only hopes.

He worked out a plan by which he hoped to outwit his captors, and the following morning, when Mulligan entered with breakfast, tray in one hand, and billy in the other, Spinks made the first move in the campaign he had thought out.

"Come, up wid yez!" growled Mulligan.

Spinks cowered back against the wall, as if the mere sight of the other induced fear; but he glowered sullenly and defiantly.

"A brave la-ad yez are," said Mulligan, watching these maneuvers with disgust, tinged with suspicion. "One day's been enough for yez, eh? Is this th' young bantam that squared up foreninst me, an' was goin' to put things to rights in a hurry? It's fakin' yez are, young felly——"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you!" sneered Spinks, with a show of his old spirit, though he still hugged the wall. "I'm not well; that's all. Take the food and your beastly face out of here; I'm sick of both!"

Mulligan grinned, and tentatively twirled his billy. "That's more like your dear ould self," he said, leaning over the foot of the cot, and eying the other. "We'll have some fun wid yez yet, mebbe, me brave la-ad. And what are yez sick wid, may Oi be so bould as to ask?"

"I'd a bum ankle before I came here," said Spinks sullenly, "and my hip hurts, too. I can hardly walk. That's where you kicked me yesterday, you big brute!"

"Anny more av them swate names an' Oi'll kick yez ag'in," said Mr. Mulligan promptly. "But Oi near bruk me foot on yez yisterday, bad scan to yez! You're made av whalebone and cast iron, Oi'm thinkin'. Come, ate your food, an' no more av your didos."

Growling and mumbling, Spinks crawled off the cot, and holding a hand to his supposedly injured hip, limped over to the table. Though ravenously hungry, he turned up his nose at everything, and finished his breakfast with evident disgust, Mulligan watching in silence.

"If I'd use of my foot, I'd take another crack at you now," said Spinks, glowering as he shuffled back to his cot. "In a fair, stand-up fight I could knock you cold. You're afraid to come in here without that billy."

Mulligan grinned as he picked up the

tray. "Sure, Oi like your sperrit, young felly," he said. "Oi'll be afther givin' ye th' chance some day."

At lunch Spinks acted in the same manner, complaining at greater length of his hip, and dragging himself about the room as if every step were an agony.

At supper his mood changed; he was bitter and sarcastic, and began to "kid" Mulligan, as if he no longer cared what might happen.

"Go on; hit me," he sneered, when at length his gibes began to penetrate the other's thick hide. "I'm a cripple, and half your size, so you needn't be afraid."

Mulligan replied in kind, and the two had a wordy war, the former appearing to take pleasure in goading Spinks to further flights of oratory.

At ten o'clock Scale came in, and was greeted with a string of personalities that caused him to close the door, sit down on the bench, and eye the prostrate figure on the cot with evident amusement. "Mulligan said you were in a sweet temper," he remarked. "Breaking under the strain, eh?"

Spinks turned his face to the wall, and swore viciously. The little devils danced in Scale's yellow eyes, and he sat back, as if prepared to enjoy himself. "Still morbid, Mr. Brown?" he began. "That's too bad. And I hear you've got a sore hip, and that you don't like the food——"

"Get out of here, and leave me alone, will you?" exclaimed Spinks, turning over to scowl. "Is this to be part of the program—to have Mulligan and you come in here and devil me? It's a fine, manly amusement, Doctor Scale!"

"But nevertheless an amusement," grinned the other. "You're a very enterprising companion, Mr. Brown—especially when you get sentimental and melodramatic. Any bribery offers to-night?"

"Well, I'll pay for your funeral any time," said Spinks. He dropped into a cynical, sarcastic vein. "Mulligan and you are certainly a great team," he added, leaning on his elbow, and eying the other up and down. "Where did you come from, anyway? I'll bet both of you are ex-jailbirds, and that you did

time for beating up helpless old women, or some manly sport like that."

To his surprise, Scale flushed sluggishly, and his eyes flickered.

Spinks laughed. "Rang the bull's-eye first crack! I knew you smelled of the prison. Come, Scale, what was it? Robbing the widows and orphans? Patent-medicine fakes? Practicing illegally? Or did you just cut the throat of your poor old mother?"

Scale arose, his face livid. "You're taking a big chance, talking to me like that," he said thickly, swallowing hard.

Spinks lay back and laughed in pure joy. "You're a fine kidder, aren't you?" he asked. "You're a great one to come in here and try to devil me when I get your goat without half trying. Sit down; you're a lot of fun."

Scale remained standing, his face working. "You cut out that line of talk," he warned. "I won't stand it, do you hear? Cripple or no cripple, I'll warm your hide good and proper."

"I'm insane; you shouldn't mind what I say," reminded Spinks. "If you don't like it, get out of here. Take your face away, Scale. That prison pallor gets on my nerves."

The other mastered himself with an effort, conscious that his volatile temper and lack of self-control were no match for this attack. Like many, he delighted in making fun of others, but soon became angry under a return fire. He was even vaguely aware that evidently a deliberate and studied attempt was being made to exasperate him to the breaking point; why he did not know, except that naturally confinement had put the other in a vile humor. Yet this suspicion did not steady him; that chance reference to his mother and the jail rankled; it had jabbed him on the raw, and the wound throbbled.

For Scale's mother had died of a broken heart due to his misdeeds, and at a time when he was dodging an indictment for forgery. Carrington knew of this fact—merely one among several more or less ugly—in the other's buried past, and that was the principal reason Scale became head and front of the private asylum.

"Good night," said Spinks, as the other turned away. "Come in again when you can't stay so long; I like talking with a nice, manly fellow like you. You must be a great comfort to your mother."

With an oath, Scale suddenly turned and strode over to the bed. That was the last he remembered for some time. For, confident he was dealing with a cripple, and one whose slight physique promised anything but great physical strength, he was quite unprepared for what so quickly followed.

As he bent over, with the evident intention of soundly cuffing the other, Spinks suddenly caught him under the knees, half twisted, and threw him on the cot without apparent effort; wriggled from under, and, transferring his grip to the other's throat, almost choked the life out of him. In fact, Spinks, goaded by the memory of many wrongs, and the fear of the other crying out, hung on with such good will that Scale grew black in the face, and his swollen tongue protruded. The grip at length released, he lay sprawled across the cot, breathing stertorously and quite unconscious.

Spinks whipped off Scale's belt, turned him over on his face, and securely buckled his hands together behind his back. Taking the other's handkerchief, he stuffed it into the open mouth, bound it there with Scale's neck scarf, and then knotted two towels about his ankles. The doctor was now helpless as a trussed fowl, and, from his experience with young Carrington, Spinks knew he would remain thus until discovered by Mulligan or another attendant.

A search of Scale's clothes revealed a bunch of keys, but no weapon other than a cotton twill billy, whose efficacy Spinks had sampled in the hands of Mulligan. Taking these articles, Spinks listened a moment, then opened the door, and stepped into the hall, locking the door behind him.

Knowing his cousin to be somewhere concealed in that part of the building, he decided to make a canvass of every room. How many officers and attend-

ants the place owned he could only surmise, but he did not believe them to be of the same stripe as Scale and Mulligan, for Carrington dare not rely on the fidelity of many, even were he able to secure them in the first instance.

It might be a long time before Scale's protracted absence was noted, but, at any rate, Spinks had determined not to attempt his own escape without first making every reasonable effort to locate Burton. Watching and listening for any sign of Mulligan, he went down the dimly lighted corridor, unlocking every door, and peering into each room as he came to it. This was a tedious process at best, for occasionally he had to try almost every key before finding the right one. The rooms on the opposite side of the corridor he did not visit, thinking it better to work down one side, then retrace his steps, and work the other.

He had visited four rooms, and had come to the last—separated from his own by the length of the corridor—when he saw a light streaming from under the door. Satisfied that at last he had found Burton's room, he searched for and located the right key, quickly opened the door, and entered.

Dorothy Alwyn confronted him with wide, frightened eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

She was the first to recover from the mutual shock. "Close the door and lock it!" she ordered breathlessly. "Hurry up!"

Spinks mechanically obeyed. "But we must get out of here," he protested, even while obeying. "We must get away; find Burton, and try to get away before they learn what's happened to Scale——"

"Hush! Not so loud," she warned, placing a finger to her lips. "We can't leave now, of all times. Doctor Carrington and his son are downstairs."

Spinks whistled, and eyed her blankly. "How do you know?"

"They brought me here. That's how I know."

"Then they'll miss Scale!" he exclaimed. "They'll want to see him——"

"They saw him when we came here," she interrupted hurriedly. "At any rate, there's nothing to be gained by walking downstairs into their arms, is there? We can't escape now; we must wait, and run the chance of Scale being found. Where is he, and what happened to him? Come over here, where we can whisper, and tell me all that's happened. I must know."

The room was furnished more comfortably than the one in which Spinks had been imprisoned, and, drawing up a chair next that occupied by the girl, he briefly related the principal incidents surrounding his transference to the asylum and his escape.

"And of course all the time I thought you were safely away," she exclaimed, as he finished. "I had no idea you were still in the house; and to think you were in the billiard room while I was talking with Doctor Carrington! I felt they would do something desperate if pushed to it, but I didn't think Harry Carrington would run the risk of openly attacking you as he did. And so he knew you were talking with me at the gate? Of course, I thought he might suspect some one was there when Beppo——"

"He suspected before he ever left the house," said Spinks. "Beppo merely verified his suspicions. And the servant and you were drugged that night."

"I felt queerly the next morning, but didn't suspect what might have happened until later," she said. "Let me see. It was the night before last all that happened, wasn't it? Yes, Wednesday; and this is Friday. Well, yesterday I felt very stupid when I got up, but of course didn't know why. At breakfast Doctor Carrington asked me wouldn't I like to go to London—you know I'd some idea of becoming a trained nurse over there——"

"Yes, I overheard them talking something about it," said Spinks.

"At school I knew an English girl, who afterward became a nurse in a London hospital," explained Dorothy. "We became great friends, and, in fact, correspond yet. It was she who first put the idea in my head, and I spoke of it once or twice to Doctor Carrington——"

ton in a tentative sort of way. He didn't seem to fancy the idea very much, and never encouraged me, but yesterday he brought up the subject, and tried to talk me into going. Of course, living in London was the last thing I intended doing since all this happened; I thought you were safely away, preparing for the fight, and I intended sitting tight and watching things happen.

"Well, Doctor Carrington talked and talked, until I finally said I'd changed my mind, and wouldn't go under any circumstances. I saw he didn't like this a little bit, though he tried to appear indifferent, and I think it was this that first awoke my suspicions. Later he said I didn't look very well; that he was sure the place bored me, and that it was no environment for a high-spirited young girl. He suggested several delightful trips, and this unwonted solicitude only made me the more suspicious. When I finally asked him why he wanted to get rid of me—I said it half in fun—he got peevisish and grouchy, and that was the last of his soft-soapy ways. Then last night I made an important discovery—but put my foot in it like a fool. I found your hat lying by the hall stand——"

"Good enough!" exclaimed Spinks. "That was a rank oversight on their part. You know young Carrington floored me just as I was reaching for my hat, and they forgot all about it when I was bundled into the rig. It never even occurred to me until you mentioned it now; I'd forgotten I ever had a hat."

"Well, I hadn't," she said soberly. "But I did make an awful fool of myself, for I should have said nothing about it. I found it quite by accident on the hall stand—or, rather, it had dropped on the floor in a dark corner, and I stumbled over it. Just then Harry Carrington came downstairs, and I was so momentarily startled by what I'd found that I showed it to him, and exclaimed: 'Why did Mr. Spinks go off and leave his hat?'"

"He swelled all up—you know that poisoned-pup way of his when he's excited—and I saw I'd put my foot in it

good and hard. But I was too mad to care what happened; I was going to have it out with him.

"Spinks' hat? That isn't his!" he exclaimed, trying to bluff it through in his usual way. "What put that idea into your head? That's mine; I bought it the other day."

"It's not," I said, "and you needn't try to lie to me. This is Mr. Spinks' hat, and there never was another like it in the house——"

"That awful pea-green kelly!" interpolated Spinks. "You're right; there never was another like it on the face of the earth. It got that bilious color after being blown into the Delaware River one day. And I rescued it at great peril."

"Well, I knew I'd never seen a color or shape quite like it," declared Dorothy. "It's the kind you want to forget, but can't. The idea of any one—even Harry Carrington—deliberately *buying* a hat like that was ridiculous. Still, he tried to make me believe it."

"You've got that Spinks fellow on the brain. You're crazy," he sneered. "What would he be doing going off to Frisco bareheaded?"

"That's just what I want to know, and what I'm going to find out," I said.

"He looked at me in that suspicious way of his, his head on one side. Then he snatched the hat out of my hand, and went upstairs."

"That night Doctor Carrington and his son talked in the library long after their usual bedtime. I sneaked downstairs to listen, but Doctor Carrington caught me just as I got to the connecting door. I said I'd come for a book I'd left in the billiard room, and, as I'd brought one with me so as to have a handy excuse if caught, I thought he had swallowed it whole, for he didn't say anything or look displeased."

"I lay awake, thinking what was the best thing to do. Of course, I'd only suspicions, but they were strong ones. This morning I got up early, and walked into Glendale, for I'd decided to speak to Mr. Carter——"

"Yes, I wanted to ask you about him," cut in Spinks. "Who is he? The

Carringtons spoke of him as an enemy; a political one, at least."

"He's a clever old lawyer, born and raised in Glendale," said Dorothy, "and he's running on the same ticket against Doctor Carrington for the nomination of State senator. They've never been friends, I understand, though both are Republicans. I've heard that, some years ago, Carter, on behalf of a client who had been a patient here, made charges against this place, but they were never proven, though it raised some talk. I knew Carter was the one to go to; that he'd take my suspicions seriously, while others—who think Carrington is about right—would only laugh at me. For political and personal reasons, if for no other, Mr. Carter would think it worth while to investigate.

"Well," continued Dorothy, "that was my plan, but it miscarried. I had nearly reached Glendale, when I was overtaken by Harry Carrington in the motor car. He asked what took me out at such an early hour, and, knowing I could make no plausible excuse about an errand, I said I was out for a walk. I was afraid of making him suspicious, for at that time I didn't know his father and he had decided to put me where I couldn't make trouble. If I'd known I'd have fought my way into Glendale. As it was, he offered to give me a lift back, and so, rather than let him suspect my errand, and knowing I could make an excuse to go later, I consented.

"We drove back to the house, and I thought it was about time to take some precautions. So I shut myself in my room, and wrote a long letter to Mr. Carter, in which I told him all I knew and suspected, and I begged him to secure a search warrant—or whatever legal red tape was necessary—and to go to the asylum at once. I told him not to let Doctor Carrington know anything about it, and to consult only those who were absolutely necessary. I intended seeing Mr. Carter in person, you understand, knowing such an interview would have more weight, and I wrote this merely as a precaution.

"I gave the letter to Lily, and told her that if anything happened to me—if I

was absent from the house for any unusual length of time—she was to take this and deliver it to Mr. Carter in person. I told her not to believe any story she might hear about my being sick, or that I had gone away. Then, thinking it was the best thing to do, I added that, unless I countermanded the order, she was to deliver the letter to-night. She promised faithfully, and, being loyal and intelligent, I felt the Carringtons were outmaneuvered no matter what should happen.

"At lunch I casually mentioned I was going shopping in Glendale, and I thought nothing was suspected, for Doctor Carrington asked me to do some trivial errands for him while I was in town. You see they were playing a very deep game.

"After lunch I went to my room to dress, and that is the last thing I knew for a long time. But I remember suddenly feeling very queer, and groping for the bed. There followed a blank, and after that everything slowly became confused and illogical, like a dream. I couldn't fight off the stupor, no matter how I tried. My arms and legs felt as if they didn't belong to me, and, as if from a great distance, I heard the voices of Doctor Carrington and his son.

"I must have lost consciousness again, for the next thing I remembered was feeling the cool night air blowing on my face, the jolting of a vehicle, and the sound of wheels. Gradually the fresh air cleared the cobwebs from my brain, and I realized I was in a rig, bound and gagged. I was sitting between the Carringtons, and a big man—Mulligan, as I afterward learned—was driving.

"That's about all my adventures," concluded Dorothy. "I was brought into a room downstairs, Doctor Scale came in, and Mulligan and he carried me up here and locked me in."

CHAPTER XIV.

Spinks was silent for a moment. "How long were you here before I came in?" he asked at length.

"About half an hour. I haven't a watch, so that's only an approximation."

"Well, Scale makes his rounds at ten o'clock," said Spinks, "so now it must be about half past. Did you see any one else but Scale and Mulligan? I mean any one else connected with the place?"

"No. From what I overheard the Carringtons say, Scale and Mulligan are the only ones in their confidence."

"That's what I thought," nodded Spinks. "You see, they daren't trust any more than are necessary. Mulligan is a mere brute, who delights in violence and cruelty, while Scale seems a monstrosity—though I think Doctor Carrington has some hold over him. I guess the other employees may possibly know we're here, but if so, they don't know the circumstances, and have no means of learning. We're in a separate wing of the building, and are believed to be hopelessly insane. Precious good care is taken that none enters this wing but Scale and Mulligan. I say 'we,' for now that means *you* as well as Burton and myself. They've learned that you're equally dangerous, and they propose to let us rot here—hide, bone, and hair—for they know what an escape will mean."

"Doctor Carrington is a man with a conscience," he added dryly. "He couldn't think of committing downright, out-and-out murder—which would be more merciful—but by proxy he'll starve and abuse *you* to death, or make such mental wrecks of us that this will be the only fit place for us."

"That's a pleasant prospect!" she exclaimed, paling a little. "I see they've begun the process in your case. And if I can see such a change in you after a lapse of two days, what must your cousin be like?"

"I'm afraid to think of it," he said slowly.

She shivered, and turned away. "And that man is my guardian!" she exclaimed. "That man is considered an upright citizen, a Christian, a moving influence for prosperity and progress; a power in the county. I always suspected his nauseating hypocrisy, but I thought Harry the one perfect brute!"

"Well, it's funny what some men will do if pushed hard enough by their own

misdeeds," mused Spinks. "Few start out with the deliberate intention of being scoundrels; I guess villains, unlike poets, are made, not born. This thing started with Carrington wanting money. I haven't told you, but he used most of the money left in trust for you by your father——"

"What?"

"Yes, he did. When I was in the billiard room I overheard him confess it to his son. Evidently up to that time Harry didn't know the principal reason for forging the will. Carrington needed money, betrayed your father's trust, and that was the start of the whole thing. When you came of age it meant that his thievery would be shown up, and so he stole my uncle's money to pay you. We find ourselves here to-night because, years ago, Carrington happened to need money."

"What are you going to do?" she asked anxiously, as he rose.

"Find Burton and get out of here."

"Don't be silly!" she said sharply. "Mr. Carter will have received my letter by this time, and we've only to wait until he comes. There's no use running unnecessary risk."

"And how do you know he got your letter or will ever get it?"

"Because I know Lily," returned Dorothy with conviction. "She won't have a chance—or didn't have one—to get away until the Carringtons left the house with me, but——"

"I'm not questioning her loyalty," interrupted Spinks, "but it's quite possible the Carringtons, suspecting some such move on your part, got hold of that letter."

"I don't believe it," said the girl firmly. "I don't think they suspect that the idea of appealing to Mr. Carter ever occurred to me. I've only been here a few months, and they aren't aware I know anything about Mr. Carter being their enemy, and the former charges against this place."

"They may know more than you imagine," replied Spinks. "Again, it's just possible Carter may be away, or regard your letter as a hoax. At all events, we can't be any worse off—I mean if Car-

ter's coming, then it doesn't matter whether he finds us attempting to make our escape, or sitting up here in this room like bumps on a log. If he's not coming, then the sooner we're moving the better, for we'll never get such another chance as this. The Carringtons may have gone, Scale is locked up, and that leaves only the lovely Mulligan to reckon with——"

"And perhaps any number of other people," she said, "for they believe you're a hopeless lunatic, and naturally would try to prevent your escape if Mulligan called for help."

"I'll take that chance," said Spinks lightly. "If they think I'm so crazy as all that, they aren't likely to be anxious to come too close. I'm leg-free, and you can bet I'm not going back to that room without putting up some kind of a kick. Come, you know we'd be fools to sit here like dummies until they find Scale."

"I suppose you're right," she said hesitatingly. "What do you suggest doing? Don't you think it would be better to leave your cousin and me here? You'd be so much better alone. We'd be only a hindrance, I'm afraid. And your cousin may be in no condition——"

"I know," he nodded, with compressed lips. "But I must see him; I couldn't go without making a try for him; saying at least a word to buck him up."

"Yes, you're right," she nodded. "Think of him being there for a year!"

"You bet they'll sweat for it," said Spinks, with his first display of emotion. "As for you," he added, with a resumption of his old, light-hearted manner, "you'd better stay here. If the thing falls through they won't know you've been mixed up in it."

"I won't stay if that's the only reason," she replied, with darkening eyes. "I'm not afraid of any one of them. I thought I'd only be a hindrance——"

"You would," said Spinks promptly.

She shook her head, after eying him a moment. "Too late, Mr. Spinks; I'm coming. You can't put me off with any fiction like that. You think I'd be safer here, that's all."

"Be sensible," he returned. "What could you possibly do——"

"I could do a whole lot!" she exclaimed vehemently. "And the Carringtons will find it out if I ever get the chance!"

"You don't look a particularly frail flower," he smiled, "but please do as I say."

"I won't!" she said defiantly, shaking her head. "I'm going, and that settles it. We've shared this thing so far, and I won't be put out at this interesting stage. You're right; I'm no frail flower, and so I refuse to be kept in a hothouse. I can bite and scratch with the best of them, if it comes to that. No, Mr. Spinks, be fair. We'll share and share alike. 'Whither thou goest I will go; and whither thou——'" She stopped, with slowly crimsoning cheeks, as she realized where the words were leading her.

"Go ahead!" blurted Spinks. "Finish her out. It sounds pretty good to me."

She met his eyes fairly for a moment, and colored the more at what she found there. "It's encouraging to find a young man these days so interested in the Bible," she said calmly. "But perhaps you thought it Shakespeare?"

"I'll take your word for it," he said, leaning against the wall with folded arms, and eying her. "But it's a mighty nice quotation."

"It seems a favorite of yours," she remarked conversationally to the hands lying passive in her lap.

"Yes, that Ruth and Naomi thing always kind of got me," he confessed, rubbing his chin and transferring his eyes to the floor. "Seems sort of what we need since Reno got on the map. You know a sort of going back to first principles and the good old-fashioned kind of double harness, where one doesn't expect all the oats, or make the other do all the hauling. Where, if you get hitched——"

"I don't know very much about horses," she confided doubtfully to her hands.

Spinks grinned, and rubbed his chin the harder. "Mere metaphor—they

taught me that word at college," he explained, eying her half shyly. "To tell the truth, I'm stronger on freight cars, but I thought horses would be more poetical. But if you don't know much about them I'll use the real thing. I've knocked about a good bit, and seen a good bit, and it seemed to me that the Ruth Girl was an awful back number. There's Gibson Girls, and a whole flock of others—you know, ones all fuss and feathers, with a cold-storage look in the eye, and a sort of regal Reno air about them—and it makes a fellow feel if he isn't a dollar sign he needn't hang around.

"And I've often thought," he added, coming over and looking down at her, "how nice it would be if a fellow had the luck to run across the Ruth sort, instead of the ruthless. A girl with a line of talk like that, and who meant it; who'd go the whole hog for a fellow she liked——"

"If you must speak of animals, I prefer horses," said Dorothy.

He was about to reply, when he caught the sound of a distant footstep. Dorothy heard it at the same instant, and started up. "Somebody on the stairs!" she whispered, placing a hand on his arm.

He nodded, and they stood silent, listening.

The heavy, plodding steps ascended the stairs, came down the corridor, and stopped at the door. A moment's silence ensued, and Spinks softly drew the sandbag from his hip pocket, and tasted it about his wrist.

A heavy knock sounded on the door.

"Well?" demanded Dorothy peremptorily. "Who is it? What do you want?"

"Loights out!" commanded a gruff voice, which they recognized as Mulligan's. "All lights out at half past tin. Thim's th' or-rders. Sharp, moind, or Oi'll be afther comin' in."

In silence Dorothy stretched out a hand, and switched off the light. They heard Mulligan tramping away down the hall.

"Thank the Lord I turned my light out!" whispered Spinks, with a grin

she could not see. "He'll have no excuse for going in. I guess they haven't missed Scale."

Presently they heard Mulligan—there was no mistaking the heavy, plodding footsteps—descending the stairs, and Dorothy gave a gasp of relief, as if she had been holding her breath during the interval.

"He didn't find him!" she breathed, referring to Scale. "I was so afraid he'd overheard us talking."

"I'd forgotten all about Burton and the fix we're in," said Spinks.

"So had I," she confessed, as simply.

"I'm going now," he declared at length. "I'm going to take a look round, and see if I can locate Burton. I'll come back after you if I see we can make it. I know it's harder to stay here and imagine all sorts of things than go out and face them, but I believe you've the courage to remain."

"That's very nicely put," she replied. "So nicely that it makes refusal difficult."

"But you're not going to refuse."

"No, I'm not," she said slowly. "Not if you promise to come back for me after finding your cousin. I see I'd only multiply the risk by going now."

"Thank you for being sensible. I'll come back," he promised. "I'll come back if I possibly can."

"Not if it handicaps your own chance of escape," she urged. "If you find it better to first get away and then bring help, do so. You know what I mean; don't let any foolish thoughts about my safety get the better of common sense."

Instinctively, and by mutual impulse, their hands groped, one for the other, in the darkness; met and remained a moment.

"Good-by and good luck," said Dorothy simply.

He made a light rejoinder, opened the door, and stepped into the hall, whose solitary light evidently was permitted to burn all night. "I won't lock it," he whispered, closing the door, "for I may have to beat it back in a hurry."

He tiptoed down the corridor until he came to the stairs, where he stopped

and listened. He could hear nothing, and, producing the bunch of keys, he slipped the sandbag into his pocket, and began a systematic search of the rooms he had not visited.

Two proved to be vacant, but on entering the third—it was the first to the right of the stairway—he heard the regular breathing of a sleeping person. He closed the door, and stood for a moment accustoming his eyes to the darkness. He was afraid to turn on the light, for he didn't know what exposure the room owned, and a lighted window would prompt investigation. Again—if the sleeper were Burton—he must not be awakened suddenly; a startled cry might ruin all. Nor was a light necessary, for, never having seen his cousin, he had no idea what the other looked like, and thus recognition was impossible. There was a possibility that the sleeper might not be Burton, but Spinks dismissed it as a remote one, Scale having intimated that that part of the building was occupied by but the two of them.

Feeling his way, his eyes now accustomed to the darkness that was slightly dispelled by the clear night without—he could see a starry but cloud-swept sky framed by the window—he approached the bed, a rough cot, twin to the one he had so lately occupied, and bent over the occupant. "Burton," he called softly but insistently. "Burton."

He repeated the name in the same monotone, until at length the other stirred uneasily.

"Burton! Burton Spinks!" reiterated Spinks.

The other gave a half-articulate, animal-like cry, and struggled to a sitting position, and at that moment the moon swam from behind a bank of scudding cloud, and shone full upon the figure on the cot.

Spinks involuntarily started back, with a thrill of pure fear, his throat tightening, as suddenly revealed, he saw the face so near his own. It was like nothing human he had ever seen; a ghastly gray blotch framed in matted hair, out of which two sunken eyes flamed and winked.

"Is that you, Burton?" he whispered, his mouth feeling quite dry.

"Yes," said the other, in a weak, quavering voice. "Don't hit me! Oh, don't beat me!" he cried, cowering back against the wall. "For God's sake, Mulligan, let up——"

"Hush!" said Spinks. "I'm not Mulligan or Scale. I'm your cousin, Burton. I'm Hector Spinks." He took the other's hand—it felt like a bird's claw—and patted it, repeating: "I'm your cousin, Hector Spinks, of Frisco. You've never seen me, but I'm your cousin, and I'm here to take you away." He reiterated this while Burton remained silent, as if he could not understand.

Finally Burton threw himself on the hard pillow, and began to cry, not the dry, unwilling sobbing of a man, but like a hysterical child. And as Spinks put a hand on the heaving shoulder and felt the bones almost protruding, a great anger slowly took possession of him, that overshadowed and dwarfed the anger and just resentment he had felt at his own wrongs. "Buck up! Buck up!" he said, patting the other's shoulder. "It's all over now, and you bet we'll get a whack at them."

He spoke thus reassuringly, as might a mother to a frightened child, but it was some time before the words began to have a real meaning for Burton; before he was able to pull himself together, and accept the astonishing situation. For it *was* astonishing—these two cousins who had never bridged the continent by so much as a thought of each other or a written word; who had hardly known the other existed, to meet for the first time under such harrowing circumstances; to find themselves prisoners under the same roof, their fortunes, so long widely dissimilar, at length merged.

Spinks as briefly as possible related those incidents and circumstances which were responsible for the present situation; and at mention of the Carringtons, of how their misdeeds were known, and would be eventually brought home to them, Burton hugged himself and rocked his rickety body to and fro,

cackling like some bewitched creature until the other's blood ran cold.

"This is too good. Too good!" he croaked in his thin, piping voice, that could scarce rise above a whisper. "And I had cursed them all until my voice left me. I had cursed them every day—hide, bone, and hair; every moment of the day that seemed an eternity—" He collapsed, like an old concertina suddenly clapped together, and sprawled across the pillow, a bubble of foam on his gray, babbling lips. For a moment Spinks thought him dead.

But the spirit was stronger than the flesh, and again he struggled to a sitting posture. And now he was calmer, and he told Spinks how he had been waylaid one night, knocked on the head, and brought to his present quarters. How, since then, he had not once set foot across the threshold; how he had lost all count of time, and how through systematic neglect and abuse he had become the thing he now was—a being little removed from the level of the brute beasts. He cried out when Spinks told him he had been in that room for over a year.

"How you managed to pull through—for I've sampled the routine—beats me," added Spinks. "Though the Lord knows they made a wreck of you."

"I guess the lust for revenge kept me afloat," replied Burton apathetically. "But I'd have gone long ago if it hadn't been for Scale."

"Scale? Why, he treated me like a dog! You don't mean to say there's anything human in him?"

"It's hard to find, but it's there," said Burton slowly. "For months he was as bad as Mulligan—no, not as bad, for he didn't beat me. But he was as soulless, and I used to wonder how any man born of woman could come in here, day after day, knowing the hideous wrong he was supporting, seeing slow murder being committed before his eyes, and not feel some workings of a conscience; some fear of retribution. But nothing moved him! I could rave, plead, pray, and he never batted an eye.

"Then one day I had a run-in with Mulligan. I guess I was out of my

head, and had a madman's strength. I hardly knew what I was doing, and I know I didn't care a hang. Anyway, I managed to get Mulligan down and almost kicked his face in before my strength gave out, and he got a chance at that sand club he carries. He gave me an awful beating. I was sick for a long time afterward, and I guess it was that that finally broke my spirit, for I didn't seem to care much about anything after that.

"Scale hadn't changed any, but one night—I don't know how it happened—I seemed to strike a vein of humanity in him; I forgot now what I said. After that, though he never said anything, he did a lot for me on the sly; used to bring me food in his pockets, and give me tonic and stuff to build me up. I knew Carrington's orders were to virtually starve me to death, or some agreeable scheme like that, but Scale built up with one hand while he pulled down with the other. That's the most he would do for me; I might as well have asked a stone wall to set me free."

"Well, he kept you alive, at any rate, and that's the main thing," said Spinks encouragingly. "He showed more humanity than I believed he owned. He pretended to me he didn't know anything about you, and I was afraid I might be too late."

"You bet if I ever get out of here I'll be a different breed of pup," said Burton sadly. "Maybe this lesson was coming to me. I wasn't worth much, and that's a fact. I've had time to do a lot of thinking and regretting. That mix-up with dad was all my fault, and the worst of it is I'll never have a chance to make up for it. I'm glad," he continued, "that dad did what he did; I mean about leaving the estate to you and me—"

"Look here, I don't feel quite right about that," said Spinks earnestly. "No will was left, and Miss Alwyn merely learned of your father's wishes through overhearing the Carringtons speak of them. You're the sole heir, and honestly—I hope you don't mind my saying so—I'd prefer not having any part of it. I mean that."

"I believe you," sighed the other. "You strike me as being that kind. I guess you were brought up differently from me. I can see now that money isn't everything, and that the kind you don't earn may be a curse. It put me where I am, and it couldn't get me out. It made the Carringtons blackguards. All the same, I'm going to ask you to respect my father's wishes. Of course, I know there's no reason why you should——" Burton hesitated.

"No, I never felt like that," said Spinks hastily, interpreting the silence. "I never felt any resentment because we were always hard up, and your folks weren't. Why should I? I never asked odds of anybody. I don't think financial success or failure had any bearing on the families drifting apart, except that perhaps it gave your father wide interests and responsibilities. And I know my father felt the same. There were times when a loan would have been appreciated, but of course he had his pride, and wouldn't ask."

"Well, I know if dad had suspected it he'd have done the right thing," said Burton, "for he was that kind, you bet. When he gave up business I suppose he had more time to think of other things, and no doubt news of your father's death made him regret he hadn't been more brotherly. Anyway, Hector, blood's thicker than water, as you've shown, and I know if there's anything beyond the grave, dad will feel a whole lot happier if he knows you didn't refuse his hand—for that's what it amounts to. I guess he wanted you and me to divide the estate so we'd come together. And it will make me feel a whole lot better, too," he added, stretching out his hand. "We're the last of the family, old man, and we've got to get together. If you don't accept you'll make me feel as if you didn't want to be friends, or hadn't forgiven us for being stand-offish and snobbish."

"Well, if you put it that way, I can do nothing but accept," laughed Spinks. "Don't think I'm belittling it, Burton, or pretending I don't care. It's a wind-fall, and it makes me feel like a millionaire. But I didn't think it quite fair,

or, rather, want you to imagine I considered you in any way bound——"

"Nonsense! What have I got to do with it?" laughed Burton. "I'd have deserved it if dad had cut me off without a cent, as he once intended. And his wishes will stand in any court of law; '*donatio causa mortis*' is the legal term for a gift made in anticipation of death.

"And now about your getting out of here," he added, in a changed voice, "for I'm not forgetting we've been counting our chickens before they're hatched. You'll have to go it alone, old man, for I'd be only a drag. I'm as weak as a cat. My bellows are all wrong, and I know I couldn't walk a dozen steps under the most favorable conditions."

"I see that," nodded Spinks. "Well, there's really no reason why you shouldn't stay here until I bring help. I didn't think you could come, but I wanted to know if you were still here, and just let you know this kind of a game wasn't going to last forever."

Burton nodded. "It doesn't look as if that Carter fellow was coming, does it? Better not wait for him. By the way, that Miss Alwyn must be a brick."

"She's all that," said Spinks warmly. "You've to thank her, not me. I'd have left for Frisco with the wool pulled over my eyes but for her. Now, don't worry," he finished, rising. "I'll get away, all right, and this place will be pulled before you're much older."

They shook hands, and, after a few more words of encouragement, Spinks groped his way to the door.

CHAPTER XV.

To his surprise, Spinks now found the corridor in complete darkness, the solitary incandescent by whose light he had located Burton's room having burned out or been switched off. The latter and more likely possibility alarmed him. Who had turned it out, and why? He knew that the usual practice was to leave it burning all night, for long after his own room was in darkness the light from the hall had filtered under his door.

Knowing that already he had postponed his attempted escape dangerously long, he nevertheless felt he must return to Dorothy, as he had promised, if only for a moment, in order to reassure her and tell of his success.

The hall was so dark—being unrelieved by a single window—he could not see his hand before his face, nor was this a mere hackneyed figure of speech. He knew, however, that Dorothy's room was on the opposite side, and that therefore he must turn to his right.

He did so, proceeding slowly.

Suddenly his outstretched hands touched a wall, and for a moment he stood puzzled and uncertain, until he remembered that this must be the wall flanking the stairway. He should have walked across the hall before proceeding to his right, and he had had a narrow escape from falling down the stairs.

He stood for a moment to get his bearings anew, and then started across the hall, found the wall, and began to grope his way, feeling along it at intervals.

At length he came to the end, his groping hand touching the wall which, running at right angles, barred farther progress. He was opposite the door of the last room, and, groping for the handle, he gently turned it. The door was locked.

"That's funny," thought Spinks. "Bolted, too," as he felt the bars with which every door in the corridor was furnished. "Mulligan must have been here, as I thought."

He drew the bolts, but unlocking the door without the aid of a light was no easy matter. He didn't know the right key, had about a dozen from which to choose, and at every fresh attempt was forced to locate the keyhole by the sense of touch alone.

But at length he succeeded. No whispered greeting met him as he entered the room, and "Miss Alwyn," he called, in a low voice.

No answer. As had been the case in Burton's room, the light from the window somewhat relieved the darkness, and he could see a little better than when

in the hall. He could discern the outline of the bed, and he sensed rather than saw that a figure lay upon it. He felt he was not alone; that somebody shared the room with him.

Again he spoke her name aloud, and again was answered with silence. He groped his way to the bed; somebody surely was there, and it must be she.

Repeating her name, he stretched forth an inquiring hand, and received a violent blow in the stomach that sent him to the floor writhing in agony. Then the occupant of the bed leaped to the floor, and threw himself upon Spinks.

A terrific battle, no less terrible for its utter silence, now took place in the dark. They fought all over the floor, bumping into the bed and crashing against the padded walls. Spinks, taken utterly by surprise, and with the breath knocked out of him, was initially at a great disadvantage; he had fallen on his face, and the unknown adversary straddled his shoulders, striving to secure a grip on Spinks' throat. The latter kept his wits about him, and knew enough not to attempt at the present moment to throw off the dead weight and exhaust himself with useless effort.

His former experiences on the mat—for at college he had been the lightweight champion of his freshman class—now served him in good stead. He ducked his head, dodging the other's groping fingers, and made a bridge which resisted all attempts at turning him on his back. He held this position, recovering his wind, while from the other's labored breathing it was apparent he was fast losing his.

Spinks now knew the fight as good as won; he felt himself by far the stronger and more skillful. The other man had done his level best, and that best wasn't good enough. He was tiring fast. The hopelessness of his cause, the inevitable outcome, must have struck home at the same time, for he began to call for help. "Mulligan!" he roared desperately. "Mulligan, this way! Help! Help!"

And at the sound of his voice Spinks almost collapsed, for his adversary was

Scale—Scale, whom he had left bound and gagged.

Scale now began to strike out blindly, at the same time maintaining his lusty appeals to Mulligan, until Spinks, with a sudden heave, sent him sprawling. Then he seized the frantic doctor, now biting and scratching like a wild cat, by the collar, and banged his head against the floor until his squirmings ceased.

Spinks jumped to his feet, and for a moment turned on the light. One glance was sufficient to confirm his suspicions, aroused by the disclosure of his assailant's identity. He had blundered back into his own room. This explained the locked and bolted door, the absence of Dorothy, the figure on the bed. After leaving the stairs he must have got turned about in the dark, proceeding to the left instead of right. Dorothy's room was at one end of the hall, his at the other, and he had headed in the wrong direction.

A glance at the cot disclosed the articles he had used to bind and gag Scale, and he saw what must have happened. Scale had succeeded in freeing himself when Spinks entered, calling Dorothy's name. The doctor, recognizing the other's voice, had grasped the situation, and, knowing the odds were greatly in his favor, had waited until Spinks, all unconscious of danger, approached the bed.

Though it might well have proven serious there was something so ludicrous in this second encounter that Spinks grinned as he proceeded to bind and gag the unconscious Scale anew. To think he had expended infinite care and effort in deliberately searching out and entering the prison from which he had risked so much to escape! It was irony worthy of Greek tragedy.

Yet it was providential he had returned, for otherwise Scale's persistent cries would have brought help eventually. Those he had been able to utter were too fugitive, thought Spinks, though this was mere conjecture. But the walls were padded, the door and window closed; and Mulligan, even if he had heard, was so accustomed to cries emanating from that quarter of the

building, Scale's efforts might well have been ignored.

Turning off the light, he reached the corridor, making Scale again a prisoner.

He gained Dorothy's room without further mishap, and to his relief found her waiting. Unmistakable pleasure and anxiety were blended in her voice as she whispered: "I was afraid something had happened; that you had found it impossible to keep your promise. It has seemed an awfully long time. More than once I was on the point of trying a reconnoissance of my own."

"You'd have done better than I. I've found I'm not much of a boy scout," he laughed, thinking of his second encounter with Scale. He then told of it, and of his meeting with Burton.

"Didn't Mulligan come up here and turn out the hall light?" he finished.

"You'd have heard him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, but he wasn't here. No one was," she replied. "The light must have burned out."

Afterward they found this to be the explanation.

"Did you hear Scale calling for help?" pursued Spinks.

"No. I thought I heard some one yelling, but it seemed so very far away and muffled that I wasn't sure. But I was frightened for a moment."

"Then if you didn't hear him, I guess Mulligan hasn't," said Spinks. "The Carringtons must have gone long ago, and it's quite evident Scale isn't missed—why, I don't pretend to know. I only wish Mulligan had got one of his lickings, though I'm not the man to give it to him. He's an awful bruiser."

"Here's hoping we don't meet him," said Dorothy devoutly.

"I echo that sentiment with all the heart in the world," said Spinks fervently. "I don't like that man; he has a fist and a knowledge of how to use it that isn't at all human."

"I notice you say 'we'; that means you're coming, eh?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it's best?"

"Best or not, I'm coming," she said emphatically.

"So be it," said Spinks. "I'm awfully

glad, to be perfectly frank about it, for I'm not at all keen on this hairbreadth-escape sort of thing, and I can always do a whole lot better if some one's watching me. I'm afraid, then, to be a coward. That's the worst of being called Hector; they expect too much of a fellow with a name like that."

She laughed, and pressed his arm. She seemed as happy as if starting on a picnic, and somehow Spinks felt much the same.

Hand in hand, like two children at play, they went down the darkened corridor, groping their way to the stairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Light ho!" whispered Dorothy, who was the first to turn an angle in the stairs.

"Where away?"

"On the port bow."

"Starb'rd your hel-um!"

"Aye, aye, cap'n; but we can't unless we starb'rd into the wall."

"Fudge to Harry!" said Spinks good-humoredly.

Hand in hand they stood and eyed the distant light. They had navigated the stairs in safety, and were now in a long passage connecting the small wing they had just left with the main building. This passage—to which the stairs had led them—contained no windows, and was quite dark save for the light in the distance that appeared to come from a partly open door.

"We'll have to go back," said Spinks at length. "There must be some way of getting out without going through the main building."

"Yes, but the trouble is to find it in the dark," said Dorothy. "This passage seems to be a veritable Bridge of Sighs. I feel we aren't level with the ground. Let us see where that light comes from——"

"Listen!" whispered Spinks. "I heard some one talking. I'm sure I did. There! Don't you hear it?"

Suddenly the rumble of a deep bass voice became paramount. It proceeded from the lighted room facing them. They listened a moment, and then Doro-

thy caught her companion by the arm with a grip that made him wince.

"That's Mr. Carter talking!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure of it! Come on!"

"Take it easy," urged Spinks, staying her impetuous dash. "Better be sure than sorry."

"But I'm positive!" she pleaded.

They tiptoed down the passage until they came to the door, and saw that this room was not lighted; it was but an anteroom, and the voice came from the one beyond it.

Spinks slowly pushed open the door, and after a hasty glance Dorothy and he entered. About twenty feet away, and at right angles to the door by which they had entered, were the sliding doors of the adjoining room. They were half open.

Spinks and Dorothy, the same thought occurring to both, tiptoed to a bay window that commanded the sliding doors. From this embrasure—their hiding place further concealed by portières—they were able to look across the darkened room and straight into the next. It was like watching a drama on the stage, the actors playing in the light while the audience was in the dark.

Facing him Spinks saw a middle-aged, slovenly, tubby man, whom he assumed to be Carter; a man with unkempt hair, bushy eyebrows, bulbous nose, and aggressive chin. He was dressed carelessly, even shabbily, and wore an old black string tie about a collar none too clean.

Harry Carrington lolled in a corner, a bored, sarcastic smile on his face, while across the table from Carter sat the elder Carrington, composed, polite, and suave. No one else was present. Carter's old slouch hat lay on the table, but it was evident he had been there for some time, and Spinks thought that perhaps this was the reason Scale's absence, if noted, had not been investigated.

"I received this letter," Carter was saying, drawing a sheet of paper from his pocket, and pinning it to the table with gnarled fingers, "half an hour ago at the Glendale Station. I spent the day in Trenton, and the colored woman who

delivered this had been to my house, afterward going to the station to meet me. That colored woman is your servant, Carrington, as I happen to know, and this letter was given to her by your ward, Miss Alwyn. I think it'll explain itself and my business here."

The bored look vanished from young Carrington's face, and he sat up, darting a swift look at his father. The latter was quite impassive as he picked up the letter Carter had tossed over. He read it through with deliberation; then, with a smile, passed it to his son.

"I'm surprised, Carter, that a man of your evident intelligence and experience could be fooled by such an obviously faked-up charge as this," he said deliberately, leaning back and eying the other. "The whole thing is absurd, and I needn't discuss it. But, in the first place, Miss Alwyn never wrote, much less gave, it to the woman who delivered it to you—I'm taking your word for the manner in which you received it. At the present moment Miss Alwyn is on the Atlantic; she sailed for England yesterday——"

"That's her writing!" said Carter forcibly. "You may not know that I've met your ward. Yes, I know her, and I know her writing. She wrote that letter."

Carrington was silent; the assertion that Carter had met the girl opened up unpleasant possibilities.

Young Carrington jumped to his feet, and came forward in his blustering manner. "Look here," he said; "no person but you, Carter, would fall for a hoax like this, and I don't for a moment think you honestly believe a word of it. Somebody, knowing your feelings, is making a fool of you, and you're letting personal spite and political ambition get the better of common sense. That's all it amounts to. You've never liked my father, and you'd welcome any excuse, however degraded, to discredit him. You're sore because you made a fool of yourself over that other trumped-up charge; the ravings of a crazy client who was a dope fiend——"

"Young man, I'm not discussing this matter with you," said the lawyer, with

maddening placidity. "It doesn't figure what my motives may be; make them as sordid as you like, and it won't change matters. I choose to believe the authenticity of this letter and the sincerity of the writer, and I don't propose to leave until I've investigated every charge made. The sooner that's understood, the better for all hands. I'm not here to argue, but to act."

"Is that so?" sneered young Carrington. "And what authority have you for coming here? Why, if I had my way, I'd kick you down the steps for daring to credit the foul and futile lies of political foes——"

"Now, that kind of talk's juvenile," said Carter, calmly immovable. "It seems to me that if there's nothing in these charges you're getting needlessly excited. And what have you got to say about it, anyway? Your father's back of this place, not you, if I know anything. Your father can protect himself—or at least he never used to rely on a fledgling. As for authority, I've the authority of any citizen and taxpayer. I've the right to investigate any rumored abuse or injustice. This institution is subject to certain State laws, and should be open to any visitor at all times and——"

"Any visitor who has proper business!" exclaimed the elder Carrington, rising. His son's opposition had galvanized him to action. "Your business is not proper; it's mere personal spite and impertinence; a gross insult! I know my rights, Carter, and you can't bluff me! You've no legal authority to set foot past that door, and I give you my word you wouldn't have had I known your business. If you sincerely believe—which I frankly doubt—these ridiculous charges, get the proper authority, and have a commission appointed to investigate them."

Carter planted his feet farther apart, and dug his hands deep into trouser pockets. "Yes, and have another white-washing bee!" he said grimly. "A whole lot can happen overnight, Carrington. I'd no time to waste on red tape; if these things were true, action was demanded at once——"

"If these things were true!" cried the elder Carrington, with a laugh. "Come, Carter, don't make a fool of yourself! What are the facts? A servant whom I was about to discharge brings you a pitiful forgery. Miss Alwyn cannot have given the woman that letter to-day, for the simple reason—as I said before—that she sailed for England yesterday. But what does this letter contain? First about a certain Mr. Spinks. Why, this Spinks is the fellow who shot Jason Blow over in East Farmington——"

"Oh, no, he isn't," said Carter placidly. "That's been cleared up. They found Blow must have shot himself—and he finally was forced to admit it. The last person who saw this Mr. Spinks was a letter carrier, who directed him to your house. He couldn't have left the county without being seen, for Blow wants him for an unpaid board bill, and there's a waitress who accuses him of impersonating a certain man called Bodely——"

"Spinks is on his way to Frisco," said the elder Carrington. "He came to my house, and begged a lodging for the night. At that time I didn't know he was Blow's assailant. He left the next morning to beat his way back to the coast. This talk of his being Henry Spinks' nephew is pure rot, like all the rest of it. Be reasonable, Carter. Perhaps you don't know I've decided not to run for the nomination——"

"Carrington," said the lawyer, slowly tapping the table with a stubby finger, and bending his bushy brows on the other, "I've got you dead to rights at last, and you know it! You can't buy me off. Every word in that letter is true; I can see it in your face. You're a forger, perjurer, thief, and the most cowardly kind of would-be murderer that——"

"You lie!" cried the other, jumping to his feet, with livid face. "You'll pay for this, Carter! You'll pay for every word you've said——"

"Disprove them!" said the other. "Prove them lies, and you can have any satisfaction you like. I'll stand for any sort of damages you name. I'll pay

without a whimper. Come, are you going to show me through this place? It's the last time I'll ask."

"I refuse," said Carrington, paid to the lips. "I won't be bullied by you or any one like you. Make your complaint to the proper authorities——"

"I won't leave this building, Carrington. There's a phone; if you insist upon red tape call up the sheriff. He's at his home in Glendale."

"I'll do nothing of the kind!"

"I thought so," said Carter grimly. "Then I will, and I'll stay here until he comes."

Young Carrington jumped between Carter and the telephone.

"I guess we've something to say about that!" he exclaimed, with an oath. "Look here, Carter, you're trespassing on private property, and you're lawyer enough to know if anything happens it's your own fault. You can't butt in here and run things to suit yourself. A whole lot can happen to you."

"And just what do you mean by that?" asked the other, not giving an inch.

"He means," said Spinks, strolling into the room, Dorothy Alwyn at his side, "that they'll do to you what they did to me. Don't you?" he added, confronting young Carrington. "Some heroic, manly stunt, like knocking a fellow on the head when his back's turned."

The elder Carrington collapsed in a chair as if he had been hamstrung. His lips moved, and he made a queer, clucking sound, which at another time would have been laughable.

Carter, his feet planted far apart, was tentatively rubbing his bulbous nose, and eying Dorothy, as if he expected her to vanish in thin air. Young Carrington, with sagging jaws and pop eyes, was slowly swelling up in the impressive manner Dorothy had likened to that of a poisoned pup.

There came a horrible sort of silence, punctuated by the elder Carrington's queer, throaty noises.

Then Spinks said: "This is rather a melodramatic entrance, Mr. Carter, but we couldn't resist the temptation. My

name's Spinks, and everything contained in Miss Alwyn's letter is only too true. We owe your faith unbounded thanks. We'll explain everything later, but at present I advise calling the sheriff, for there are at least four men I want to personally superintend placing in jail. Mr. Carrington, kindly step away from the phone."

Young Carrington's reply was a sudden, savage blow, a vile epithet, and a loud cry of "Mulligan!"

In a second the room became pandemonium, in which the elder Carrington took no part. He still sat crumpled in the chair, blind and deaf to what was taking place.

For Mulligan, like a loyal hound answering its master's voice, had bounced into the room, brandishing the sand-bag. He didn't stop to question, but, carried away by the pure love of conflict, and evidently inured to such extremities, promptly struck out right and left. A crashing blow sent Carter hurtling into the apathetic elder Carrington, whom he overturned, chair and all; and the lawyer, now entirely at sea, and evidently under the impression he was at death grips with the foe, blindly pounded the other with such vigor that Carrington forgot his thoughts of suicide, and set up a lusty cry of "Murder!"

While this little side show was taking place on the floor, Spinks was busy with the younger Carrington, who seemed possessed of a blind fury. Dorothy had intercepted Mulligan, and, despairing of other measures, suddenly flung both arms tightly about his neck.

"Hit her, you fool!" roared young Carrington, as Spinks sent him floundering into a corner.

Spinks, seeing his adversary helpless, turned to Mulligan. He was dumfounded at what met his eyes. Mulligan, the ape, had flushed to the roots of his close-cropped hair; he was sheepishly squirming in Dorothy's embrace, but making no attempt to harm her. In his abject confusion and embarrassment he looked the essence of misery.

"Leave him alone, Dorothy," said Spinks, smiling despite himself, and

quite unconscious he had used her first name. "Now, Mulligan, step up and give me that fight you promised!"

Mulligan only grinned foolishly, and, flushing scarlet, disentangled his brawny neck from Dorothy's arms. "Ar-r, g'wan," he mumbled, "Oi won't foight no mor-re."

He shuffled over, and philosophically eyed the prostrate Harry Carrington, whose face resembled the knobbed red slag of a furnace.

Carter, finished abusing his opponent, who was now groaning abysmally, scrambled up, and waddled over to the telephone. "Don't you dare try to leave!" he said threateningly to Mulligan.

"Shure what would Oi be doin' leavin'?" asked the other simply. He knelt by young Carrington, and in a thoroughly practical way sought to restore him to consciousness.

Dorothy's eyes met those of Spinks as Carter called Glendale on the wire. She flushed, and began to hum softly to herself as she turned away and ministered to the elder Carrington.

CHAPTER XVII.

Glendale, Farmington, and, in fact, the entire State—for the elder Carrington was a prominent figure outside the political and social life of the county—had their sensation when the following morning's papers featured the extraordinary happenings at the private asylum, and the incidents leading up to the exposure of those who made possible the crying abuse. Father and son, together with Mulligan and Scale, had been conveyed by the sheriff and his deputies to the county jail, while Burton Spinks, watched over by his cousin, was transferred to the Glendale hospital.

Carter, for the State, assumed command of the subsequent proceedings. A searching investigation disclosed the fact that but for the unlawful incarceration and detention of Burton Spinks, his cousin, and Dorothy Alwyn, the institution had been conducted in an exemplary manner, Scale and Mulligan being

the only employees who knew of and countenanced the abuse.

"It is apparent," said Carter in part, speaking for the prosecution, "that Carrington profited by experience, for I maintain there had been other abuses, though not of so outrageous a character as those for which I now demand summary punishment. Those other charges were successfully whitewashed, and no doubt there would have been no further cause for complaint had not circumstances—the cumulative result of Doctor Carrington's misdeeds—compelled him to take this course, foolhardy as it was criminal.

"It must be borne in mind that attempted murder may properly be embraced in this charge, for that death was the ultimate fate intended for these three victims of money lust—murder in its most cowardly, brutal form—there can be no shadow of doubt. Carrington's whole elaborate structure of perfidy and deceit demanded that not one of these three should live to bear witness against him. It is through no fault of his that at this moment Burton Spinks is not resting in a nameless, unknown grave; that the principal defendant is not now on trial for his life."

The Carringtons—the father having become imbued with his son's fighting spirit—put up a vigorous and specious defense, and the trial was charged with dramatic interest. There were those who still believed in the plausible Carrington, or who had reasons for disliking and seeking to discredit Carter; nor had the doctor lost all the great influence he once owned. Able legal talent was employed, and they sought to prove the whole thing a conspiracy, engineered by the Spinkses, and abetted by Carter through personal spite. The latter's animosity toward Carrington was shown, and it was claimed he entered into a conspiracy with Burton and Hector Spinks and Dorothy Alwyn. The forgery and misappropriation of trust funds was scoffed at as ridiculous.

"The last desperate resort of cornered conspirators; transparent lies, which even the most mentally befogged will have no difficulty in seeing

through," said the chief counsel for the defense, in an address worthy a better cause. "Who are these people upon whose unsupported testimony the case of the prosecution rests? I will dismiss Mr. Carter from the group, for his antagonism toward and jealousy of my client needs no elaboration from me. It has been shown; it has been proven; it has been known to man, woman, and child throughout the State for years.

"But who are these others? Firstly we have Burton Spinks, a known prodigal and mental incompetent, estranged from his father through his own evil conduct, and who, because he was summarily disinherited, hated my client, threatened his life, and even attempted him bodily injury.

"Secondly, we have Miss Alwyn. It is not my purpose or desire to reflect in open court on a woman's character, but in the interests of my clients I must seriously question the altruism of her motives in sustaining this charge; the veracity of her testimony.

"Miss Alwyn is my client's ward, the only child of his dearest and most intimate friend, long since dead. Headstrong to a degree, she spent her life in private schools and institutions; for the humble roof of her guardian, the simple country life to which she was born, the loving care and attention of my client meant nothing to her. She grew up an alien, and resented those strictures put upon her conduct which my client, in the exercise of his duties, prompted by a profound regard for her welfare, considered it necessary to impose.

"Lastly, we have Hector Spinks. Let us carefully examine him. A roving adventurer, barnstormer, and generally disreputable character who has left a trail of debts across the continent; a person who did not scruple to assume the name and personality of a stranger in order to win the affections and basely deceive an unsophisticated young lady of West Farmington—I refer to Miss Violet Smithe. The kind of character who, when given shelter for the night by my trusting and charitable client, did not scruple to outrage all the laws of decency and hospitality.

"Gentlemen, here the workings of the conspiracy may be plainly seen with the coming of this snake in the grass to my client's house."

The lawyer endeavored to show that Hector and his cousin, by attempting to disgrace Carrington, and charging him with forgery, hoped to gain possession of the Spinks estate. "In Miss Alwyn they found a ready tool," he continued. "My client had properly frowned upon the sudden and inexplicable intimacy between this adventurer and Miss Alwyn—he had surprised their clandestine meetings—and the girl resented this. She appears to have completely fallen a victim to the specious gallantry of this conscienceless adventurer who, from the first, was playing a deeper rôle than that of itinerant Lothario."

After an elaboration of this point in his argument the lawyer added: "What evidence have we to show that Burton Spinks was confined in that asylum for the time specified? There is absolutely nothing to show that he or Hector Spinks, or Miss Alwyn were treated in the manner alleged. Rather we have the sworn testimony of Doctor Scale, supported by that of Mulligan, that these three seeming victims of 'crying abuse' deliberately visited the asylum on the night in question, and with the most dastardly purpose in mind."

Then came the ingenious argument of the defense: Doctor Scale had received the three alone, been overpowered, and placed in the room where he had been subsequently found by the sheriff and his deputies. Burton, who had prepared for the rôle by starving himself into a state of emaciation, had sought the room where he, too, was found. In short, the whole matter had been carefully rehearsed, the Carringtons' visit to the asylum known beforehand, and the arrival of Carter with Miss Alwyn's letter but a part of the whole prearranged program.

"An utter fraud; a gigantic conspiracy!" concluded counsel for the defense; "devilish in its audacity and cunning. Are we to accept the unsupported testimony of these four people against that of the Carringtons, Mulligan, and

Doctor Scale? I have shown you the character of these four, the motives which actuated them. Can this outweigh the known probity and integrity of my clients?"

Ingenious as was the line of defense, it could not hold together against Carter's merciless analysis and scathing arraignment, nor the evidence of the handwriting experts who testified regarding the will. Other experts of less renown there were who, hired by the defense, sought to prove the genuineness of the signature, but the forgery was so patent that when compared with the late Henry Spinks' authentic signature no doubt remained even in the minds of the most zealous partisans.

The elder Carrington was found guilty on every count brought against him, and his son convicted as an accomplice before the fact. Then Doctor Carrington broke down completely, and, to save Harry, confessed his guilt, and sought to shoulder the full responsibility. Through his efforts Harry succeeded in getting off, while Doctor Carrington, Mulligan, and Scale went to State's prison.

On the day Hector Spinks and his cousin—the latter now fully recovered—came into their inheritance, Carter had a talk with the former. The old lawyer had taken a fancy to Spinks, for the latter had worked with him shoulder to shoulder, and been of no little assistance in gathering material for the prosecution, his mental acuteness and energy recommending themselves to the other.

"What are you going to do?" asked the slovenly old lawyer, rubbing his unshaven chin as he eyed the other.

"I don't know," said Spinks hesitatingly, sitting on a desk and drumming his heels against the mahogany. He looked about the shabby old office, then out of the dusty window at the post office on the corner. "I guess I'll just sit around a while, and enjoy the sensation of being rich. I may never have another chance."

"Aren't you tired sitting around?" asked Carter. "Seems to me a bright young fellow like you would make a success at work. Ever try it?"

Spinks looked up in surprise. "Work? Why, that's my middle name. I was working before I learned to walk. Yes, sir. That lawyer of Carrington's gave me an awful panning, but honestly I'm not the gay young loafer he claims. Don't you believe it. I had a pretty good job as a reporter in Frisco——"

"What did they fire you for?"

"I wasn't fired!" declared Spinks. "I quit because I wanted to be an actor. I had the capital, and two other fellows had the experience. Now they have the capital, and I have the experience."

"I see," smiled Carter, filling an old corn-cob pipe. "So you're going back home to Frisco, eh?"

Spinks shrugged, and took a restless turn about the room. "I haven't any home, and Burton's the only relative I own. All places look alike to me, but—— Well, I've kind of taken a shine to this town."

"Why?" asked Carter blandly.

"Why? Well—— Why, because wouldn't any one love the homeliest place on the map if they found a hundred thousand in it? Sure he would. And then—— Why, the scenery's grand, and it's not far from New York. And then Burton's going to stay here, and——and—— Well, I like the place."

Carter smiled. "Look here," he said. "I'm going to make you a proposition: Come into my Trenton office, and study for the bar; go in for politics. There are big openings for the right kind of young men, and it strikes me you've got a few brains scattered about inside that head of yours. I'll give you plenty of time to think it over. Talk it over with a friend—say Miss Alwyn; she's got pretty sound judgment and common sense, and she knows me."

At the mention of Dorothy's name, Spinks looked up suspiciously; but Carter, with a solemn and preoccupied expression, had begun to sort over some papers.

"All right; I will," said Spinks, in a voice he tried to make careless and nonchalant.

"She may be able to give you logical reasons for accepting or refusing; for remaining East or going back West,"

added Carter, in an abstracted, impersonal voice. "Women are very intuitive at times. I've known them to be quite wonderful that way."

"Yes, that's so," said Spinks, hunting for his hat. "I'll take your advice, and——thank you."

At the door he turned, and grinned rather apprehensively at the other. "Say——er——do you think I've got a ghost of a show of remaining East?"

"Well, Greeley said: 'Young man, go West——'"

"Oh, blow Greeley! I mean—I'm referring to Miss Alwyn."

"Ask her," grunted Carter. "The Lord knows you've had time enough."

In the lower hall Spinks almost collided with Dorothy.

"I'm coming to see Mr. Carter about that trust-fund business," she said severely. "The money Doctor Carrington took, and which he replaced with funds from the Spinks estate, cannot be paid by your cousin and you——"

"But that's all settled," expostulated Spinks.

"No, it's not. I have something to say," she replied, coloring. "It's not legal; it's not right; and emphatically I won't permit it! It's very nice of Mr. Burton and you to feel that way, but it's quite out of the question——"

"I don't see why," he protested. "Why should you suffer——?"

"Why should Mr. Burton and you?" she demanded.

"But it wouldn't be suffering; far from it——"

"That's begging the question, Mr. Spinks. Right is right, and please credit me with some pride. It was my father's money that was taken, not your uncle's, and one theft cannot be settled with another. No. Mr. Carter appeared to think he could effect a compromise, but that is absurd——"

"No. No. Listen!" he said eagerly. "Suppose we leave Burton out of it, if you feel that way? Suppose I alone settle it? You'll let me, won't you——?"

"Most emphatically not! Why on earth should I let you?"

"Because——but——why——er——but, sup-

posing you marry me, eh? Then it will be all in the family——"

"Marry you?"

"Exactly," said Spinks, with sudden boldness, though he was rather white.

"Marry me. Why not?"

"Why——" She colored vividly as she met his masterful eyes. "Why—— why, because you've never asked me."

Then the obvious happened, and subsequently Mr. Horace Greeley's honorable advice was quite ignored.

THE END.

GET IN AT THE START! We're going to commence several new stories in the next issue. The opening chapters of a really BIG serial by **RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD** will appear in that number. So also will the first of **E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S** new series of short stories written around "the Unique Mr. Laxworthy." Also the first half of a two-part novel by **CLARENCE L. CULLEN**; and a **LYNDE** novel complete. **DOESN'T IT LOOK LIKE A GOOD NUMBER?**



A SAMPLE OF BRUTAL FRANKNESS

A SCHOOL trustee in a Minnesota town was much interested in training the children to protect themselves from the dangers of fire in any of the school buildings. So great was his enthusiasm on the subject that he formed the habit of visiting the school and asking them invariably a question as to what they would do in case of fire. In all the schools the children had been carefully drilled as to what they should answer when this question was put to them.

One day, however, he varied his usual program, and, instead of propounding his set question, began in this way:

"Now, boys and girls, what would you do if I were to make you a little speech?"

In one voice the pupils shouted eagerly:

"We would form a line and march rapidly downstairs."



KILLED BUT UNCONVINCED

SENATOR JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON is a great admirer of the Irish because of their courage and wit. He tells a story illustrating his argument that the Irish, from the viewpoint of glorious bravery, are a great people. He was in a battle on one occasion during the Civil War, and the fire from the Union men was unusually hot.

While the bullets were singing all about them, an Irish corporal began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Johnston.

"Shure," said the Irishman, "I'm laughing at thim Yankees. They can't shoot at all, at all."

"Well, you'll get hit in a moment and change your mind."

"Shure, not one of thim can shoot at all," repeated the laughing man.

Just then he fell into the ditch, mortally wounded by a bullet through his lungs.

"I guess now," said Johnston, "you think they can shoot."

"Not a bit of it," said the Irishman. "That bullet was shot by some one of our fellows who's deserted and gone over to thim!"

The Quest

By Adolph Bennauer

Author of "The Better Man," Etc.

The search for an ill-fated schooner wrecked on the rocks in Lombok Strait—a schooner with a mysterious cargo that was to be "returned unopened." A thousand dollars was offered as prize money, but fifty thousand seemed nearer the proper figure to the salvors

I SAT at a table in the rear of the Union Exchange, sipping my beer and running my eye casually down the list of the "Lost and Overdue." Suddenly I bent forward, my attention concentrated upon an insignificant, two-line paragraph.

Overdue, schooner *Soyala*, San Francisco to Bangkok. Out 110 days.

I put down my glass, and gave involuntary expression to my astonishment.

"Overdue?" said I. "Overdue?"

I finished my beer at a gulp, stuffed the paper into my pocket, and bolted from the place. Ten minutes later I was seated in the office of Reed & Scott, with the senior partner himself before me.

"An' ye say ye have news of her, captain?" he demanded.

"News?" said I. "With these very eyes I saw her. She's lying on the rocks in Lombok Strait, half her top-hammer gone and the barnacles covering her sides. I don't believe a soul was saved."

Reed got up, and began pacing the floor.

"'Tis an awfu' blow, laddie, an awfu' blow," said he. When he had calmed down somewhat, he resumed his seat. "An' ye are sure 'twas the *Soyala*?"

"It was like this, sir," said I. "As soon as we entered the Java Sea, we ran slap into a howling tornado, and the only thing we could do was to turn tail and make for Lombok Strait. A little later we brought up in a bay, just west of Karang Assam, and it was there

I saw the *Soyala*. We drove by within a hundred feet of her, and I could read her name plainly."

He nodded, and surveyed me closely, pulling the while, at his sparse chin whiskers. Into his pale-blue eyes crept crafty, meditative suspicion. Then he cleared his throat.

"'Tis a peety," said he, "that so many braw boys should ha' lost their lives. But, knowin' them to be dead an' gone, 'tis my next duty to think of the cargo." He bent forward, and began kneading his palms gently, while his cold, expressionless eyes bored into mine. "Ye didna go aboard her, then, captain?"

"I did not," said I. "She didn't look like salvage money, and I had troubles of my own."

"Ah!" said he. He leaned still closer. "Ye were quite right, captain, quite right. The sheep itself would bring no salvage. But 'tis of the cargo I am thinkin'. She had aboard a va-ary valuable cargo."

I lowered my eyes, and coughed discreetly. "I see, sir. You'll be wanting it salvaged, then."

"We will," he returned shortly. "An' we'll want a skipper who can keep his mouth shut."

"Well, sir," I hinted, "you won't need to advertise. What was the consignment?"

"Guns," said he.

I jumped. "Guns?" said I. "To where?"

"To the Philippines," said he, "by junk from Batavia. But 'twill do na gude to forward them now. The order

has been canceled. Bring them back to Frisco, safe an' unopened, an' we'll gi'e ye a thousand dollars cash an' a berth for life."

"Done," said I.

Reed didn't lose any time in getting me started, and that very day we went down to his docks, and had a look at the *Escalon*. She was brig-rigged, and not over three hundred tons burden, as neat a little craft as a man would care to handle. The owners started in to provision her immediately, I hunted up a crew, and a few days later we sailed.

It was Singapore we cleared for, with no stops between. We were on for a record run, and we carried our canvas accordingly. A steady breeze, too, helped us all the way to New Guinea. Then we ran slap into a tropical calm belt. We'd have been in a pretty pickle, indeed, if we hadn't struck a current setting westward. But we got into it, and kept it, and it took us along like a cork in a mill race.

All along the Papuan shore the sea ran thick and swift, and the color was coffee-red. We had our hands full, keeping the brig in the current and clear of the rocks and shoals. Now and then we'd overhaul a native junk, and once we passed the steamship *Sydney*, her smoke trailing low in the orchid-scented air. The ship was as hot as a furnace. No one did any work, and at night no one could sleep. The men lay about the decks and cursed. In due time we left the current, and struck wind and open water.

I was at breakfast a few days later when the mate came below and reported land.

"I don't know what to make of it, sir," he confessed. "There isn't a cloud in sight, but the sky looks threatening."

"That so?" said I. I finished my meal, and hurried on deck.

Ten miles to windward lay the island of Bali, our point of destination. Above and about it hung a gossamer haze that obscured the sun, and filled the air with a pungent odor. Fore and aft the ship was coated with a transparent film of dust that threw the men into racking coughs and sneezes.

"Odd, sir, isn't it?" said Plover.

"It's blamed annoying," I returned irritably. "As a genuine volcanic eruption, it doesn't amount to much, but it's going to put us back with our work. We're liable to lie out here for a fortnight."

But I was agreeably deceived. As soon as we got off the weather shore and into Lombok Strait, the air grew clearer. We passed the village of Karang Assam, nestling at the very foot of the volcano, and kept on till we entered the little bay in which I had discovered the *Soyala*. It was impossible to anchor the ship, for the shore of the island was a straight pitch-off, so we moored her, stem and stern, to a sunken rock.

At six bells the next morning we took up the search. The mate was in charge of one boat, I of the other. Our plan was to begin at the two extremities of the bay, and work inland till we met. Never had I known a shore that contained so many sunken rocks and whirlpools. Half the time we were in fear for our lives, and had but little inclination to look for the wreck. Everywhere the rocks were covered with a coating of reddish-brown, and in the air was that same acrid odor that we had smelled the day before.

In the end, our search availed us nothing. Not a spar, not a plank of the ill-fated schooner could we find. There was nothing but the green water and the rocks—fat and uncouth-looking in their coat of brown.

As we neared the center of the curving shore we caught the sound of oars, and then a man's voice—I knew it to be Plover's—broke out into an exclamation of bewilderment. Intervening rocks kept him from view, but I fixed his position by the sound of his voice, and steered the boat accordingly.

Two quick turns, and we had passed clear of all obstructions. Dead ahead, in the center of a little cove, lay the *Soyala*. Coated with dust she was, every plank and mast and spar of her, and her rigging stood out like some gigantic spider web—an intricate, exquisite tracery in brown.

Simultaneously the crew gave a cry of astonishment—an astonishment that was not untinged with apprehension. Then I noted that Plover's boat was just rounding the vessel's stern.

"Going aboard, sir?" he called, waving me an airy salute with his hand.

"I don't know, Plover," I returned anxiously. "I believe we'd better——"

But he did not hear me; he was too busy swearing at his crew. A moment later he had laid them alongside. Then a man in the bow, eager to outshine his officer, seized the painter, caught hold of a dangling line, and drew himself rapidly to the schooner's deck.

Below, in the boats, we sat and stared at him, by some mystic agency rendered powerless to move. This much I saw distinctly—he had gained the bulwarks, he had put one foot over the rail. I remember noting the gash his leg made in the red-brown coating. Then the air about him seemed to thicken into an opaque pall. He gave a choking scream, tossed both arms on high, and plunged downward between the boat and the vessel's side.

I do not believe he rose again. Like enough, to judge from the suffocating fumes that immediately enveloped us, he had been strangled on the spot. But this the men did not wait to ascertain. With frightened yells, they whipped the boats around, and tore madly out of the little cove. So thick was the poisonous dust by now that the *Soyala* was almost invisible, and had we attempted to stand upright, we should have been strangled to a man.

Ten minutes later we were back aboard the ship, and I was fighting the crew to prevent them from cutting the cables and running her out to sea. They were in a first-class funk, and swore they would never go back there alive. I was a bit frightened myself, and so was Plover, but my owners had made it worth my while to save that cargo, and I meant to do so. I calmed them down at length, and by the promise of a hundred dollars apiece induced them to make another try.

"I don't know as I can blame them

any," I confessed to Plover. "It's a big risk to take, and a fearful way to die. I can see now what kept away the Malays."

He nodded. "Made any plans yet?" he asked.

I shook my head, glancing at him hopefully.

"Well," he offered modestly, "here's one that might do. Suppose we tow her out to sea and let the wind take a crack at her."

"She'd have to be seaworthy first. And the wind would have to be dead ahead and blowing pretty strong, and we'd have to have plenty of scope."

"All right," said he. "And what then?"

I stared at him curiously. "Why, then, I suppose—it would do. By jingo, Plover, I believe we'll try that. If there's any wind at all to-morrow, we'll try that."

The mate woke me up the next morning to tell me that there was a rising gale from the northward. This was not so good as I had hoped for, but it was good enough, and as soon as we'd finished with breakfast I ordered the ship unmoored and run in to the entrance of the little cove.

Having placed her with her head out to sea, I secured our longest and heaviest cable, and called for volunteers to carry it aboard the schooner. I got four of them, which, with myself, was aplenty, and we started.

The *Soyala* lay in the same position in which we had left her. The flying dust had settled down by now, and save for the gruesome gash upon her rail there was nothing to indicate that she had ever been molested.

Hardly daring to breathe, their eyes fastened catlike upon the wreck, the men brought me alongside. With the same exaggerated caution, I lifted the heavy rope, and made it fast to a ring-bolt in the cutwater. I had just finished my task, and was on the point of sitting down again, when a man in the bow changed color.

"Look there!" he cried.

"What is it?" I snapped, my nerves already strained to the breaking point.

He raised a horny forefinger, and pointed to the surface of the water. Just around the schooner's bow, tooling along in an eddy and striking gently against the vessel's side, were one, two, three native corpses.

I had no need to give an order. Before I could have found time to do so, the men had swung the boat about and were driving her through the water with an energy that threatened to snap the oar blades. A minute later we had passed out to the ship, and in mute thankfulness were piling up the side.

We lost no time in getting the brig under way. Plover and I stood at the taffrail, and watched the line slowly tauten. It was a moment of great anxiety. Suppose she were wedged so tightly among the rocks that we could not get her free? Our only other fear was that, should we get her free, she would prove unseaworthy. But an instant later we gave a shout of triumph. The line had tautened, and the brig was still forging ahead. One brief glimpse we caught of the *Soyala* as she swung slowly around; then she became obscured in a cloud of dust.

We towed the derelict halfway across the strait before we hove to, and by that time she was pretty well cleared. Most of the way she had been hidden by the dust, and though we used a five-hundred-foot scope and were eating dead into the eye of the wind, the men were sneezing and coughing in all parts of the ship.

"Well, Plover," I cried, "it worked! I didn't have much faith in it at first, but I see now that nothing else would have served. It's a first-class scheme, and you're entitled to credit. If it isn't worth a thousand, it isn't worth the cargo."

I was burning with impatience to go aboard the schooner, but the crew did not share my enthusiasm. It took threats and much persuasion to get them to accompany me at all. As I had thought, the dust was pretty nearly gone by now, sufficiently, at least, to admit of our breaking out the cargo. The hatches had been battened down before the storm, and still remained un-

opened, so there was little danger of our finding any dust below. In removing them, however, the crew exercised the greatest caution.

But we took out no cargo that day. Though the hold was free from dust, it was filled with a poisonous gas that nearly strangled us, and threw two of the men into a dead faint. So we left the hatchways open for the night.

Through what mysterious agency the news had traveled I know not, but when morning dawned we found that we were surrounded by half a dozen canoes. The purpose of their visit was obvious, but for the present they refrained from executing it. Either they feared our strength, or thought themselves too near civilized shores, for they contented themselves with lying off to windward till we should have finished.

The work did not take long. We moored the vessels side by side, and rigged up a tackle between them. The cargo was light and easy of access, and the men had no desire to linger. In no time at all we had cleared the hold, and ransacked the cabins and lazaret. As for the hulk herself, she was too old and too badly strained to have lived to the equator. Even from the short tow we had given her, she was filling slowly. With little regret we resigned her to the Malays.

At dusk we cast off and set sail. Immediately the waiting canoes—there were eight of them now—shot forward and pounced upon the stricken *Soyala*. We did not wait to see her finish, for I wanted to get clear of the strait before night, but I am sure it could not have been long delayed. The ship rode a little deeper with her cargo, and we made slower progress, but the breeze from the east was freshening, and by morning we were out of sight of land.

"Pretty good job," I said to the mate at breakfast. "I've looked up her bill of lading, and it's an even tally; not a case missing."

"Good enough," he grunted, "with one dead man to balance it."

"That's so," I shuddered. I did not feel quite so elated then. "But, thank Heaven, there weren't any more."

I had just stepped on deck when the man at the wheel caught my eye.

"Beg parding, sir," he coughed, "but I b'lieve she's follerin' us. I be'n watchin' her for a spell."

I took the glass, and surveyed the white speck long and carefully. Then I called Plover.

"Junk, sure enough," he swore. "And she means trouble."

"I don't know," I returned lightly. "There might be a hundred other reasons. Still, if she does, she'll get it." I thought grimly of the guns and ammunition in the hold.

An hour passed. The wind fell, and the junk crept nearer. I could see her plainly now. She was long and sinewy, and with her row of bristling sweeps she looked like a monster caterpillar crawling upon the sea. There could no longer be any doubt as to her intentions.

"I promised my owners not to tamper with that cargo," I told the mate, "but it looks as if we'd have to, for self-defense. If the wind doesn't spring up in fifteen minutes, we'll have some of those cases brought on deck."

A quarter of an hour slipped by, and the calm still held. The junk was near enough now to be viewed plainly with the naked eye. If we were to act at all, this was the time. Giving the mate charge of the deck, I went below to enter the affair in the log. I remembered that we had stowed a few cases of the guns in the lazaret, and before calling any of the crew I decided to have a look at them. I had just ripped one of the boxes open when I heard a shout on deck. It was Plover's voice, and he was bawling for the crew to lay aft and man the braces.

In haste I replaced the lid of the box. Then I went into the cabin, and took a stiff tote of rum. When I came on deck, the ship was heeling over to a ten-knot breeze, and the junk was far astern.

"Fine an' dandy," cried the mate. "Neatest little play I ever saw. Only I wish we'd been given a chance at the beggars."

"Thank Heaven, we weren't!" I returned shortly. "Come below a moment, Mr. Plover. I want you to help me with some papers."

That was the last of our troubles. From here we laid our keel northeast, and favoring winds drove us straight across the tropics. Several weeks later we entered the California fog bank, and were towed up to our berth in San Francisco Harbor. I had not acquainted the owners with my arrival, and when Plover and I blew into their office we took them by surprise.

"Got it," I said, in answer to Reed's effusive greeting.

"Gude, lad," he chuckled, and he gave us chairs, and invited us to wine and cigars.

"Got it, safe and sound," I continued, ignoring his show of hospitality, "but, unfortunately, *not* unopened."

He spilled the wine he was raising to his lips, and turned as near ashen as his ruddy face would permit.

"Eh?" he gasped.

"It's pretty good ivory," I returned quietly. "Plover, here, who knows all about the stuff, says it's worth half a million. Now, of course, I'm sure you purchased it legitimately, but don't you think, considering that we went through hell to get it and lost one man in the process, that it's worth fifty thousand?"

Had I been alone, I am sure he would have jumped me. As it was, he sat there gnawing his lips and twisting his hands and looking as if he'd like to have my heart out.

"Fifty thousand is what we ask," I repeated. "Twenty apiece for Plover and me, and ten thousand to be divided among the crew. Otherwise, we aim to make it public. Do we get it?"

He stared at me a long, long time.

"Yes," said he.



When Cowboys Jest

LACHRYMOSE LYRICS OF A TENDERFOOT

By Robert V. Carr

Suspicion

'T'WAS yesterday they asked if I
Would seek the "Flying V" and try
To borrow some "*steer goggles*." Why?
"Well, now, you see," they said, "it's
dry
An' grass so short the cattle need
Eyeglasses fer to see to feed;
They loses flesh an' sometimes die
If in that way they strain a eye."
Yet in my heart a feeling strong
Did seem to hint of *something wrong*.

Puzzlement

THE "Flying V" I quickly found
In leisure poses on the ground;
But when my wants to them were
known
Each man arose and gave a groan.
Then one replied: "I hate to say
We used our last steer specs to-day;
We has a dozen *earmarks* left,
But o' steer specs we're plum' bereft."
Then laughter coarse his voice did
choke;
I rode away. H'm, what's the joke?

Pork?

TO-DAY at dinner some one said:
"*This pork's* heap finer than corn
fed."
Another looked up from his plate,
"*That hedgehog* sure was fat——"
Faugh! Wait!
No more for me! I sought the creek,
And there I pondered, sick and weak.
"Come back," I heard the demons call,
"Come back, or we will eat it all!"
"Hedgehog!" I gasped. "Two bites I
took—
I'll only live to kill *that* cook!"

Optimistic

I'VE been out West three months and
yet
I am not homesick. I have met
A lot of fellows clean and strong;
And somehow in my heart I long
To be like them. Of course, they've
played.
Odd tricks on me and often made
Me look quite cheap, but yet I feel
Down deep they're true and fine as
steel.
Just now their wise words come to me:
"We like you or we'd *let you be*."

Learning

IT seems these cowboys have a way
Of mixing their rough work with
play.
Last night I danced on joyous feet
With ranch girls buxom, fair, and
sweet;
Forgot myself and just joined in
The frolic and the gladsome din.
And every one was kind to me,
And warm and friendly as could be.
Yes, it takes time to understand
The people of this strange, wild land.

Seasoned

I SAW It leave the stage to-day—
A tenderfoot. Well, I must say,
I do not blame the boys much now
For what they did to me. I vow
This nice, new thing some points to
give,
And, maybe, then I'll let It live.
Bah! Soft, white face and fat conceit,
Just thinks Its knowledge is complete.
Look at those clothes, the little hat—
Say, on the square, was I like *that*?

The Passing of Bill

By Frederic S. Isham

Author of "Half a Chance," "Under the Rose," "The Social Buccaneer," Etc.

Bill's friends might have called it "malicious animal magnetism," if they had been familiar with the phrase. At any rate the strange mental disturbance was there, and the good friends of Bill set out to counteract it. Poor Bill felt like a rope in a tug of war. We bespeak your sympathy for Bill, while our hats are off to the well-intentioned practitioners of M. A. M.

BILL BOLTER, about to take a drink, suddenly hesitated. No one had ever known him to hesitate at such a moment before. He even sniffed, two or three times, his whisky, which behavior those observing him thought very odd. He usually wasted no time sniffing. He had the reputation of being a prompt man when he had a glass in his hand. He was generally so prompt he abridged the usual courtesies. Instead of "Here's to you," or "Looking at you," he merely gave a quick jerk or nod of his head in your direction, then took his liquor neat, with a gulp as if he were swallowing an oyster. Bill Bolter not only sniffed on this memorable occasion, but he toyed with his glass. Now, when a man of Bill's caliber dallies with the tumbler, especially when it's his first drink, there's usually something wrong, either with him or the whisky. Bill looked all right; his face wore its accustomed bloom; his right arm had not suffered a stroke of paralysis.

Some one drank his health. He nodded, but still he continued to dally. The bartender glanced at him sharply. Some one else drank Bill's health. Again he responded with a jerk of the head, while his good right arm, as from force of habit, started to perform its accustomed functions. But, before the

glass touched his lips, he set it down. The bartender frowned. Bill's actions seemed to cast an aspersion on his wares. When a man of Bill's reputation plays with his glass as a dreamy young maiden does with the first rose of summer, something has happened to his mentality, or he is bent on deliberately insulting the "house."

The barkeeper, who had a high opinion of his own dignity, spoke sharply. *Was* anything the matter with the whisky? His accents were defiant. So a knight of old might have held himself after hurling a gauntlet into his antagonist's face. Bill did not look bellicose. He certainly did not seem to be searching for trouble. He did not meet defiance with defiance. He only scratched his head, while a puzzled expression appeared on his rubicund countenance. The whisky was all right, he answered; but he just didn't feel in a hurry. He liked to look at it, it looked so good. It *was* good, smartly retorted the bartender; "straight goods"; and any man who dared to imply it was not—and so on. Bill replied meekly.

The others were waiting for him now. It was time for some one else to call for "some more." One or two pointed remarks were made. They had their effect. It was the first time in his life Bill had been the last to swallow his

liquor. He hastily raised the tumbler; the contents disappeared in his mouth. Those who watched him looked for the customary single up-and-down movement of the prominent "Adam's apple." But that familiar visual accompaniment to Bill's imbibing did not occur. Instead of swallowing, the unaccountable delinquent deliberately ducked his head and ejected the precious liquor into the cuspidor. This extraordinary act seemed to stupefy the audience; the bartender's jaw fell as he realized the stupendousness of the offense. He could only stare. But Bill did not wait for him, or any of them, to recover. He walked out. What the bartender later said he did not hear. Perhaps it was as well.

Bill Bolter walked as in a dream. What had taken place was beyond his own comprehension. "Me refuse good whisky! Me not take a drink! Me to have wasted it like that! Or is it me? Am I, I?" The good Boston people who saw him stop in the street and tap his head wondered. Bill pondered over himself as over a phenomenon. When he came to a shop window that had a mirror at the back, he paused and surveyed his visage.

It looked back at him in the old, familiar fashion. Those slightly bleary eyes were his. That nose with the carbuncle was his very own. It was a distinctive carbuncle that lent undeniable individuality, if not beauty, to his countenance. It was prominently planted. He regarded it dubiously, sadly. It was most eloquent. It seemed fairly to call for another drink. And he hadn't had one yet that day. There must be some mistake. He pinched himself. He was awake, all right.

He stopped at another saloon where he was not known. He looked toward the bar. How convivial it seemed there! A dozen good fellows were trying to quench their thirst, and the more they drank the thirstier they seemed to get. That was the beauty about good liquor. Unlike water, it stimulates what it seeks to quench. Blithely Bill walked toward the bar. He wanted to cultivate one of those will-o'-the-wisp thirsts also. He

felt like himself once more—and then he didn't. He never reached the bar. His footsteps became arrested.

One of the convivial band noticed him. What was the matter; didn't he have the price of a drink? queried this friendly mortal. If such was the lamentable fact—with a sympathetic glance at the eloquent carbuncle—let him step up and join them. Bill answered weakly. He didn't want to step up. He wasn't thirsty. He didn't care for a drink. He evolved these sentences after the manner of a man propounding a paradox. He regarded himself as a hideous riddle. Unbelieving glances were bent upon him. He experienced the sensation of appearing in a new and unfamiliar rôle. He felt like one of those detectives who step out of their own characters and assume, for some ulterior reason, a strange make-up. Bill tried to look apologetic. It is very funny not to be yourself; to realize the mystifying and uncanny fact you are some one else. He wondered who really he was.

He got out of the place somehow. He was very unhappy. It is most disagreeable to want something, and yet not seem to want it at the psychological moment when about to get it. He was plunged into a chaos of incertitude. He didn't even enter the next saloon he came to. He merely looked in the window. Boston saloons have the curtains always up, so he was afforded an unrestricted view. It was a sight to gloat over. A gallant company lined the polished mahogany; the smoke of convivial weeds curled around them and seemed to bind them together in one great ensemble effect of glorious happiness. There seemed no room for dull care in that snug and cozy place. A big cheese displayed its rotund shape hospitably on the free-lunch table.

Bill sighed. He lingered before the window like a discontented ghost. He watched the arms go up and down; he observed the brisk bartender. No delays there! It was a lively picture; everything was sparkling, alluring. A policeman looked at Bill suspiciously. Bill looked at his watch, then gave a

start. Supper time already! Supper time and not a drink! He felt dazed. What an uncomfortable, mocking situation! He felt as if he had been cheated out of something. He *had* cheated himself. He resented himself. He called himself names. Then he took a street car and went home.

Usually when he took his street car he was in a half dream. On those other occasions he didn't mind the crowds. He would smile when a lady stepped on his toe. Good-naturedly he would permit the people to butt him around, all over the platform, in the subway. But to-night it was different. He frowned when a dear young creature came near putting out one of his eyes with a hat-pin. He looked positively cross when a weary-acting shopgirl deposited a heavy parcel so that it rested against his knee. And, arriving at his house, he banged the front door after him as he entered.

Mrs. Bolter greeted him with a smile—the true wifely smile—the kind calculated to make home happy and to keep husbands in nights. She seemed just a trifle too amiable. She made him feel that home was almost too felicitous a place for a mere mortal man. She didn't say anything about not smelling alcohol on him. This was rather remarkable, for Bill's breath at times was something shocking, and she must have noticed the difference in the present instance. During the evening meal, she was as bright and cheery as a sunshine proverb; but Bill was gloomy and pessimistic. He went to bed early, not because he wanted to go to bed, but because Mrs. Bolter's gay, almost playful persiflage jarred on his spirits. She seemed fairly to radiate happiness, and this seemed to depress Mr. Bolter.

The next day, at the usual hour, he stopped again at the usual first place. He made himself more unpopular than ever by repeating yesterday's performance. The bartender indulged in a few uncomplimentary remarks at his expense, and the company generally joined in. They gave Bill ample provocation for fistic display; but he showed no spirit. He not only wouldn't drink, but

he wouldn't fight. Here, indeed, was an extraordinary metamorphosis. Had he joined the Salvation Army? No; because he wasn't trying to convert any of the others.

In disgust with himself and the world, Bill went home early. It made him feel bad to watch other people imbibing. It also made him mad. To-day he entered the house quietly. He was not his old free-and-easy, happy, don't-care-who-hears-me self. He sneaked in. He seemed only a shadow of himself; a silent, melancholy one. He closed the front door listlessly. He crossed the hall like a sad specter. He knew he had no business to come home so early. No man ever had. By rights, he belonged somewhere else. He moved toward the sitting room; then he stopped.

"It's poison!" From the other side of the door came a voice; then a second and a third; after that, a chorus of tones. Now they jarred on him in irritating syncopation. A moment later they rang out in unison: "You can't touch it, Bill! You can't. Our auto-suggestion makes it impossible. You can't swallow. It would choke you. Now altogether, sisters!" And like a mighty choral band, chanting in perfect time, came the response in one vibrating crescendo: "It's poison, Bill! Drop it!"

Bill listened. He felt that a conspiracy was afoot. He knew himself the target. What were they doing? Pumping his inner consciousness plumb full of something he didn't want—that auto-suggestion stuff his wife sometimes talked about? He knew she went on Sundays to the Huntington Avenue building where the psychics and the other mysterious people perform. He had heard her tell about some of their doings. Who were these dozen or so ladies in there, anyway? What business had they in his house? They certainly were in earnest.

"Now, throw it out in symmetrical waves, dear sisters," said some one. "Let this wonderful law of suggestion go to the erring one like an irresistible billow of the sea. Let it engulf him. Let it catch him up like a little child.

All together!" Then: "Drop it, Bill! It's poison, Bill!" It did, indeed, go out like a winter surf pounding on the shores.

The recipient of all this kindly attention staggered from the house. He went out as quietly as he had entered. A great wave of indignation swelled in his bosom. He carried it all the way back downtown with him. Resentment almost choked him. He reentered the "usual first place" with a rush. He showed that he had a chip on his shoulder. In broken accents he told his story. He found sympathetic listeners. One of them, the barkeeper, was highly indignant—almost as mad as Mr. Bolter.

"They call it p'isen, do they?" he fairly shouted. "My goods! Now, if it were some other place, there might be some truth in it. But I ain't never juggled with good lick in my life. I ain't had the heart to. I just couldn't. I was brought up on good lick. I would as soon think of turning down a friend as spoiling a bar'l of it. Good whisky, in my eyes, is something sacred—not to be fooled with, or to take liberties with. I appeal to you, boys. Is it—is it p'isen you gets here?" His voice exhibited the depths of his emotion.

They hastened to reassure him. "Maybe it gets a little thin, sometimes, Hank; but it ain't p'isen. Don't you worry about what a passel of women are saying."

"That's it," said the barkeeper resentfully. "They have asperged my character. It's libel. That's what I call it."

"Why don't you sue 'em?" suggested some one. "That's the idea," the others joined in eagerly. "All you've got to do is to prove it ain't p'isen, and there'll be damages."

But Hank shook his head. "I ain't going to law with a passel of women. Why, I'd as soon sue a hornet's nest; and I guess I'd get as much damages in one case as the other. There ain't no jury'd dare give me a verdict. I've just got to stand it."

"What about me?" spoke up a gloomy voice. From the shadowy corner Mr. Bolter regarded them. His voice seemed to come from a cave. Depths of gloom

surrounded him. "Hank may feel hurt by havin' it called p'isen, but that don't bar him from drinkin' it. In fact, he'll probably feel called upon to drink all the more, just to prove it ain't p'isen. Maybe he could even figger out it's a debt of gratitude he's owin' them."

"I don't figger out nothin' of the kind," said Hank sharply. "I don't regard it as no boquets to have my lick called p'isen, and if I drinks a little more of it, to show my good opinion of it, I'm not extending a vote of thanks to any interfering females."

"Pooh!" returned Mr. Bolter mournfully. "Callin' names don't hurt. If I could be doin' what you're doin' this blessed minute, I wouldn't mind what no women said."

"It's you who ought to be suing for the damages," put in some one.

Mr. Bolter did not seem to welcome the suggestion. "Sue my own wife?" he said sarcastically. "That's what it would amount to. Ain't she the ring-leader?"

"I tell you what," spoke a little, wizened man. "Give 'em some of their own medicine. You can't fight 'em in the courts. And I don't know as you have sufficient grounds for a divorce."

Mr. Bolter snorted contemptuously. "What do you call fightin' them with their own medicine?"

"Give 'em some of their own orter-suggestiveness. Ain't that what you said it was they'd been givin' you?"

Bill turned his back, just to show what he thought of such advice. The others were all drinking a little faster than usual just to show what they thought of the barkeeper, and how they regarded him as a much-maligned individual. Mr. Bolter, alone of all that goodly company, took nothing. He didn't even try to take anything. He could almost hear those waves of sound: "You can't do it, Bill! You can't. No use attempting to."

But the little, wizened man was in earnest in the advice he had tendered. "How many females was they?" he asked.

"Mabbe a dozen. Mabbe fifteen," returned Mr. Bolter bitterly. "I didn't

stay to count 'em. They sounded like a hundred."

"Fifteen?" murmured the other tentatively. "Well, here we are nine husky men. One man ought to have more orte-suggestiveness than one female, being he is stronger and belongs to the superior sex. Besides, ain't we got the advantage of not being so far away? It stands to reason that orte-suggestiveness ain't so strong, comin' a mile or more as it is, if you git it clost by. You see the p'int?"

They were beginning to. He spoke like a Solomon. Even Bill looked less pessimistic. Some of the scornful curve went from his lip. His carbuncle throbbed expectantly.

"Now listen to me," went on the bibulous wise one. "You say they was all speaking together, Bill?"

"Yes. Sounded as if it might hypnotize you if you listened long enough."

"Now, fellers, we'll speak altogether," said the little Solomon. "And we'll dispel them evil influences." He waved his hand like the conductor of an orchestra. "Bill, it ain't p'isen." ("You bet it ain't!" sotto voce from the barkeeper.) "It's nectar. It's got a grand taste. It's better than soothin' sirup. You *can* drink it. It *won't* choke you. You could swallow a jugful of it."

Mr. Bolter straightened. He looked hopeful. He felt as if they were, actually and truly, pumping into him an antidote to that other "orte-suggestiveness." He even ventured to walk to the bar. The gleaming mahogany did not seem to repel him. The symmetrical array of glasses looked inviting. He sniffed experimentally, and found himself encouraged. He even began to experience a joyful expectancy.

"It ain't p'isen. Drink it, Bill!" The cheering, rhythmic voices rang out like gladsome thunder. They were twice as loud as the females. It seemed reasonable, therefore, to Mr. Bolter that they should be twice as efficacious. He regarded a half-filled glass that had found its way magically in front of him. Then he passed his sleeve across his lips. His eyes focused on the glass. He wondered. He didn't want to fail.

"Just a little louder, boys!" he whispered huskily.

His fingers were twitching. They responded manfully to his request. "It's nectar, Bill. You gotta drink it!"

And he did. Hurrah! The spell was broken. They danced, shouted, and whooped. The little man threw his hat in the air. A halo of satisfaction shone around the barkeeper's brows. "Them pesky females—we've beat 'em, boys. We've saved Bill. Poor Bill!"

Before the barkeeper had finished his peroration, Mr. Bolter felt like a martyr. But he found compensation for all he had endured. He made up for the day he had lost—the day he had been robbed of. Never had a greater moral victory been achieved.

"Beat 'em at their own game!" again and again chuckled the barkeeper. "Why, if we hadn't, they might have put me out of business. Arter they'd done for poor old Bill here, it might 'a' been you next, and you—and you. All the womenfolks would have tried to have served their husbands as Bill's wife treated him. I tell you, boys, the effect of what we have done to-day is far-reachin'. That pesky orte-suggestiveness is more dangerous than gunpowder and dynamite; and think of trustin' such a dangerous element to an unreasoning and foolish female! Why, it's like lettin' the baby have a giant firecracker and a match to play with. If we'd lost, I trembles for the result. Why, they might 'a' blowed up the whole community. Man's liberty would have been gone. He'd become a poor, tremblin' wreck like Bill was yesterday. You remember what a miserable, ornery specimen Bill seemed."

"A horrid example." "The missing link." "The 'Before' man in a patent-medicine ad." They variously phrased their conceptions of Mr. Bolter's appearance of the day before. He had felt his own insignificance; but he had not fully realized what he had looked like until they thus vividly—rather too vividly—described him to himself. The carbuncle was now glowing in all its pristine glory. Once more he began to carry himself like a man.

He hied him homeward, very much pleased. He entered the house with the old masterful air. He wanted to see Mrs. Bolter's face. He wouldn't tell her what had transpired. Oh, no; not he! He wasn't going to show his cards. He came into the sitting room whistling. Mrs. Bolter heard the blithe melody, and looked slightly surprised. Then *she* sniffed. Her hands tightened slightly; her face hardened, but she said nothing. She was not as sunshiny as she had been the night before. She seemed to devote herself to thinking.

It was Mr. Bolter who disseminated the sunshine. It was he who was gay, almost playful now. Once or twice, listening to his merry pleasantry, Mrs. Bolter's lips tightened. He tried to make her talk, but she wouldn't. He didn't wish to appear too triumphant, only just sufficiently so, for a man who has achieved a great moral victory and reestablished himself on the pedestal where he belongs.

The next day, Mr. Bolter, at the accustomed hour, drank joyously. The men's "orter-suggestion" chorus worked earnestly. They chanted their words to the merry clink of glasses. When they really "got down to business," the effect was that of a miniature anvil chorus. They had a tempo for filling and refilling. All was harmony; all was cadence.

How they smiled as they thought of the women's "orter-suggestion" club working overtime, and to no purpose, out there somewhere in the suburbs! It was a good joke on the womenfolks. But it would, also, teach them a lesson. The men smacked their lips over glass rims. The contents seemed really to become improved when they asseverated so positively:

"It's nectar, Bill."

Stuff five years old tasted as if it were twenty. It acquired such a fictitious mellowness that they rolled it around in their mouths. And before they did this, they held up their glasses to survey the reddish-brown liquor. They expatiated on its oiliness. Hank was in ecstasy. This was as it should be. Only one shadow marred the otherwise perfect picture.

Outside, a woman constantly passed and repassed, and incidentally looked in. That was the disadvantage of being obliged to have the curtain up. The females could thus, if they wished, gaze upon the males in their cups. Of course, no modest female would do it. She would even turn her face discreetly the other way when she passed. The best etiquette in Boston makes this incumbent on the sex. But there are females and females. This female was one of the latter. She looked in, and she didn't care who saw her.

"Not Mrs. B., is it?" said Hank jocularly to Bill, jerking his thumb toward the window.

"It isn't," returned Bill laconically. "She knows too well to try that. Let me catch her at it once."

He looked positively fierce as he said this, and he frowned at the female. "Must be a scout sent by the ladies' orte-suggestiveness club to report proceedings."

No doubt she was a spy delegated by that officious body for this unwomanly work, but they did not mind her presence. In fact, they rather relished it. It lent piquancy to the scene. It suggested how great was their own victory; how complete the downfall of their antagonists.

"It's nectar!" chortled Hank, airily waving his glass toward her.

For a moment her eyes seemed to bore into him like gimlets. "It's p'isen," they snapped back; but their saying so didn't make any difference. Hank could afford to be magnanimous. Never had business been better! The chorus stimulated it. His retort was the retort courteous. He smiled. She vanished. Hank felt so good, he forgot it wasn't his turn, and "set them up" before it came around for him to do so. And no one reminded him of his absent-mindedness.

But next day something happened. The men's chorus seemed working all right, only Bill did not appear to be in good spirits. He sidled up to the bar as if he wasn't quite sure he belonged there; and, when they put the glass in

front of him, he looked at it out of the corners of his eyes. Now that, of course, was no way to do. There is an unwritten law that every one should look good whisky squarely in the face. Mr. Bolter's manner left a good deal to be desired in this respect. He rubbed the glass around and around with his finger. Hank noticed these annoying symptoms. He spoke sharply to the others, and they began the chorus without further delay. Bill, as if taking heart, raised his glass—then, before it reached his lips, he set it down.

An awful silence fell upon the gathering. They gazed at one another in consternation. Then, when they began to recover from their surprise, the chorus tried again. Bill tried again, too. He lifted his glass—he drank, but he did not swallow. He turned green, repeated the action that had distressed them so on that memorable first occasion, and then fairly retreated to a dark corner of the room.

For some moments no one spoke. At length, however, they turned to Solomon. What should they do now? He advised sending out a scout as the females had the day before, to try to discover what had happened. They did send out a scout. Bill waited. It was cold cheer for him. The others imbibed quietly. The place had a funereal atmosphere. Gone was the blissful "nectar" illusion. "POISON" was written in big letters before Mr. Bolter's inner gaze.

In an hour or so the scout returned and reported. He had sneaked into the back yard of Bill's house and peeped in the side windows. The sitting room was filled with females; likewise the parlor. There was even an overflow in the kitchen.

"That accounts for it," said the bar-keeper lugubriously. "It's sheer weight of members that's done it. Their voltage of orter-what-you-call it has got ourn beat. They've licked our orter to a finish; given it that solar punch. I'm plum sorry for poor Bill. He were worth savin'. I hate to give in. Blamed if I will!" with sudden energy. "Be licked by a passel of females! Here, you"—

to the scout—"go out and git some more of the boys. Explain; plead with 'em. Tell 'em there's an immortal principle at stake. Show 'em a picter of poor Bill mopin' in a corner. That'll move 'em. Ask 'em how they'd feel if they was in his place. Don't waste no time. And if you see any strong-looking loafers, fetch 'em on, too. I'll stand treat this once. I gotta put that orter combine out of business."

Not long thereafter, the place presented a different and more exhilarating aspect. There wasn't room at the bar to accommodate the multitude. The "orter" voltage that was developed must have been tremendous. It straightened Bill's spine in a jiffy. He tripped with juvenile lightness to the inviting mahogany. His manner was debonair. They gave him a choice place in the center, where everything would come to him nice and handy. Several sociable loafers patted him on the back, called him, "Bill, old boy!" and affectionately declared their intention of "standing by him." He replied in kind.

It was a love feast. They made a regular hero of him. He hoped the females would send out a few scouts. He wanted them to see him. He set his hat on the back of his head and assumed a special pose for the benefit of any peripatetic ones from the rival chorus.

The lady with the gimlet eyes *did* look in. She paused, as if shocked by the spectacle of his redemption and the hospitality of his friends. But Mr. Bolter felt so carefree and forgiving he wafted a kiss toward her. The lady did not respond in spirit with this osculatory bit of fun. She bored him through and through with her eyes. Then once more, like a vanishing ghost before the windows of a haunted house, she disappeared. Mr. Bolter waved his hat after her.

He was unusually jovial in his own house that night. He acted just as if he didn't know of the well-attended matinee performance that had occurred there; and when Mrs. Bolter absently remarked something about a peeping Tom who was operating in the neighborhood, Mr. Bolter jocosely proposed

referring the matter to the police. He didn't intend to have no peeping Toms around his house.

Mrs. Bolter eyed him dreamily. She didn't seem half as put out as he had expected. She even brought him his slippers. Once or twice she smiled just as if she rather liked the old, familiar odor Mr. Bolter brought home with him. She so far forgot herself as to interject a "dear" into her conversation. It hardly "phased" Mr. Bolter, though. He had been called "good old Bill" so much that afternoon, he felt rather inured to terms of endearment.

When he got up to go to bed, he remarked he had worked rather hard that day, and was a bit tired. Whereupon Mrs. Bolter expressed sympathy, bid him be careful, and told of a case where some one had injured himself with hard labor. But when he turned, the sympathy faded from her face. There was rather a peculiar look in her eyes as she gazed after him. Bill would have worried if he had seen it.

Hank, like a warrior of old, girded his loins the next day for the contest. Bill's friends had responded nobly. Instead of scattering their energies all along the line, they willingly concentrated in one place. There could be no doubt of victory. The immortal principle would soon be settled for all time. The females would get tired of the affair. Another day or two and it would lose its novelty for them.

Mr. Bolter's entrance was as theatrical as that of a popular star. He was given the center of the stage. A friendly audience applauded, but what had happened to him? His face lacked

enthusiasm; expressed only indecision. He stopped, as if held by invisible wires. He never even got as far as the bar, though the chorus was singing: "It's nectar, Bill!" The enticing strains failed to lure him. The barkeeper looked worried. "Peeping Tom" was sent out to investigate.

He came back, bulging with the news. The females had hired a hall; a lot of women's societies had joined in. Bill was an "issue." In a few days he would become a figure of national importance. His picture would be in every paper. The females were going to "fight it out on that line" if it took all summer. If the hall wasn't large enough, they were going to rent the opera house. Hank looked worried. Mr. Bolter didn't say a word. All the heart seemed to have gone out of him.

"The worst is," said the messenger, "that I heard one of those women say that when you pump a man full of that orter stuff, just as full as he will hold it, he never goes back. He's cured for good. Them were her very words. 'That medicine stuff you put secretly in your husbands' coffee cups, dear sisters,' says she, 'only has a temporary effect. All medicines has. But orter-suggestiveness—that stays.'"

The barkeeper made a gesture. "I'm through," he said wearily. "I ain't competin' agin' operry houses and convention halls. Good-by, Bill." And he sorrowfully extended his hand.

But Bill didn't take it. The worst was yet to come. It fell like a boom among them. As he retreated toward the door, he looked back. "P'isen!" he said. "P'isen!"

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM will begin, in the next **POPULAR**, a striking series describing "**THE PECULIAR GIFTS OF MR. JOHN T. LAXWORTHY.**" The series will consist of six stories, each complete in itself, and will run consecutively beginning with the May Month-end **POPULAR**, on sale two weeks hence, April 23rd. Note the change in the date of issue of the **POPULAR**. In future it will be on sale on the 7th and 23rd of each month.

A Chat With You

THE really great detectives of fiction, the masters of mystery who live and breathe and whom we long remember, are few and far between. Lecoq, Dupin, Sherlock Holmes, we can think of no others of the past. And the deeds of all of them are a tale that is told. Even Sherlock Holmes cannot "come back." We wish he could, but he has tried and failed. To create a new character of this type is a task that few writers are willing to undertake. It is so difficult to bring into being a new detective fit to associate with these shrewd and engaging figures of the past. It seems almost impossible to find something really new and original in the way of detective fiction. This task has just been accomplished. The writer who has succeeded where so many have failed is E. Phillips Oppenheim. In the next issue of THE POPULAR you will meet a new creation of Oppenheim's, who will rank with the really great detectives of fiction.



HIS name is John T. Laxworthy. He is a character unique, inimitable, fascinating in his astuteness, his confidence, his quality of readiness under all circumstances. He is the central figure in the greatest series of short stories that Oppenheim has ever written. The author has called the series "The Peculiar Gifts of John T. Laxworthy," and after reading the first of the series in the next issue of the magazine, you will admit that his gifts are indeed peculiar, that his wits are of the keenest, and

that although to all appearances an invalid he is one of the most capable and effective people you have ever met in fiction or in life itself. Laxworthy is something more than a thinking machine, something more than an adroit, quick-witted diplomat, something more than a collection of extraordinary intuitions, but something of all these things. The problems that catch his fancy and call to him for solutions are not sordid and ordinary crimes. They are affairs in which big interests and great names are concerned, and in every story of the series there is that atmosphere and quality of romance which we recognize and like at once wherever we meet it. If we had planned for a year to get something suitable to follow Oppenheim's great serial, "The Tempting of Tavernake," which ends in the present issue, we could have secured nothing better than this new series of short stories by the same writer. The series will run continuously in THE POPULAR through the rest of the year. These new stories represent Oppenheim's highest and most artistic achievement as a writer of fiction.



SOME might think it the best policy to save up the really big features, to announce them one at a time and at long intervals. We, however, when we find anything especially good, want to share it with you at the earliest possible moment. The announcement of a new series of the worth and importance of the Oppenheim stories would be sufficient of a sensation for any one number

A CHAT WITH YOU—Continued.

of almost any magazine. But it is not so with us. We want to talk about something else, just as good, just as important, just as unusual in its way as the Oppenheim stories. It is a new serial mystery story by Richard Washburn Child.



CHILD is one of the cleverest, soundest, and most entertaining of American writers. He is the author of the novel, "Jim Hands," a book or so of short stories, as well as numerous articles on economic topics. His new book which is to appear in *THE POPULAR* is entitled "The Blue Wall." A good mystery story which will hold the interest of the reader from the very first, which is well constructed, well sustained, and has something of the dramatic quality, is one of the most desirable things in the way of fiction, and one of the rarest. "The Blue Wall" is all of this. When the story has added to these good points the quality of real literary worth, of atmosphere, of style, of character and depth, it is something indeed out of the common, and well worth talking about. We think we have described this new serial now in general terms. We will say nothing of the plot of the story. It can only be told in the story itself. "The Blue Wall" is like nothing else you have ever read before. It is sure to make a big success in book form later on. It is one of the best mystery stories that has ever appeared in this or any other magazine. You know by this time that we don't say anything we don't mean in the way of describing stories to appear in future numbers of the magazine. This announcement of "The Blue Wall" is not a burst of enthusiasm on our part. It is just the plain, unvarnished truth.

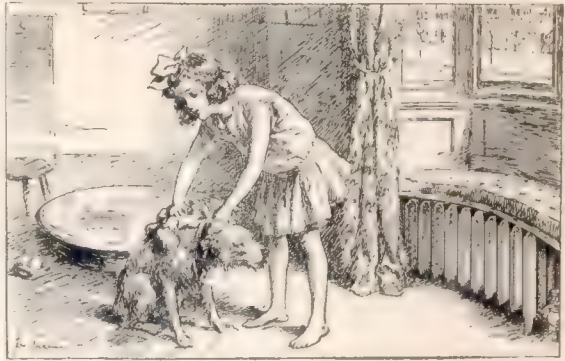
CONSIDERING the unusual quality of the two new features we have just spoken of, it might seem hard to get together a magazine of the same standard. We think we have succeeded, though, in the next issue of *THE POPULAR*. The complete novel is "A Caribbean Clearance," by Francis Lynde. You are already well enough acquainted with his work to know what to expect from him. The author of "The King of Arcadia" and "The Taming of Red Butte Western," has given us in this new story a tale of the same quality. It will prove to you that even to-day romance and adventure are to be met with; that there are still new, uncharted islands in the blue Caribbean, and that though the pirates have gone, something of their spirit still lives after them.



THERE'S a good detective story in the same issue of *THE POPULAR*, by Daniel Steele, who wrote "The Long Arm of Coincidence." This new story of his is called "The Twist of a Screw." There is another Robert V. Carr story, funny when it isn't thrilling and thrilling when it isn't funny. There is also another good story in the "big league" series, by Charles E. Van Loan, who can write baseball stories better than any one we know of at present. There is also the first half of a great two-part story, by Clarence Cullen, and a good army story, by Francis McGrew. There's the second installment of Roy Norton's new serial, which gets better as it goes on, and enough short stories to make up a magazine that will disappear from the news stands like snow in an April rain. Order *your* copy in advance.

The cleanly warmth

There is that feeling of refinement which comes with proven knowledge of cleanliness in a home heated with one of our modern outfits. There is no way for ashes, soot or coal-gases to rise to the rooms above and



affect or destroy the purity or vitality of the atmosphere.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

The doors of an IDEAL Boiler are accurately machined to fit snugly, and as all joints of AMERICAN Radiators, as well as of the piping, are threaded as perfectly as the finest

stop watch, they distribute their soft warmth without scattering grime and gases into the living-rooms, as do old-fashioned heating methods.

Thirty-five years of experience in building special machinery for fitting and erecting IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators make them absolutely reliable in performance and lasting qualities. They will guard and warm your house or business building as faithfully as these outfits now do the priceless treasures of the Vatican, British Museum, Doge's Palace, Louvre, Musee de Cluny, White House, Independence Hall, etc. The quality is always the same, no matter how humble or how notable the building in which are placed IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Yet the cleverness of our mechanical experts, as well as the great volume of our world-wide business, enables us to put their price within reach of all.



A No. 1-19-S IDEAL Boiler and Radiators, costing the owner \$105, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.



If you want to be a free housekeeper, IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are the only kinds that warm the house without adding to the labor of its care, that do not soil and wear the furnishings and decorations, that will keep a new house new and prolong the life and value of an old house, and that soon repay their cost in the fuel savings. As a lover of and a laborer for health-protecting cleanliness, send to-day for our valuable book (free). Puts you under no obligation to buy.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 42
816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago



Soda crackers are extremely sensitive to moisture.

Before the advent of Uneeda Biscuit the only persons who ever tasted fresh, crisp soda crackers were the people in the bakeries.

Now that we have Uneeda Biscuit—we have perfectly baked soda crackers—perfectly kept.

No moisture can reach them—no contaminating influences can affect their flavor — their goodness is imprisoned only to be liberated by you for you when you open the package. Five cents.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**



The Pony Express

A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

Pony riders carried messages from Missouri to California, nearly two thousand miles across mountains and deserts, through blizzards and sand storms, constantly in danger of attack by hostile Indians.

Fresh horses were supplied at short intervals, and the messages, relayed from rider to rider, were delivered in the record-breaking time of seven and one-half days.

Railroad and telegraph took the place

of the Pony Express, carrying messages across this western territory. Today the telephone lines of the Bell System have done more, for they have bound together ranch and mine and camp and village.

This network of telephone lines, following the trails of the Indians, connects with the telegraph to carry messages throughout the world.

By means of Universal Bell Service the most remote settler is no longer isolated, but has become a constantly informed citizen of the American Commonwealth.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

\$3 AND YOU KEEP ELGIN THIS 17 JEWEL ELGIN GUARANTEED 25 YEARS



STEVE HARRIS, Pres.

Says:—Before you buy any Watch I want you to see this Thin-Model 17-Jewel Elgin. Its the latest and finest product of the Elgin Factory.

We want to Send You this Magnificent 16 size, Thin Model 17-Jewel Elgin, fully Adjusted to Temperature, Isochronism and Three Positions, Complete with fine Double Strata Gold Case, Guaranteed 25 Years on

\$ 30 Days Free Trial

And if you don't say this is the biggest Elgin Watch bargain you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only \$3.00, and the rest in similar amounts each month. No interest—no security—just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine Elgin is better than other Watches costing twice or three times as much.

Send for Our Free Catalog Write today for particulars and we will send you

OUR NEW FREE WATCH AND DIAMOND BOOK, also our book called "Facts vs. Bunc" or all about the watch business, both at home and abroad. **HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 428 KANSAS CITY, MO.**

The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.



Guaranteed For 25 YEARS

CUT YOUR CAMERA EXPENSE IN HALF



Thousands are doing it—with the intention that this training course saves all costs of material waste, every feature of this course is a revelation of better results. Short cuts, new formulae, tricks of the world's great photographers, answers to every problem that you will meet—all this in complete detail, get it while it is at the new four volume set of

The Library of Amateur Photography

One owner says:—"They seem to cover the whole photographic field." Another:—"It is just such a course of instruction that I have been wishing to obtain for a long time."

Send for complete details, or write for descriptive matter to

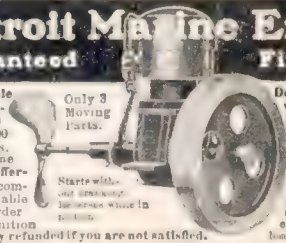
\$2 Amer. Photo Text Book Co., 4310 Adams Av., Scranton, Pa. BRINGS THIS TRAINING TO YOU

Detroit Marine Engine Guaranteed Five Years

You are the sole Judge of the engine and its merits. 250000 satisfied users. Greatest Engine Bargain ever offered.

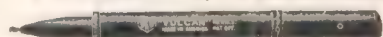
Nothing complicated or hallo! Write out of order. Waterproofing system. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Detroit Engine Works, 1231 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Demonstrator Agents wanted in every boating community. Special discount prices on the first order and... 4 extra... for any boat... Also... All engines... with... Detroit, Mich.

Insist "VULCAN" When You Buy an INK PENCIL



\$1.00 Long or Short—Red or Black \$1.00

Extra Size, 8 inches (Black Only), \$1.25

At your stationer or by mail postpaid.

AGENTS WANTED. Write for catalogue. **J. X. ULLRICH & CO., 27 Thames St., N. Y.**



Yours' 10 for 10
4x5 Roll Film Camera
MADE BY THE EASTMAN KODAK CO.

GOOD AS THE BEST AT HALF THE PRICE

The famous "BUCKEYE" made by the Eastman Kodak Co. is the most perfect camera in the world. It is the only camera that is perfect in every way. It is the only camera that is perfect in every way. It is the only camera that is perfect in every way.

The famous "BUCKEYE" made by the Eastman Kodak Co. is the most perfect camera in the world. It is the only camera that is perfect in every way. It is the only camera that is perfect in every way. It is the only camera that is perfect in every way.

FREE offer. Write for it.

HERBERT A. HUESGEN CO.

Specialists in things Photographic.

311 Madison Avenue, New York City.

P. S. This Magazine is read by over half a million people. We have 800 Cameras.

3¢ a Day Buys This Famous ILLINOIS Watch



If you can save three cents a day, we will sell you an Illinois Watch at a price lower than you can buy a high-grade watch anywhere else in the country. We are the Big Old-Reliable Credit House you have heard so much about—the large firm which has furnished over 1,000,000 homes all over the United States on the 3c-a-day plan, and we have just made a special deal which enables us to quote astonishingly low prices on the World-Famous Illinois Watch. If you have any use for a watch, either man's or lady's, write us. Just say, "Send me your Free Watch Catalog."

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

944 W. 35th Street, Chicago, Ill. (187)



No Trouble to Prepare

A woman can get too much Exercise, and Housework is monotonous Exercise at that! It is said that the preparation of meals takes up fully one half of the housewife's busy day.

That time could be shortened and she could have more leisure for enjoyment if

Post Toasties

Were used more frequently.

We do the cooking for you, Madam, in a factory that is spotlessly clean.

And remember, too, that in the making, "Toasties" are not touched by human hand!

These delicious bits of crisped Indian Corn are already to serve from the package instantly. And your family will like them, too—

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.





\$600

**for
Your Body**

You belong either to the headless army of losers, or to the "heads, I win" class.

As a member of the headless army you are a piece of mechanism with an earning capacity limited to about \$600 a year—with the scrap heap at the end of the road.

As a *head* man you can multiply that income by ten, and more—and meet **success now**.

You *can* join the *head* class. Don't argue, don't hesitate, don't compromise with failure by saying "I can't." Get on the **positive** side of yourself. Just think of the four hundred and more once poorly paid men who, every month, voluntarily report to the International Correspondence Schools advancement in salary and position **due to I. C. S. help**. Some of these stories of success read like veritable romances.



for Your Head

Back of them is the sturdy "I can" spirit, and the ability to read and write.

These successful men come from the city, town, village, countryside, office, factory, shop, store. Many had long hours, short pay and little spare time. Yet without leaving home or neglecting work they won success through I. C. S. help.

The same road is open to you—no matter who you are, what you do, where you live, what you earn, or for what well-paid occupation you wish to qualify. It's for *you* to decide whether you shall mark time with the headless army, or rise to positions of command and respect.

It costs nothing to find out *how* you can qualify through I. C. S. training.

*Mark this coupon and learn how to make your **HEAD** earn ten times as much as your **BODY***

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS	
Box 868 SCRANTON, PA.	
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Automobile Running Mine Superintendent Mine Foreman Plumbing, Steam Fitting Concrete Construction Civil Engineer Textile Manufacturing Stationary Engineer Telephone Expert Mechan. Engineer Mechanical Draftsman Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Agriculture Electric Railways Structural Engineer R. R. Construction Metal Mining English Branches Gas Engineer Foreman Plumber 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Civil Service Architect Chemist Languages Commercial English Building Contractor Architectural Draftsman Industrial Designing Commercial Illustrating Window Trimming Show Card Writing Advertising Man Stenographer Bookkeeper Salesmanship Cotton Manufacturing Woolen Manufacturing Toolmaking Foundry Work Pattern Making Blacksmithing Surveyor Poultry Farming
Name _____	
Present Occupation _____	
Street and No. _____	
City _____	State _____

AINSLEE'S

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

Ainslee's has built its reputation as the ideal magazine of entertainment for cultured American readers upon the best fiction of such writers as

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Robert Barr

H. F. Prevost Battersby

John Kendrick Bangs

Thomas P. Byron

Grace MacGowan Cooke

Richard Washburn Child

George Randolph Chester

Agnes and Egerton Castle

Anna Alice Chapin

A. Conan Doyle

Holman F. Day

Caroline Duer

Frank Danby

Jacques Futrelle

May Futrelle

Jefferey Farnol

Parker H. Fillmore

Mrs. Burton Harrison

Anthony Hope

O. Henry

Marion Hill

Emerson Hough

Robert Hichens

James Hopper

Wells Hastings

Kate Jordan

William J. Locke

Edgar Saltus

Arthur Stringer

Andrew Soutar

Burton E. Stevenson

E. Temple Thurston

Margaretta Tuttle

Baroness Von Hutton

Mary Heaton Vorse

Marie Van Vorst

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Edith Wharton

Stanley J. Weyman

Harry Leon Wilson

Herman Whitaker

Joseph C. Lincoln

Jack London

Miriam Michelson

Leonard Merrick

George Barr McCutcheon

Harold MacGrath

Alice MacGowan

Roy Norton

Lloyd Osbourne

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Emily Post

Henry C. Rowland

Morley Roberts

Morgan Robertson

That it is the story rather than the name that counts with *Ainslee's* is shown by the fact that this was the first magazine in this country to recognize the merit of O. Henry, Jefferey Farnol, Joseph C. Lincoln, William J. Locke, H. F. Prevost Battersby and others who have since acquired fame. The great writers of to-morrow are appearing in *Ainslee's* to-day.

The standard of *Ainslee's* is at least as high as that of the best magazine. The price is as low as that of the ordinary magazine.

Every one can afford to buy it. No one can afford to miss it.

AINSLEE'S

SOLD WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE READ—READ WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD

FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

Your Choice of these Dainty New Style Waists for \$1.00

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges

We Satisfy You or Refund Your Money



2R457 Blouse of Fine All-over Embroidered White Lingerie. The waist has a beautiful white high neck outlined with Cluny and German Val. lace insertion finished with a piping of white lingerie. Front of waist elaborated with Cluny lace. Short sleeves with an insertion of German Val. lace at arm hole, and closed with Val. insertion and a chic knife-plaited frill of the material. Back embroidered to match front. Fastens visibly in back with pearl buttons. 32 to 44 bust. **Mail or express charges paid by us \$1.00**

2R467 Dress Waist of Fine Washable White Marquisette, richly adorned in front with Japanese embroidery. Fastens with pearl buttons through scalloped edge at left side of front. These buttons are fastened with Val. insertion and elastic. On each side of front there is a cluster of tucks and the back is also finished with tucks. Short sleeves tucked and trimmed with Val. lace insertion, and edged Marquisette frill. The attached collar is bordered with tucks and Val. lace. 32 to 44 bust. **Mail or express charges paid by us \$1.00**

Have You Our Catalogue?

This handsome Fashion Guide shows all the latest New York styles in wearing apparel for Spring and Summer, 1912.

It's FREE—Write for it today.

2R501—Waist of fine Swiss All-over Eyelet Embroidery. The stylish Russian peplum is also of embroidery, edged with Val. lace and joined to waist by Cluny insertion; may be worn outside or beneath the skirt. Waist is designed in surplice style and has Dutch neck, finished with Cluny lace insertion and Val. edging. Fastens invisibly in front, where it is trimmed with Cluny insertion. Back is entirely of embroidery. White only. 32 to 44 bust. **Mail or Express charges \$1.00 paid by us.....**

2R502 A Dainty Waist for Warm Weather Wear. It is a mixture of silk and cotton. Sailor collar and the turn back cuffs are of plain Japonika Silk; bow tie to match. Elbow length sleeves. Handkerchief pockets. Fastens in front with self covered buttons. Plain back. Colors: black with white stripe, navy blue with white stripe, or white with black stripe. 32 to 44 bust. **Mail or express charges paid by us \$1.00**

2R503—Peplum Waist, of White Lingerie and Italian Fillet Lace. Blouse effect with front adorned with Italian Fillet lace and tucks. Gibson plait at each shoulder. The elbow length tucked sleeves are adorned with tucks. The bodice is an insertion of lace. Narrow lace trimmings, side of front. Cuffs of Fillet insertion and lace edge. Waist fastens in back, where it is tucked in. Low back edged with lace. Peplum is self fastening and the back openings may be worn inside or outside of waist. 32 to 44 bust. **Mail or express charges paid by us \$1.00**

BELLAS HESS & CO
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

1 to 8
Mills
per Shave



YOU strop the AutoStrop Razor as quickly, handily and expertly as the head barber. That's why barbers recommend it.

Stropping makes the 12 blades last 600 to 3600 shaves. So a shave costs only 1 to 8 mills. The most economical shaving ever accomplished. Compared with it the cost of a "dollar" razor is extravagance.

Get an AutoStrop Razor on trial as your dealer's today.

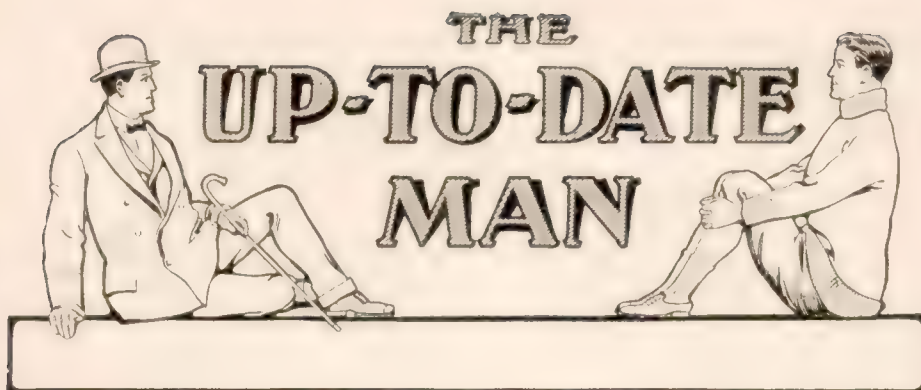
AutoStrop Razor consists of silver-plated razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome leather case, price \$5. Same price in Canada and United States. Factories in both countries. Send for catalogue.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 356 5th Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford St., London; Schleusenbrücke, No. 8, Hamburg

AutoStrop
SAFETY
RAZOR

STROPS
ITSELF

STROPS
ITSELF



The readers of the magazine may write to this department about any problem of dress. Every question will be promptly answered, provided that a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

THERE are no all-town fashions, but fashions self-divide themselves into two distinct sorts: small-town fashions and big-town fashions. London, Paris, and New York may raise their monocles boredly and feign to stifle a contemptuous yawn at "the provinces"; but these same provinces have minds and tastes of their own, and they often refuse point-blank to accept what has been ordained as "the last cry" by the "stylists." In truth, there is no stretchier term than "fashion." It means so much of everything that it means little of anything. "There are so many fashions that there aren't any fashions," sums up the condition that faces those engaged in purveying to public taste. There is as much anti-English sentiment as there is pro-English sentiment toward the cut of clothes, according to the section, and the small town is far from following the big city sheeplike.

In evening waistcoats there is a dawning vogue for black-and-white stuffs in which the two colors are artfully commingled. One garment has a black ground surmounted with

broken white hair lines. The effect is engaging and "un-everydayish."

It is a mistake to suppose that the man of fashion wears a silk hat too large for him. He wouldn't be guilty of such a silly breach that better belits some broth of a boy. This curious notion started and spread in a droll manner.

A member of a London club loitered on the steps to bandy a bit of banter with a friend. While talking, he flipped his "topper" back on his head with his thumb, to ease his brow.

Some penny-a-liner spied the clubman with his hat perched far back, and immediately gave a trivial circumstance the dignity of a paragraph, and launched the "size-too-big" hoax, which has amazed hatters and amused two continents.

Americans are prone to ascribe to Englishmen an almost reverential devotion to the formulas of dress. In truth, the Englishman dresses with far less precision than the American, and makes little of the details that loom big to us.

In one respect, though, the English are punctilious, and that is in the uniformity of their



A Fashionable Straw Hat.

Queen Quality tastes fine

Some tobacco is so strong it will push your hair out by the roots; other kinds are so steamed and weak and tasteless that you might just as well go back to the corn silk of your boyhood.

We make **Queen Quality** for the fellows who want it just right and who'd rather roll their own cigarettes than buy 'em readymade.

QUEEN QUALITY TOBACCO

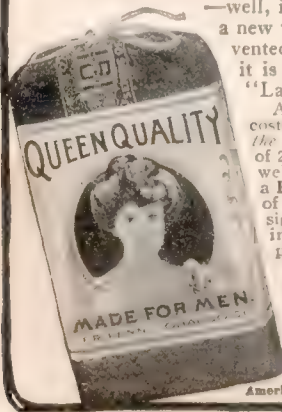
It is convenient to use, burns freely and tastes —well, it tastes so good that a new word ought to be invented for it. To smoke it is to be kissed by my "Lady Nicotine".

A **Big Blue Bag** of it costs a nickel. And *save the labels!* For the fronts of 25 Queen Quality bags we'll give you **FREE** a **Pure Silk Art Kerchief** of varied colors and designs, beautiful for making kimonos, bedspreads, pillow cases, etc.

**5c for the
Big
Blue Bag**

F R Penn Tobacco Co

American Tobacco Co., Successors



The new Norfolk Outing Jacket.

afternoon and evening clothes. They have a well-established code, and they stick to it "as one man."

Contrariwise, Americans follow so many codes that they don't follow any. We wear cutaway coats and frock coats, and black and gray, and braided and braidless, and poke collars and wing collars, and Ascots and four-in-hands, and our gloves run up and down the whole color scale.

There is an acute need of greater uniformity in the formal dress of Americans, and of more curbing of that "ego" that makes a man dress according to his own conception, rather than according to accepted convention.

"A group of well-dressed Englishmen looks like a meeting, but a group of well-dressed Americans looks like a medley," was the sharp-tongued comment of a citizen of the world. There's just enough truth in this to leave a sting.

Standards of dress, like the standards of social etiquette, "evolute" in the span of a decade. For example, it used to be "according to the code" for a man to stand bareheaded, even in the coldest weather, when exchanging civilities with a woman out of doors. This



Don't buy a Spring suit until you send for the BELL TAILORS Catalog and learn the way to secure the finest New York custom tailored clothes at a saving of at least one-third.

We deal directly with you. We have no agents—we have no representatives of any kind. Our direct method enables us to make to your individual measure a guaranteed \$20 suit for \$13.50. Take your own order—save this \$6.50. We guarantee to fit you perfectly. Any one at home can take your measure as expertly as a skilled custom tailor.

Spring Style Book—64 Samples—FREE

When you see the 64 rich sample fabrics; when you look at our portfolio of smart New York styles; when you compare our prices and read our broad, liberal guarantee of satisfaction, you will understand why thousands of men in all sections of the country prefer to have us make their clothes. Write for our catalog at once. It costs you nothing, but will show you how to save at least one-third of your clothes money.

The Bell Tailors
of New York
123-127 Walker Street
New York City

A Guaranteed
\$20 SUIT
to your measure
\$13.50



This
Style Book
and 64 Samples
FREE

Pay No Money
and we send you a
fine Diamond.

GENUINE PERFECT CUT LEGALLY GUARANTEED DIAMONDS \$97.50 PER CARAT

The Wonderful Basch Plan

of buying your diamond makes it unnecessary to send any money or references. No delays. Just select any fine diamond and it will be sent immediately.

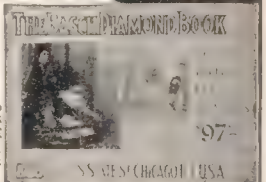
\$97.50 per carat is the world's lowest price for genuine brilliant perfect cut diamonds. \$97.50 per carat is the importer's price direct to you (15 per cent less than wholesale), saving you nearly half the price of your retail jeweler. Note these remarkable prices:

$\frac{1}{2}$ carat, \$8.25; $\frac{1}{4}$ carat, \$17.50; $\frac{1}{8}$ carat, \$45.00; 1 carat, \$97.50. Read in our Free Diamond Book how we have cut out the diamond broker, jobber, wholesale and retail jeweler, with all their salesmen, expenses and profits.

The Basch Legal "Money-Back" Guarantee. "I will be a pleasing surprise to read about this written contract to refund your money any time you wish! Read in our Free Diamond Book, too, how we guarantee the Carat weight, quality and value of every diamond! Won't you be glad to buy a fine diamond when you can secure your money back at any time?"



We mail you FREE copy of the complete **Basch Diamond Book** immediately on receipt of your name. Contains full explanation of our low prices and guarantees. It illustrates hundreds of the latest styles in men's and women's rings; scarf pins, earcrows, shirt studs, brooches, cuff links, lockets, watches and other diamond jewelry.



Send for the big Free Diamond Book TODAY.

L. BASCH & CO., Dept. R-345 S. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

PRICE \$7.50 UP



Make \$20 a Day

with our wonderful **Champion Picture Machine**. Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 300 an hour. No dark room. **Experience unnecessary**. Photo Post Cards and Buttons are all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment; big profits! Be your own boss. Write for Free Book Testimonials etc. **AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.** 562 Nehoc Bldg., Dept. B-562, Chicago, Ill.



I will send as long as they last my 25-cent BOOK

STRONG ARMS

for 10 cents in stamps or coin

Illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms, and hands, without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

482 Barker Bldg., 110 West 42d St., New York

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



These are samples of our **Diamond Bargains**. We are ready to send on approval at our expense any one of these beautiful genuine diamonds you would like to see. If it is satisfactory in every way, pay one fifth down, balance in eight equal monthly payments. Watches on same easy terms. A written guarantee accompanies each diamond. Order to-day, or write for our catalogue of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. It's free. Established 1908. Dept. N. **JAMES BERGMAN, 37-39 Maiden Lane, New York**



Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

Racine SHIRTS

UNION MADE

These Shirts are made with the care that counts no trouble too great. It tells in the strength of the making and the length of the wearing.

Some with high fold or low fold collars attached—others with collars separate.

Made of Flannels, Twills, Chambrays, Madras, Percales, Soisettes. Breast pockets, double lap-ped seams and buttons sewed on to stay.



Prices:

50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.

Sold through dealers only.

The Chas. Alshuler Mfg. Co., Makers
1205 14th Street Racine, Wis.

Learn Trapshooting



"The Sport Alluring" For Men and Women

Fascinating, Safe, Healthful.
Second only to Base Ball as a
National Sport.

A large picture of above scene (17 in. x 12 in.), in 8 colors, for framing, sent on receipt of 14c in stamps. Ask for Free Booklet No. 244 "The Sport Alluring," profusely illustrated with pictures of Royalty and celebrated Americans Trapshooting, and "Hints to Beginners."

DUPONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.
Pioneer Powder Makers of America.
Established 1802.

custom only passes current now with the older generation—and more's the pity, for it is a graceful, courtly custom. Men dropped it because they caught cold.

Similarly fashion must bow to shifting conditions and tastes. Ten years ago the soft hat was purely a country hat and not to be thought of in town. With the keener relish, however, of country life, country houses, and country clubs, and the consequent greater ease one craves in dress, soft hats are now tolerated, if not applauded, in urban communities.

He who leaves the suburbs soft-hatted can hardly be expected to exchange his "knockabout" for a derby the moment his heel clicks on city pavements. Sound fashion never runs counter to sound sense.

The cloth check, or crisscross, hat is an English type that is quite "smart" this season. It is made in the brighter stuffs, with a narrowish brim, and is usually worn turned up, not down.

No change of import marks the braided cutaway coat for afternoon. Its distinction lies in nicety of fit, not oddity of cut. It curves to the figure with a roomy amplitude of skirt.

This coat borrows elegance from the simpleness of its accessories. Thus a "fancy" waistcoat should never accompany it, and the trousers should be dark-colored, rather than light.

In collars, one may wear either the "poke," now a bit old-fashioned, or the newer and smarter "wing," with small, rounded tabs. Quite often the "wing" is made of piqué linen instead of the plain, which lends an engagingly ornate air.

Formal afternoon dress must be conventional to be correct. There is little scope for giving rein to personal taste. To attempt the "awfully swagger" is to fraternize with the sort of taste that puts ice into its claret or—agony!—diffuses the odor of scented soap.

The best-dressed man always dresses with expression. He aims for "the ensemble of elegance," for repose instead of pose, and for self-approval, not attention. Just as there are laws of balance and unity in building, so every man should follow a "construction chart" of dress to make the most of his physique and personality.

BEAUNASII.



Wholesale Agents' \$139⁶⁵ Price to You →

Get our hand-made, 4 to 5 H. P. American Motorcycle now—special opportunity to secure it at our wholesale agents' price only \$139⁶⁵. No other such low offer! Spring frame; flat belt and idler; silent, safe, powerful, ball-bearing motor; free engine; perfectly balanced fly wheel; tested cylinders; all parts finest materials; handsome, durable enamel, finished with red paneling.



Hand
Made,
Only
\$18⁸⁵

AMERICAN Motorcycles and Bicycles

I guarantee my motorcycles three times longer than any other manufacturers guarantee theirs—I guarantee my bicycles for life. My expert mechanics make my machines so that I can and do back them with these extraordinary guarantees. Every part absolutely made by hand only—no slap bang, cheap construction. My method costs me more—but I sell direct to you, cut out all middlemen, and thus all other prices give you more for less money. This 1912 American Bicycle is only \$18⁸⁵ to the first man who buys it in each locality. American Motorcycle only \$139⁶⁵. Take this opportunity to get your machine—Motorcycle or Bicycle—at these special prices, and get my wholesale agents' commission offer; there's money in it for you. Write to-day for my new 1912 catalog and state whether interested in Motorcycle or Bicycle.

A. J. Mullen
President
American Motor Cycle Co.
205 American Bldg. Chicago

Wonderful Bargains in Unredeemed Pledges

We Save You More Than Half on Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.

Going to buy Jewelry? You should get a copy of our Bargain Bulletin before buying elsewhere. It will prove convincingly that we can save you from 33% to 60% on every purchase.

Three Specimen Bargains

taken at random from our Bargain Bulletin representing goods on which we have loaned money which was not repaid. Send us your order. We prepay express charges.

5 8-3/32, 1/64 kt. solitaire diamond of purest white, of perfect cutting and brilliancy. \$125 value. **\$62**
at our unredeemed price.....

1/2 kt. size pair of Solitaire diamond gems—fine cutting—shape—brilliancy—color. Retail price \$75. Unredeemed price **\$37**

1-3/16 kt. A most miraculous bargain. Blue white color and sublime perfection in cutting, shape and brilliancy. Our unredeemed price saves nearly half..... **\$118**

Money Back Guarantee.
Every purchase carries our guarantee of your money back if you do not find the merchandise being even though exactly as represented. It is backed by our \$750,000.00 capital.

60 Years in One Location
is our proof of absolute "Square" dealing. We have sold thousands of dollars worth of unredeemed jewelry and have hundreds of more-than-satisfied customers all over the country.

Send For Bargain Bulletin containing hundreds of bargains in diamonds, watches, rings, pins, bracelets, etc., if you do not wish any of the items in this ad. Don't buy until you get our prices. Write today!

JOS. DEROY & SONS, Dept. S.
307 Smithfield St. (Opposite Post Office) Pittsburgh, Pa.
Reference: Farmers Deposit Bank, Marine Nat. Bank, Dun's, Bradstreet's

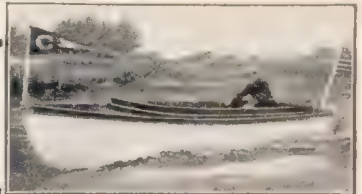
MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Because they are built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof steel plates, pressed to form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are guaranteed against puncture, leaking, waterlogging, warping, drying out, opening seams, and NEVER REQUIRE PAINTING.

MODELS. The Low-Vision 4-Cycle and Power 2-Cycle. Light, powerful, simple, can be operated by the beginner, start like automobile motors, one man control, several at any speed, exhaust silently under water. We also manufacture a complete line of steel building and fishing boats, row boats, cedar canvas-covered canoes.

Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., World's Largest Boat Builders, 325 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio



Magnificent Steel Launch \$96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

15-20-25 and 37 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no lifebuoy. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—can't sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, \$20. (53)

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1231 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

propaid, to any place in the United States without a cent deposit in advance, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES

We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the wonderfully low prices and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. Write at once for our special offer. **DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue** and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE

rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs in everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT**, but write today for our large catalogue and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a nickel to get everything.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. F-110, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

Don't Doctor Corns With Steel

Don't pare them. That just removes the top layer. It leaves the main part to grow.



A slip of the blade may mean infection. Sometimes a dangerous infection.

This form of home surgery should be ended forever.

A few years ago a chemist invented the B & B wax—the heart of the Blue-jay plaster.

Now you simply apply this plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain instantly stops, and the corn is forgotten.

This wonderful wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and branch, comes out. No soreness, no discomfort.

Please don't doubt it.

Fifty million corns have been removed in this way. Millions of people know it. Just try it yourself, and never again will you let corns cause you pain.

A In the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (159)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, 32c.



Save \$8

Suit or
Overcoat
Direct
from Mill

\$10 to
\$18

(Made-to-Measure)

Worth
\$18 to \$30

Write for
FREE
Style Book
and
Samples

YOUR suit or overcoat, made by us, will have the New York City look and you save the retailer's profit. The materials are fine, the tailoring handsome and we guarantee to fit and please you. We pay express charges.

Our handsomely illustrated book contains a wide variety of fine woolen samples from which to choose. A post card request brings it to you.

GLEN ROCK WOOLEN CO.
215 Main Street Somerville, N. J.

Send To-Day for



VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any man or boy at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2c. stamp for particulars and proof.

O. A. SMITH, ROOM W. 79, 823 BIGELOW ST., PEORIA, ILL.

WANTED SCENARIOS

For Moving Pictures

Strong original plots. Melodramatic or Comedy. Excellent prices paid for good stories. Address

SCENARIO EDITOR—

LUBIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2007 Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Write for circular of instructions.

BOYS! This Ball Glove and 50c



The Boys' Magazine (6 mos.)
We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways to Earn Money." Walter Camp edits **The Boys' Magazine**. Each issue of this magazine is filled with clean, fast-moving stories and instructive articles of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This **Boys' Magazine** is issued by one of the foremost American manufacturers of best tan leather, felt padded, leather lined, web thumb, deep pocket. Guaranteed. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today. **The Scott F. Redfield Co., 910 Main St., Smethport, Pa.** **The Boys' Magazine** at all news-stands, too a copy.

Shuster

When in Peril

Had his Savage

AIMS EASY AS
POINTING YOUR
FINGER



10
Shots
Quick

DURING the latter part of his stay in Persia, when peril became actual, Mr. Shuster and other Americans of his party chose to equip themselves with 10-shot Savage Automatics.

Mr. W. Morgan Shuster, staunch in his integrity as Treasurer-General of Persia, braved the wrath of Russia to the last hour of Persia's independence. For weeks an army of 4000 Cossack raiders and a horde of hired Bakhtian assassins menaced Mr. Shuster's life.

The Savage Automatic with its ten powerful shots is the greatest weapon ever invented for protection, either home or abroad.

It aims easy as pointing your finger. Gets into action quick. Shoots only one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all ten can be fired in three seconds. Reloads and recocks itself automatically.

Every property owner knows in the bottom of his heart that the unseen peril of the night may become a reality any night. He knows as well as Mr. Shuster knows, that if he has a Savage Automatic he is a match for any emergency, that even in his absence his wife and family are protected. That he has placed in his household the greatest weapon ever invented for protection—The Ten Shot Savage Automatic.

MORE ADVICE: "The Tenderfoot's Turn"

Send 6c. in stamps for books telling just what to do if you find a burglar in *your house or in your room*—advice by best authorities, taken from magazines, etc.

A NEW SAVAGE RIFLE

Send also for our handsome free rifle catalogue, explaining the new Savage 20-shot repeater (22 cal.), 20 inch barrel, military bolt action, weight 4 lbs., \$6.50.

Address: Savage Arms Company, 945 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

2 HORSE POWER **AMERICAN \$38**
MARINE MOTORS COMPLETE
OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSEPOWER
PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.
AGENTS WANTED.

Send for complete marine engine book FREE.
AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 403 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

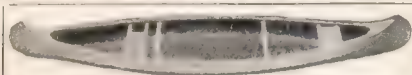
GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Made in the Largest Plant on the World devoted to manufacturing 8-cycle marine gasoline engines.

3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install \$55
ALSO 3 1/2 TO 36 H.P.

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—tells and shows you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 597 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

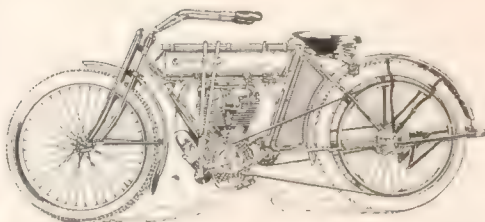


Mullins Cedar Canoes Can't Sink

Each end contains a Mullins Buoyancy Pad. These pads prevent the canoe from sinking, even though it be capsized, water-filled, and has two people clinging to it. The Mullins is the only canoe that has this important equipment. We also manufacture steel launches and row boats.

Write for our beautiful boat book, illustrated in colors. It's free, postpaid.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
360 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio



It's a YALE Year

Always a leader, the Yale today is especially prominent by reason of the fact that it has the maximum number of real 1912 improvements. Some of these may be had on the Yale only; no other motorcycle can give you all of them.

STUDY THE YALE'S LONG LIST OF GOOD THINGS

More drop forgings than any other motorcycle; the Y-A Shock Absorber "that Absorbs the Shock;" 2 1/2 in. Studded Tires; Auto Pender Mud Guards; Ellipse Free Engine Clutch; Full High Forks; Eccentric Yoke; Triple Anchored Handlebars; Muffler Cut-Out; comfortable saddle position and Mechanical Oil on Twins.

Yale 1912 literature, describing the four new Yale models: 4 H. P. to 7 H. P. Twin is ready—ask for it.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO.
1720 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

You can't beat this combination of regular features in any fiction magazine

Frank L. Packard's "Tales from the Red Ledger."

Adventure in the here and now.

Clinton H. Stagg's Stories of "Hartley J. Rudge, Master of Publicity."

The con man who plays the game without a comeback.

Ed Cahn's Letters from "Abie on the Road."

"Funnyness and eggseitement" on a Yiddish drummer's "transcondidental" trip.

Alfred T. Dobson's Stories of the Horse and Turf.

The work of a man who knows horses and horse-racing like a book.

George Foxhall's Railroad Yarns.

Full of human interest and the unexpected shift.

Duncan Frazer's Football and Baseball Stories.

He has the facts and inside information of a sporting editor's experience, and the imagination to make them entertaining.

Only a few of the good things in

PEOPLE'S
Ideal Fiction
MAGAZINE

More Stories For More People Than Any Other Magazine

Rémoh Gems

NOT IMITATIONS
LOOKS LIKE A DIAMOND
WEARS LIKE A DIAMOND

A Marvelous Synthetic Gem

The greatest triumph of the Oxy-Hydrogen Furnace. Will cut glass. Stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of diamonds. Set only in 14-karat, Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory.

Book in Colors Free
Write for our De-Luxe Jewel Book, handsomest ever published.

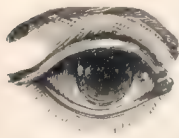
Rémoh Jewelry Co.,
435 N. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.



EYEGASSES NOT NECESSARY

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina."



"Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging. Over ninety thousand "Actinas" have been sold; treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples

of hundreds we receive:

J. J. Pope, Ballinger, Texas, writes: "I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years, and 'Actina' is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time after using 'Actina' I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes: "'Actina' has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to 11 o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head.

Send for our FREE TRIAL OFFER and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 96N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.



One of Our 40 Designs

A Wing Piano or Player Piano Shipped Absolutely FREE

WE, the manufacturers of Wing Pianos for 44 years, will send you a genuine Wing Piano, or Wing Player Piano, tested and guaranteed by us, without one penny from you. We will ship the piano free with all freight paid in advance by us. You are not out one cent in money or trouble. This offer is backed by a forty-year guarantee by the manufacturer. This offer places you in the very same position as if you were a dealer. You buy at exactly the same price as the dealer pays. You do business direct with the factory that has sent out more than 42,000 pianos.

Did You Ever Have a Piano In Your Home?

If not, haven't you often—often—wished that you did have one? The delights of sitting down before a splendid instrument—the supreme pleasure it gives—is known only to those possessing a good piano. Your opportunity is here now. You may have a piano in your home any time you want it. You may use it for 4 weeks positively without expense to you. After the 4 weeks' free trial are up make your decision. Either keep the piano or send it back, just as you choose.

Have You an Old Organ or Piano?

If you have an old organ or piano we will allow you a good price in exchange for a Wing. Get our Big Book of Information telling about it.

If for any reason—any reason whatsoever—you desire to return the piano you are at liberty to do so. Then we will pay the freight back to our factory. You are not out one cent. You have had the use of a Wing Piano for four weeks. Send the free coupon for our big piano book telling all about this great offer.

Send Free Coupon NOW For Big Piano Book

This book now sent absolutely free. The biggest piano book ever published. It tells you just how to judge a piano. Contains ten tests to apply to every piano. Apply these tests to any piano and you will know absolutely if it is a good piano or not. This book is invaluable to anybody intending to buy a piano now or in the future. You see why we can give you an absolute 40-year guarantee from the manufacturer.

Send this Free Coupon

WING & SON (Estab. 1888)
Dept. 1145 Wing Bldg.,
9th Ave. & 13th St.
NEW YORK CITY

My Name

My Address

FREE Coupon

WING & SON
(Estab. 1888)

Dept. 1145 Wing Bldg.,
9th Ave. and 13th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Gentlemen: With the understanding that I am not buying anything, you may send me the Wing Piano Book containing the ten tests, also your free shipment offer on the Wing Piano. No obligations on me whatever.



JUST PULL THE BELT

and
Prof. Chas. Munter's

Trade Mark

NULIFE

Patented

DOES THE REST
FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WEARING IT
NULIFE
COMPELS DEEP BREATHING



STRAIGHTENS round shoulders, expands the chest and develops the lungs, reduces the abdomen, supports the entire body and prevents tired feeling. Slim people developed, stout people reduced, short people increased, without any effort or injury. Gives every man an erect military carriage, every woman the perfect curved lines of beauty demanded by health and fashion. Makes children grow strong and erect without attention.

Special Offer to Readers of this Magazine. Send me \$2.00 at once, with your height, weight, chest measurement and sex, and I will send you my latest and best model NULIFE, prepaid, and **Guarantee You Instant Bodily Improvement.**

Address **PROF. CHAS. MUNTER**, No. 65 Nulife Building, 13-15 West 34th Street, New York City

My illustrated book, "Self-Development Without Exercise," sent to you **Free** upon request.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Translations from :: the French ::

ROMANCES OF AMÉDÉE ACHARD

The charm that is always to be found in the works of the best French writers, quick, terse description, bright dialogue, rapidly shifting scenes leading up to intense climaxes, is well sustained in

THE HUGUENOT'S LOVE

THE DRAGOONS OF LA GUERCHE

BELLE ROSE

THE SWORD OF A GASCON

These books are handsomely bound in cloth, uniform in style, printed on heavy paper, gilt tops, and five high-class illustrations in each book. While they last, we will offer these books for 50c. each, or the set of four books \$1.75, charges prepaid.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers

80 Seventh Avenue

New York City

YOUR NEWSDEALER

maintains his store at considerable expense. He must pay for help, rent and lighting. He carries many articles that you would never dream of ordering direct from manufacturers, and is, therefore, of great service when you need a newspaper, a cigar or a box of stationery. Then why not give him all of your custom and so help make his business profitable?

Tell him to show you samples of AINSLEE'S, POPULAR, SMITH'S, PEOPLE'S, NEW STORY and TOP NOTCH magazines. Select those you want and he will gladly deliver them to your residence regularly.

Then, when you want something good to read, you will not have to search for it.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York



HYPNOTISM

Would you possess that strange, mysterious power which charms and fascinates men and women. Influences their thoughts, controls their desires and makes you supreme master of every situation? Life is full of alluring possibilities for those who master the secrets of hypnotic influence; for those who develop their magnetic powers. You can learn at home, cure diseases and bad habits without drugs, win the friendship and love of others, increase your income, gratify your ambitions, drive worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success. You can hypnotize people instantaneously—quick as a flash—but yourself or anyone else to sleep at any hour of the day or night—banish pain or suffering. Our free book tells you the secrets of this wonderful science. It explains exactly how you can use this power to better your condition in life. It is enthusiastically endorsed by ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise our institution. **Write for it to-day.**

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE, Dept. 139E, Rochester, N. Y.

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

2317 \$25

2118 \$10

2318 \$35

2156 \$20

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect throughout. A system of payment with Diamonds. All goods sent prepaid for freight. Established 1845. Send now for Catalog No. 11.

J. M. LYON & CO., 71-73 Nassau St., N. Y.

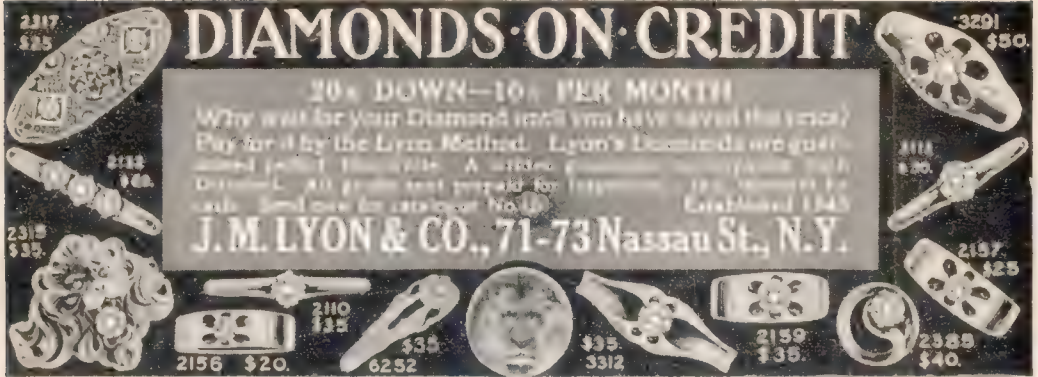
3291 \$50

1111 \$20

2157 \$25

2159 \$35

2385 \$40





Complete Launch

With Engine Ready to Run **\$94.50**

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers. A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS. Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,800 satisfied owners. Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1146 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.



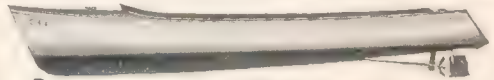
YOU CAN MAKE CIGARETTES LIKE THESE

A Practical Novelty for Cigarette Smokers

TURKO CIGARETTE ROLLER

Sent postpaid for **25cts.** Address,

Turko Roller Co., 135 William St., New York



YOU CAN BUILD THIS HANDSOME POWER BOAT

Only \$25 for knockdown frames, patterns, and instructions for this 23 footer, speed 9 1/2 to 14 miles an hour. Everything made simple. Easy to build if you can handle hammer, saw and screw driver. We also furnish complete knockdown boat. Or patterns alone at from \$2 to \$12 according to design. Thousands of Brooks boats in use and building now. It's fun—and profit—and summer pleasure to build a boat.

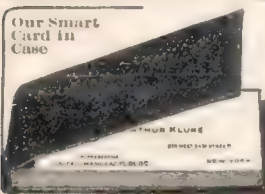
WRITE FOR BROOKS BOAT BOOK

Today just a postal. Mailed free. Scores of models and sizes of all kinds illustrated. Save the best boat for your price, get another. Address:

BROOKS MANUFACTURING CO.,

7805 Rust Avenue,

Saginaw, Mich.



A PEERLESS CARD

Just what the name implies. Peerless, unapproached, unequalled, unsurpassed, is an accurate description of the

Peerless Patent Book Form Cards


They are more than a card; they are an expression of personality, individuality. They are not only better, but they represent actual economy, because they eliminate waste. Being in book form, every card is used just when detached. They are always flat, unmarred and clean, and all the edges are perfectly smooth and sharp. They can only be appreciated by being seen and used. Send today for a sample tab and detach the cards one by one as you would use them. Their perfection will thrill you.

Established 1857.

The John B. Wiggins Company

Engravers, Plate Printers, Die Embossers.

65-67 East Adams St., Chicago




WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED from FRANCE

SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!

These gems are chemical white sapphires. LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and the diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliant as natural diamonds. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet. Terms and prices enclosed. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. E, 708 Saks Building, Indianapolis, Ind.**

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Best Selling System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, without spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 975 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.



FREE STUART'S ADHESIVE PLASTR-PAD

PRINTED SEPT. 12 1908

Gold Medal Awarded-Do away with the TRUSS

Stuart's Plastr-Pads are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No Straps, Buckles or Springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the public bone. Thousands suffering from most obstinate cases, have successfully treated themselves in the privacy of the home without hindrance from work. **SOFT AS VELVET—EASY TO APPLY, INEXPENSIVE.** Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma, International Exposition, Rome. Process of recovery is natural, leaving no further use for the truss. We prove what we say by sending you a trial of Plastr absolutely Free.

Write today. Address **THE PLAPAO CORP., Block 701 St. Louis, Mo.**



FOR BABY'S TENDER SKIN



Use Only

CUTICURA SOAP

It has been the favourite for more than a generation. Assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, its use means skin health in infancy and childhood, and freedom, in the majority of cases, from skin and scalp affections in after life.



Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.

STAIN YOUR HAIR

A Most Beautiful Brown. Send for a Trial Package.



"You'd never think I stained my hair after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but leaves it nice and fluffy, with a beautiful brown color."

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, it is free from lead, sulphur, silver and all metallic compounds. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 1543 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



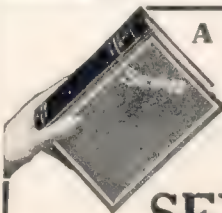
Best grade cedar canoe for \$20

We sell direct, saving you \$20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world. **DETROIT BOAT CO., 80 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.**



I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.

\$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural waves or straight hair. Send \$2.00 for hair and I will mail a 22 inch straight hair hair switch to you. If you find it a cheap bargain send \$2 in ten days, or sell it and send \$2.00. **SWITCH** is the hair switcher a little more. **Locking** pastore. Free twenty book showing latest styles. Our latest in the hair switcher, pastore, comb, hair clip, hair brush, hair comb, hair clip, hair brush. **ANNA AYERS, Dept. A147, 23 Ontario St., Chicago.**



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)
by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, whole some way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in One Volume. Illustrated, \$2, Postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 761 Ferry Bldg., PHILA. PA.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT

THIS ELGIN WATCH, 17 JEWELS, ADJUSTED.
Men's 16 Size, (also Ladies' O Size) Thin Model, New Marginal Minute Dial, in Gold Filled Case, Guaranteed for 25 Years, plain polished or handsomely engraved, sent prepaid on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Then \$2.50 a Month

Our cut price of \$25.50 for this magnificent Elgin Watch, that will pass Railroad Inspection, is the greatest bargain ever heard of. **NO MONEY DOWN**--\$2.50 a Month after examination by you. Whether you are a railroad man or not, this is the Watch you want. No matter where you live, we will trust you. Send us your order today. Write for our free Catalog, containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. It tells all about our easy credit plan. Write today, before you forget it.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

THE OLD RELIABLE, ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE.
DEPT P. 845 92 to 98 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branch Stores: Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

No. 364

No. 363

Our Great Special
LOFTIS "PERFECTION" RING
Finest pure white diamond
\$48 TERMS \$4.80 A MONTH
Other sizes and styles at \$25, \$75, \$100, \$125. See our Catalog. Sent Free.

Mr. Edison Says:


"I want to see a Phonograph in every American home."

READ the great FREE LOAN offer on Mr. Edison's New model instrument.

The Edison Offer: I will send you the new model

Edison Phonograph and your choice of Amberol records on an absolutely free loan--no obligations, no interest, no C. O. D. to us whatsoever. Then, when you are ready with the outfit, you may send it back to me, and I will pay the freight. If you decide to keep the wonderful new outfit you pay only the rock bottom price. And on easy payments, too. Terms as low as \$2.00 a month without interest. Write today for full particulars and free catalog.

EDISON PHONOGRAPH DISTRIBUTERS
F. K. Babson, Vice-Pres. & Mgr.
Dept 1145 Edison Block, Chicago



**"Don't blame the razor
It's your lather"**

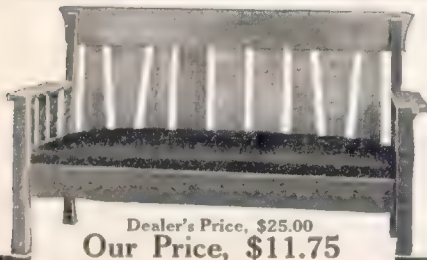
You had to help soften the beard by rubbing in the lather. Naturally, your rubbing brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and made the skin very sensitive. That helped the free caustic to get in its work and make the skin doubly sensitive. Under these conditions any razor will feel as though it were pulling the hair out instead of cutting it.

Mennen's Shaving Cream

dispenses with the "rubbing in," as it thoroughly softens the beard while the lather is worked up on the face. Reduces shaving to two operations--lathering and shaving. 3/4 the time saved. As it contains no free caustic, there is no smarting, and you get a delightful, cool shave.

For sale everywhere 25c
Sample Tube 4c

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.



Dealer's Price, \$25.00
Our Price, \$11.75

for this Craftsman settee No. 12--solid quarter-sawn oak--American made--comfortable--67 in. long, 24 in. high, 24 in. deep. Strong, light, elegant. Guaranteed. Laid out as you wish. Shipped in complete sections. Easily assembled.

Write For Furniture Book--FREE

See what this book has to offer you. Factory prices sent you by dealer's prices. Mail postal today for book.
BROOKS MFG. CO., 6706 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

MAKE MONEY HERE

AGENTS! DROP DEAD ONES, AWAKE! GRAB THIS NEW INVENTION! THE 20TH CENTURY WONDER

Get started in an honest, clean, reliable, money-making business. Sold on a money-back guarantee

World's magical gift realized by this new invention. **THE BLACKSTONE WATER POWER VACUUM MASSAGE MACHINE** for the home. No cost to operate. Lasts life-time. Price within reach of all. No competition. New field. New business. That's why it's easy. Removes blackheads, wrinkles, rounds out any part of the face or body and brings back Nature's beauty. Endorsed by leading doctors and masseurs. Listen: Parker, Okla., says, "2 orders first day." Margwarth, Pa., writes, "I am making \$19.00 per day." Shea, "First order 12, second 35, third 72." Schormerhorn, Ia., orders eight dozen machines first month. Shaffer, Va., "selling 4 out of 8 demonstrations." Vaughn, Wash., orders one dozen. Four days later wires "Ship 6 dozen by first express." Spain, Tenn., started with sample. Orders one dozen, then 2 dozen, next 3 dozen. Lewis, Ind., sells 3 machines first hour. Says "Best article he ever saw for merit and money-making." No experience necessary. Territory with protection given free to active workers. Nothing in the world like it. Best agent's article ever invented. We own all U. S.

and foreign patents. Big book entitled, "The Power and the Love of Beauty and Health" Free. Investigate now, today. A Postal will do. A big surprise awaits you. Address
BLACKSTONE MFG. CO.
416 Meredith Bldg., TOLEDO, O.

LEARN the NEW WAY

ANY MAN CAN GET \$1,000.00

Who Joins Fritter's \$1,000 Class

For goodness sake listen to me.

Reader, I Fritter, am talking to YOU!



Am saying, that you, yes, you, can get \$1,000.00 but be warned—this offer is good only so long as territory is open. So get mighty busy—write Fritter today. It costs nothing to investigate this remarkable \$1,000 class.

Don't Delay—Join Today—Get \$1,000

You, by acting now—today can get the thousand allowed to your section. This money \$1,000 or more per man goes to mechanics, clerks, farmers, preachers, doctors, lawyers, teachers people from all walks in life any man, anywhere who is willing to join Fritter's \$1,000 class. Nobody would. Not a fairy tale, fake or humbug for listen it's true on daily—hundreds have received their thousand or more thousands. If you can use \$1,000 real money or use \$5 to \$500 weekly say no don't hesitate don't delay a minute but get the thousand-dollar bustle get your first \$1,000 first start, first taste of real independence power, influence, luxuries—get these through Fritter, just as hundreds have done. Poor men joining his wonderful \$1,000 class

WITHOUT CAPITAL—WITHOUT EXPERIENCE

Starting with only their nerve—finishing with thousands; yes, thousands of dollars. You, if willing to join hands with Fritter can easily enjoy same abundant prosperity. Knowing that Fritter dispels all doubt creates confidence enthusiasm

Class Getting Over \$2,000.00 Per Man

Korstad (Minn. farmer) received \$2,212.13 in 2 weeks; Zimmerman (Ind. farmer) \$3,856 in 30 days; Stoneham (Nebr. photographer) \$3,841.68 in 60 days; Rapp (Kansas agent) \$1,685 in 73 days; Durr (Canada clerk) \$6,800; Oviatt (Iowa minister) \$4,000; Hart (Va. farmer) \$2,000; Wilson (Ky. cashier) \$3,000 in 30 days; Beem (Kans.) averaged \$164.25 weekly for 3 months; Langley (Dak. liverman) \$115 first day. No wonder these men bless the day they joined Fritter's \$1,000 class. Reads like fiction, yet it's the gospel truth. Proven by sworn statements—investigation personal interviews.



Sectional View of "Energizer"

exclusive selling rights, with Fritter's help and your nerve you're bound to make from \$1,000 to \$5,000 this year. It's not a question of ability, location or capital (for we give credit to active workers) but whether you act quick enough to get into Fritter's \$1,000 class. Once in you're good for a \$1,000 anyhow. Recent solicited 60 people sold 55. McBride's 20—sold 19; Lodewick 44—sold 39. 17 orders in one day; Hart "16 in 3 hours;" Wilson, "102 in 14 days."

Address Fritter personally today—make him prove his claims and above all that you too can get \$1,000. Don't accept anything without proof. First get Fritter's entire proposition—it's free. Then decide. Just a postal will do.

M. FRITTER, Secretary and Manager
ALLEN MFG. CO., 3532 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

May We Send You This Book FREE?

"Why Man of Today Is Only 50% Efficient"

This book, written by a well-known physician, is a most interesting treatise on a subject of great importance: that of keeping up to "concert pitch" and securing that 100% of efficiency so necessary to meet successfully the business or social requirements of the present age.

You will learn something about yourself that you never knew before by reading this book, which will be forwarded without cost if you send your request to Dept. 123E.

CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M. D.

134 W. 65th Street

New York

Canadian office, 275 College Street, Toronto, Ont.



Rowboat \$20.00

MONEY IN BOAT LIVERY!

Can ship in any quantity. Need No Boat House. Never Leak, Rust, Check, Crack or Rot. Absolutely safe. Every boat has water-tight compartments, so cannot sink. 20 different designs. Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Community. Write TODAY for FREE Illustrated Catalog and Special Factory Prices. Michigan Steel Boat Co., 90 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Flash Like Genuine
BARODA DIAMONDS.

at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay. Special Offer—14k Tiffany ring 1 ct \$8.98. Gents ring 1 ct \$6.98. 14k stud 1 ct \$4.98. Sent C.O.D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring gauge included. 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. A-8, Leland and Dover St., Chicago

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

"The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

made low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust

it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY CO.,

Dept. 758, Perry Bldg.,

Philadelphia

\$1 PUTS THIS COMPLETE DINING SET IN YOUR HOME



No. C-214-C-132

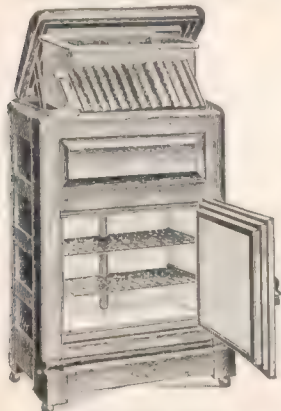
Complete set of six chairs and extension table—solid oak, superbly finished, beautiful modern design. Table with massive carved pedestal. Extends to 6 feet 42 inches wide. Chairs covered with beautiful and durable Chase leather. Price of complete set, only \$18.75—terms: \$1 cash and \$1 per month. Price of 6 chairs alone \$10.30—terms: 50c cash and 50c per month. Price of table alone \$8.45—terms: 50c cash and 50c per month.

Take this beautiful table and six chairs into your dining room, enjoy the luxury and pleasure of high-grade furniture, and pay just a little at a time as you earn the money. On our great new credit plan your payments on this beautiful set will amount to just a trifle more than the cost of a postage stamp a day—just one dollar a month. Aside from this great convenience in payments, you will save from 15% to 50% from the price you would have to pay at any retail store in the world. Secure our splendid new catalogue of 1912 designs without delay. Learn how you can furnish your home in elegance and quality at a great saving, and on our long-term, easy-payment credit plan.

5000 Bargains on Credit



No. C-108. Beautiful mission design porch swing, early English finish, strong and durable, made of solid oak throughout. Swing is 4 ft. wide, and comes complete, including four chains and ceiling hooks. Price only \$7.50—terms: 50c cash—50c per month.



No. C-705. REFRIGERATOR BARGAIN High-grade, sanitary refrigerator, made of solid oak, white enamel lined, wire shelves. Lift out tank—easily removable, holds 65 lbs. of ice. 43 in. high, 25 in. wide, 18 in. deep. Shipping weight 195 lbs. Shipped on guarantee. Price, only \$12.65—terms: 18 cash and \$1 per month.

Send for our great new 5000 bargain catalogue from which you can buy any piece of furniture or house furnishings on 30 days' free examination guarantee, which absolutely compels us to prove this great saving to you in every instance, as you are not required to keep anything that does not positively please and satisfy you.

We extend free credit to every home-loving family and through 57 years of success, which has built our tremendous business, we have allowed and insisted upon each purchaser being the sole judge, and that each one in every instance be more than satisfied. Your money back in full to the last penny, without a word or question, if you are not positively, thoroughly pleased. Our guarantee is legal, binding and absolute.

FREE OPEN ACCOUNT CREDIT TO ALL

We ask no security—no mortgage to sign—no interest to pay—no collectors—no publicity—no red tape or delay of any kind. You simply make a first payment of 50c or a dollar as the case may be and we ship the goods immediately, allowing you the comfort and enjoyment of their full use while you are paying for them a little at a time just as you earn the money. Remember, there is no delay—shipment is made immediately—upon receipt of your order. For instance, you may order any piece illustrated in this announcement by simply sending the first payment. Shipment will be made immediately. The same rule holds true on anything you desire from the great catalogue. Send for free catalogue now.



No. C-158. Beautiful, luxurious American quartered oak rocker, exquisitely carved frame, (not pressed). Highly finished. Spring seat, tufted back covered with Imperial leather, famous for wearing quality and beautiful appearance for years. Price, only \$3.75—terms: 50c cash and 50c per month.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co. - 3941 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Largest, oldest and best known home furnishing concern in the world.
Established 1855—57 Years of Success 22 Great Stores—1,000,000 Customers

These begin in the next number

The Peculiar Gifts of Mr. John T. Laxworthy

An amazing series of short stories

By **E. Phillips Oppenheim**

The Blue Wall

A big mystery serial

By **Richard Washburn Child**

The Story of the Sanguine Sleuth

The first half of a two-part novel

By **Clarence L. Cullen**

**Get in
at
the Start!**

The next issue of **THE POPULAR MAGAZINE**, the May month-end number, will contain more of the best serials and short stories by the biggest writers of the day than any other fiction magazine published! Ask your news dealer early for this number—before he's sold out.

**Begin at
the
Beginning!**

Besides these big stories there's a long complete novel of thrilling adventure on land and sea, "A Caribbean Clearance," by Francis Lynde, long installments of splendid serials by Roy Norton and Captain Danrit, and a big collection of the best short stories by Charles E. Van Loan Harris Dickson Daniel Steele Robert V. Carr Donald Francis McGrew D. H. Haines and others

On sale at all news stands April 23d

Chatter Concerning Cheese

BY FRANKLIN O. KING

This World is like a Big Round Cheese, and It is Populated with all Sorts and Conditions of Humanity. Some of us are Helpful, some Harmful, but Many of Us are Merely like Mud on a Wagon Wheel—we neither Help the Wheel go Round, nor add very Much to the Appearance of Things. A Few of us Think We are the "Whole Cheese," but We're Not, and Few besides Ourselves have Inflated Ideas regarding our Importance. The Trouble with Most of Us, however, is our inability to take Life Seriously, and a Tendency to Underestimate Our Own Intrinsic Worth. More Men have Lost Out through "Cold Feet," than by Reason of "Swelled Head."

You haven't any Real Reason for being Poor, and *You Know It*. If you would make a *Real Stand* against Poverty, and Put up Half the Battle You are Capable of, Nothing in the World could Prevent Your final Success. To Win, however, Under Present Conditions, requires not only Tireless Industry, but the Development of a Trait most of us know very Little about—FRUGALITY. *Saving* is the Antidote for *Slaving*. Every Little Bit Added To What You've Got Will Some Day Buy You a House and Lot. Don't be a Jelly-fish. Cut loose from Gay Companions—Cut out a Few Habits—Cut down Expenses, and You'll Cut a better Figure with Your Friends and Family.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless his Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent, earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three big Money-Making Crops a Year,

and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

M. L. Mebene, who owns a farm just across Chocolate Bayou from our land, received the past season \$2300 for his six-acre strawberry crop, f. o. b. cars, Chocolate Bayou Station.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get Our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing crops, etc.

What would you think of a little town of about 1,200 People situated near our lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

I believe You could save 25 cents a day if you Tried. I Know You would TRY if You Could Realize one-half the Opportunities offered by this Wonderfully Fertile Soil of our Danbury Colony. Remember—Our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command top prices.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of Our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book. Fill out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1302 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Read It Carefully, then use your Own Good Judgment.

* * *

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products

May 1st Issue of Popular Magazine.

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.



Baseball- That's All

-BY

John J. McGraw.
Mgr. N.Y. Giants

FORTY thousand citizens bank about a patch of green and gray earth, breathlessly watching the efforts of a man to hit, with a small stick, the tiny, white sphere hurled at him by another man. Forty thousand citizens thunder comment on every move made by nine men in attempting to prevent one man's circuiting the gray patch, called the diamond, without allowing the tiny, white sphere to touch him. I have been asked for my idea of baseball. That is baseball.

All over the United States, in every city, town, and hamlet, identical struggles are going on, players battling, spectators commenting. Some day a "figure bug" will calculate the motive power wasted daily by the American people in applauding the players; some day he will estimate the percentage of the day devoted by the American people to watching these games, thinking of them before and discussing them afterward. Some people will be astonished

by the estimate. I hardly believe I will bat an eyelash. As manager of baseball teams, my work has been too intimately associated with figures to be astonished at anything they tell. I believe in figures. They do not lie. Baseball has reduced itself, for me, into figures—complex figures, too.

Some would have you believe the game is played in hotel lobbies, off the field, by the manager and players. No such thing. Of all the games played in all the towns through the season, no two are identical. No man can tell what the next second will turn up in a baseball game.

We'll say the Giants are battling for a pennant. They need only one game to cinch it. Their opponent for that game is Boston, the tailenders. The greatest pitcher in the world is working at the top of his form for the New Yorks. A Boston player reaches first,

This story will be continued in the NEW STORY MAGAZINE for May, out April 5. All news stands.

THE NEW STORY MAGAZINE for MAY
THE FIRST AND ONLY BASEBALL ARTICLE EVER WRITTEN BY
JOHN J. MCGRAW
HE TELLS WHAT BASEBALL IS. ITS INTERESTING-SENSATIONAL
Issued April 5th Price 15 Cents



The Fabric that is SURE to meet with your Approval!

"Well, how is it, Mr. Tailor?"

"How do *you* like it?"

"It looks good to me. I'm *sure* the cloth is right because you can't go wrong on the American Woolen Co's. Puritan Serge. It's becoming and it stands up. But you are the doctor as to fit and tailoring."

"Well, sir, I'm proud to say the work in that suit is worthy of the cloth. It's a pleasure to make a suit of Puritan Serge because, no matter how long it's worn, it's a credit to the workmanship put into it."

PURITAN 1620 SERGE

A thoroughbred style fabric for the man who cares

— is one of the most beautiful rich shades of blue ever woven. It is a distinctive serge, with the warmth of sunlight in it, with a draping quality and feel that mark the true style fabric. Pure wool, through and through. Thoroughly dependable. Width 58-60 inches. — London shrunk.

Tell your tailor you want Puritan Serge. He has it or can get it. Puritan Serge is also used for high-grade ready-to-wear suits. The name **PURITAN SERGE** is stamped on the back of the cloth.

If unable to obtain Puritan Serge, send us the name of your clothier or tailor, with money order or check for quantity required at \$3.00 per yard (3½ yards for man's suit), and you will be supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.



Selling Agency

American Woolen Co. of N. Y.

AMERICAN WOOLEN BLDG.

4th Ave., 18th and 19th Streets

NEW YORK



Copyright, L. Adler Bros. & Co.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

FAMOUS for having raised American tailoring standards to their present pre-eminence, Adler-Rochester Clothes this season set a STILL HICHER standard in good clothes making. Made to sell from \$18⁰⁰ to \$45⁰⁰ and to represent 100% value always.

THE BOOK OF MEN'S FASHIONS pictures every late style tendency. It speaks with positive authority on the subject of dress, and directs you to the nearest merchant who handles Adler-Rochester Clothes. Yours for a postcard request. Write for Edition E to-day.

The above picture by James Montgomery Flagg, beautifully reproduced in eight colors—size 20x27, ideal for framing—will be mailed to you on receipt of your address and ten cents in stamps.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co. Rochester, N. Y.

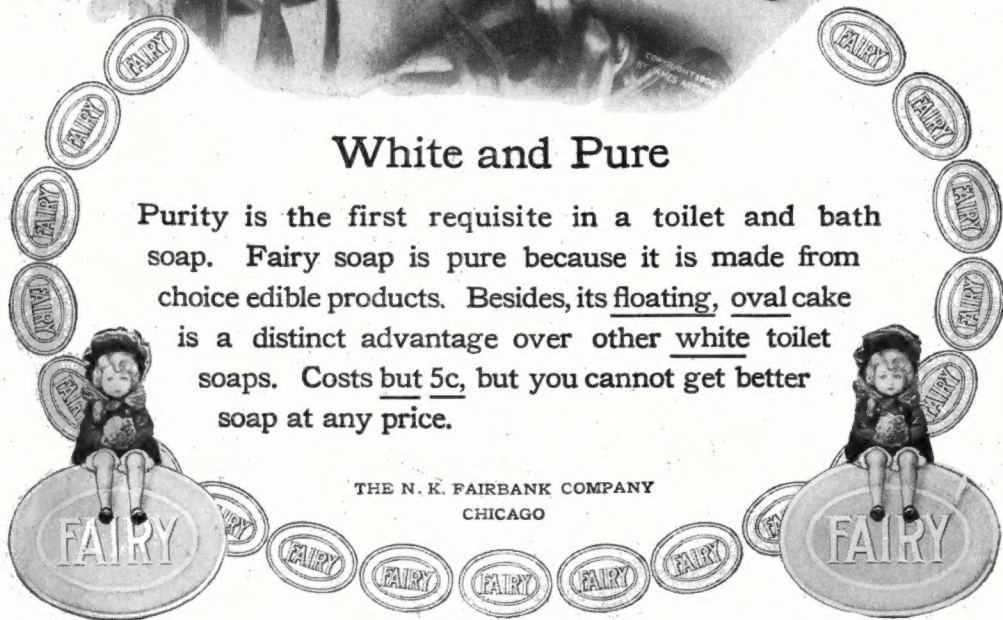
Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"

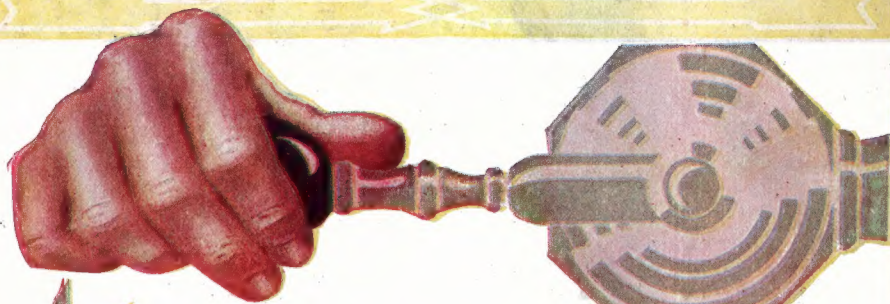


White and Pure

Purity is the first requisite in a toilet and bath soap. Fairy soap is pure because it is made from choice edible products. Besides, its floating, oval cake is a distinct advantage over other white toilet soaps. Costs but 5c, but you cannot get better soap at any price.



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



**Drink
a glass of**

Coca-Cola

—see how it bubbles and
sparkles with life! Hold it up
—watch the sun strike color
from the amber. It suggests
joy and laughter—to the tired
and thirsty it is almost like
the smile of a friend.

Taste it—cold, refreshing,
delicious — overflow-
ing with vim and
snap.

Our new
booklet, telling
of Coca-Cola vindi-
cation at Chattanooga,
for the asking.

Demand the Genuine as made by
THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.

